

*K. F. 12. 8. 1*  
THE  
Famous History  
OF  
MONTELION,  
Knight of the Oracle,  
Son to the true Mirrour of PRINCES,  
The Most Renowned  
PERSICLES,  
King of ASSYRIA:

SHewing  
His Strange Birth, Unfortunate Love, Perilous  
Adventures in Arms; and how he came to the  
Knowledge of his Royal PARENTS.

Interlaced with Variety of  
Pleasant and Delightful DISCOURSE.

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Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

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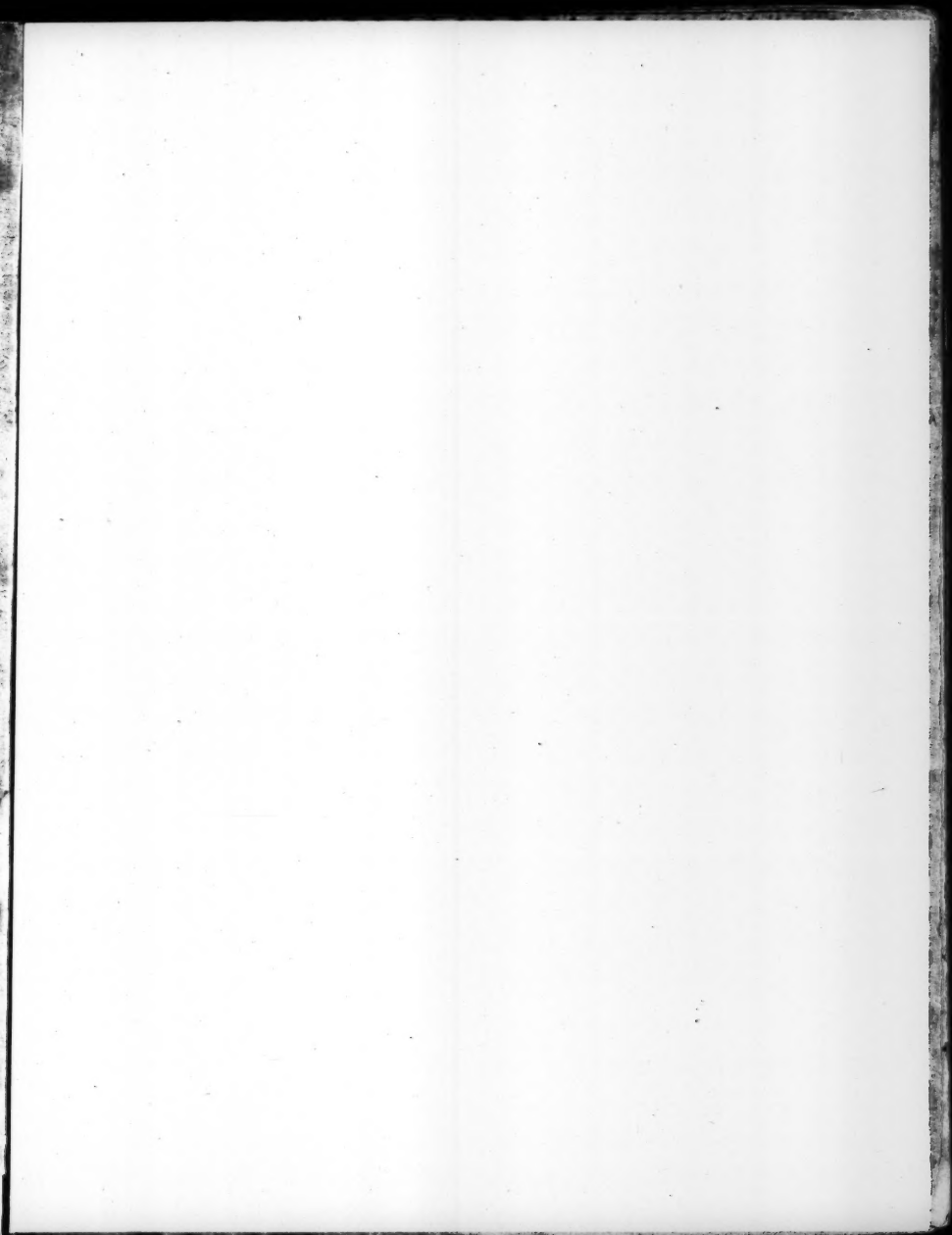
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# MONTELIION.



Knight of the Oracle.





## The Gentleman's Letter.

Want of Patience, (which Philosophers hold the foulest Vertue that belongs to the good and Endowments of Mortality) and (which is worse) Penury of Reason; Afflictus tempore fuos. I purpose not this, gentle Reader, and Stolidally I regard your Judicious Censure, but rather Forerun a Preludium, how indifferently I can endure the divers taunting Reports of the Envious: As for your ever-regarding Judgements, I account it the Sanctuary wherein my tired Soul may find Refuge; the chief Gress only whereby feeble Inventions ascendeth; the Colours that supporteth my Endeavours; yea, I reckon it all my Being, all my Allience, and all my Good.

And therefore with a favourable Smile, not long since, you entertained Parismus and Parmenios, my elder Off-spring, with so chearful an Aspect: Now cast your Looks on my Montelion; whose Forwardness to win the same, you shall perceive nothing Inferiour to the Promptness of the former, although by Birth and Course of Time the Younger. He cannot acquaint you with the Wonders of Chivalry, with admirable Acts, and doubty Deeds, supported always with a Fairy Suffrage, as was Uliesses in his ten Years Venture, by the Aid of Palas. Your well-wishing Acceptance, and kind Conceit of him, is all the Recompence I ask for my Travel: As I wish no more, so I trust you will no less grant this, and make my Endeavours Prosperous; deny that, and leave me so Unfortunate, as Hopeless for ever of any good Success, as you have been bountifull in giving the one, so my self will not be ungrateful for the other, that both in one, and in both, may not only augment your loving Pleasures, which I heartily wish, but also enrich my lasting Content, which I hope you as courteously will:

Your Well-wisher,

Emanuel Food.

THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY  
OF  
MONTELION,  
Knight of the Oracle.

CHAP. I.

*How Persicles was created King of Assyria, and travelled into Persia, to the Marriage of his Sister, Pierra, to the Emperour's Son Deloratus: How he is now enamoured of Constantia, and returned into Assyria.*

**A**N ancient King named *Pim*, Ruled the Land of *Assyria* in great Peace, as well Fortunate by the Love of his Subjects, and other outward Blessings, as with two fair Children, a Son and a Daughter, that after his Death, should succeed in his Empire: And by reason Age was now so much grown upon him, he found himself wearied and unable to exercise the Care that belonged to the Government of so mighty a Nation; also he beholding in his Son more than ordinary Gravity, and so forward a Mind to Vertue, as that he might well commit a Matter of such weight to his Care; he determined to give himself to Rest, (as well agreed with his Age) and therefore caused all the Peers of the Land to be assembled. This done, and all set in Parliament, the old King uttered his Mind, which was, to Establish his Son *Persicles*, in the Kingdom. The Peers having perfect knowledge of his Vertues, gave their whole Consents; and to *Persicles* was within few Days Crowned King. *Pim* having effected this according to his Mind, yet could not be at quiet till he had appointed a Match for his Daughter, besitting her Estate: to further which good Intent, it fortuned that *Deloratus*,

*Aratus*, Son and Heir to the Emperour of *Perse*, hearing of *Piera's* Beauty, came into the Country of *Affrica*, and by long suit at last obtained her Good-will, and her Father's Consent, being assured of her in the Presence of most, or all his Peers: but because certain Conditions were to be ratified by the King his Father, the Solemnities of the Marriage was deferred until that was performed; and from that time should not be long protracted: which *Deloratus*, with great earnestness, hastened. *Perseus*, with the Consent of his Father, accompanied his Sister *Piera* into *Perse*, attended by a Number of gallant Knights, as well to see the Conditions ratified, and the Marriage performed, as also to do *Deloratus* Honour. After their Departure, they within few Days arrived in the Kingdom of *Perse*; where *Perseus* and *Piera* were most honourably entertained by the old Emperour *Torfillus*, and the Conditions ratified.

The Solemnization of the Marriage was deferred for certain Days; for the Emperour of *Perse* determined to have the same performed with great Pomp, whither he invited many of his Neighbouring Kings, as of *Aravia*, *Navah*, and *Tessalia*: The *Persean* Knights made preparation to attend the Bridegroom in great Royalty. *Perseus* being in the Court, and hearing what Gallants were likely to be at the Wedding, prepared most rich Ornaments against that Day, determining not to be the Last in Tryal of his Valour at the Tilt. The fix'd Day being come, the King of *Aravia*, *Navah*, *Tessalia*, and many Princes of great Estate arrived with them, and the City was fill'd with such a Number of Knights and Gallants that there were scarce room therein to contain them. To recite every Particular of their Entertainments, Greetings, Riches, and what gallant Ladies were with them, would be too tedious: But in brief, there was such Royal Entertainments as befit such Personages; and such a multitude of rare Shows, and fine Devices, as might every way please the Eye of a curious Beholder.

The Marriage being pass, the sumptuous Banquets ended, and the States set to behold the Tilt: The first that enter'd the List was a *Persean* Duke, named *Osian*, gallantly mounted, and a Man goodly proportion'd: after him followed the rest of the *Persean* Knights, who were all Challengers against all Strangers that came to make Tryal of their Valour: Next came the adverse Party, the foremost of which was *Perseus*, who appear'd in Richness according to the Dignity of his Place, being King

of so mighty a Country as *Assyria*; whose sight led the Beholders to an Admiration of his evident Perfections: After him followed *Nonius*, Prince of *Natolia*, and after him a number of most gallant Knights so richly adorned, as would have perswaded a cowardly Miscreant to have become Valiant; whose particular Descriptions I omit.

As *Pericles* was Chief of the adverse Part, and Duke *Osimus* of the Persians, so they two began the Encounter, breaking of their Staves with exceeding great Valour; but *Osimus*, intending to win the chiefest Honour, for that he was esteemed the best Knight in *Persia*, had provided Staves of tough Wood, which would not start with an easie Encoanter, one of which he took and ran the fourth time at *Pericles*; who, unprovided for such an unexpected Assault, was overturned, and his Steed tumbling, fell upon him; that with the Fall, for a time, he remained without Sense. The Emperour of *Persia*, and the rest, being much afraid that he was slain, came running from the Scaffold to take him up, carrying him forth of the Lists to be unarmed; amongst the rest his Sister *Piera*, used her utmost Endeavour to recover him; with whom likewise was a gallant Company of Ladies to assist her, but chiefly the Empress of *Persia*, and her youngest Daughter *Constantia*, as more regarding him by reason he was Brother to *Piera*, and most of all lamented his Mishap.

*Pericles*, finding himself somewhat recovered, at the first opening of his Eyes, fixed them on *Constantia*, which by reason he was not fully revived, stood still fixed upon the first Object, as it were with affectionate Earnestness, which caused an exceeding Blush to rise in her Cheeks.

But now seeing such a Number about him, he was amazed and half ashamed of his Foyl, said, I beseech you, leave me to my self, and see the rest of the Turnament, for I have no harm: with that he started upon his Feet, and fetching a deep Sigh, departed; they were all much glad at his Safety, and so leaving him to be attended by two Knights, they departed to the Scaffolds, and again took their Places to behold the rest of the Turnament.

*Pericles* was exceedingly vexed, that he had received such a Disgrace, and in the Presence of such an honourable Asseble; most of all, for that he understood *Osimus's* Intent; and presently buckling on one of his Knight's Armour, mounting himself, entered the List again; by which time the Tilt was almost ended,



and the Persian Knight bare away the Prize: But *Pericles*, then unknown, stood ready at the Race's end for the next Encounter, against whom the Persian Knight ran, but so far to his Disgrace, that he tumbled with his Heels upwards; with that every one began to wonder who it should be, and the People gave an exceeding Shout: then another Persian met him, whose Fortune was much like the former; for, his Steed stumbling, with the force of the Encounter, they both fell down. A Knight of *Persia*, who that Day had won great Honour by his Valour, seeing that, would needs be the next to meet him, thinking to Revenge his Country Mens Disgrace; but at the first Race, they could not perform it, for they passed by without any other Odds, but breaking their Staves most gallantly; and running again, the Persian's Fortune was so bad, that he was overthrown. By this time the Day was ended, and the Judges ready to depart; but *Osimus* entreated that he might break one Staff with the Stranger, which they granted. *Pericles* well knew him, resolutely determining to give or take the Foyl: both of them met with such Terroir, that the Earth seemed to shake; and *Osimus*, notwithstanding his great Strength, was by *Pericles* overthrown, to save his Honour and requite his Discourtesie; with that the People gave such Shouts, as made all the Palace to ring with the sound: Then *Pericles* discovered himself, which made every one to rejoyce and wonder at his Valour.

*Pericles* being unarmed, accompanied the Emperour of *Persia*, the King of *Natolia*, and the rest; having that Day won such Honour, as made him more highly esteemed; and coming to salute his Sister *Piera*, he suddenly espied *Constantia*; thinking he had before seen that sweet Countenance, but he could not remember where, which cast him into such a deep Study, that he almost forgot himself. After he had saluted the rest, he came to *Constantia*, to whom he said, Fair Lady, either I have beheld your Beauty and that sweet Countenance in some other Country, or in some Vision, for my Mind perswadeth me, that I should perfectly know you; for I am sure, this is not the first time I have seen you, which makes me thus bold, to demand of whence you are, if it be not offensive unto you. Sir, (replied *Constantia*) it may be I am but an imperfect Shadow of her you so perfectly remember, for until this Day, I never saw you; which maketh me suppose, you do but take Occasion of course to commend me, that deserve no such matter; neither shall it offend me.

me, nor I deny to shew my Birth, being Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, but for many Years brought up in *Arabia*. Pardon my Boldness, quoth *Persicles* for I would not offend you; neither do I think you a Shadow, but a perfect Substance; and not to resemble any but your self; for there can be no Beauty that excels yours, which mine Eyes before this time have beheld: or else Nature it self hath imprinted in my Heart, an essential Instinct of Devotion thereto, which perswades me to this Boldness; therefore I humbly desire you not to misconceive me, nor esteem me of so rude a Disposition, as to speak otherwise than my Heart thinks; and to account of me as one that earnestly desires to be better acquainted with you, and will endeavour to make amends for my Offence given, offering my self, and all that is mine to be at your Disposition; which said, he left off further speech, for he saw others attend to hear what he said.

At Night *Constantia* being in her private Chamber, called to remembrance *Persicles's* Speeches, marvelling why he should say that he had seen her before, which she knew could not be; but remembering how earnestly he beheld her that Day, when he was scarce revived from his Trance, she thought that might breed such a Perswasion in him, which was so indeed; withal, she called to mind his Comeliness, Valour, Estate and Courtesie, which she had before need: all which Remembrances, made her so much forget all other thoughts, that a great part of the Night was overpast; and after she had revived her Senses, she felt such an Alteration, that all the Night she could not rest, delighting in nothing more than to remember him. The like did *Persicles*, for her Beauty and other outward Graces had so pierced his Heart, that he was enthralled to her Love, and so resolved to win it.

Early the next Morning he got up, seeking all occasions to speak with her again, but was disappointed all the Forenoon, for she by reason of her little rest in the Night, kept her Chamber, and after Dinner, accompanied the Queen her Mother, and other Ladies, whereby he was that Day disappointed: The next Morning likewise he arose, studying how to come to her speech; for his Affection was so great, as no thought contented him so well as her remembrance: but before he could bring to pass what he most desired, there arrived Messengers from *Assyria*, certifying him that his Father was dead, and that their antient Enemy the King of *Armenia*, had entred the Land, and destroyed many

of his Subjects; desiring him in all haste to return; for in his Absence, the Assyrians seemed like mad Men without Courage.

*Pericles* hearing this unexpected News, was exceedingly astonished, both with Desire to save his Country, and also to prosecute his Love; the one perswading him to stay, the other to hasten his departure; the one being as dear to him as his Life, the other as dear as Life, Country and all; for without obtaining of that, he thought he could not live, being so much perplexed, that he could not resolve what to do. At last the special Regard of his overcame his Heart, and reviv'd him with a manly Courage to Revenge, so that he commanded all things to be prepared for his sudden Departure; and going to his Chamber he got Pen and Ink, and writ as followeth:

*To the most Fair Constantia.*

*Most Beloved Constantia,*

*Though my Country's Preservation occasioneth my sudden Departure, yet my Love to your Perfection, importuneth me to solicit your gentle Ears with these rude Lines: I cannot, with any colourable Phrases, shadow a perfect Meaning, nor with painted Eloquence describe my true Love; but in the truest sort manifest my constant Affection to your Vertues, which unless you grace with some Favour, will be my endless Torments; I have long desired to make the same manifest unto you, but I was disappointed, and my unexpected Departure hath now shut me from your Presence, whereby I shall live in continual Care: Notwithstanding I humbly beseech you, in my unwilling Absence, to esteem me your faithful and true devoted Servant, and one that hath vowed himself ever to be yours, whose Welfare consisteth in your Courtesie; the Hope whereof shall preserve my Life until my Return, which my constant Love will cause me to hasten; desiring you, though I be absent, not to forget me, nor for my little Deserts to reject me, but let me be so much bound to your Vertues, as to conceive well of me; so shall my Joys be lengthened, my unhappy Life preserved, and my Good-will and constant Loyalty highly rewarded. So, with Sorrow, I take my Leave;*

*Yours inseparably, Pericles.*

Having writ this Letter, he found out his Sister *Piera*; to whom he said, Dear Sister, the Sorrows that cause my Departure come to suddenly, as that I cannot stand long to confer with you; therefore that I build upon the Assurance of your Love, Secretie and Assistance, I will unfold to you the Secrets of my Heart, and

that which none but your self shall know. So it is, that *Constantia's* Beauty hath enamoured my Eyes, and I remain so much enthralled thereto, that unless she pity me, I am but cast way: I desire your Assistance therein, whereby you may preserve my Life. I have writ this Letter unto her, which I desire you to deliver, and withal to use such Speeches in my behalf, as shall seem best in your Wisdom; for I assure you, unless at my return, which shall be shortly, I find her favourable, my Sorrows will shorten my Days: then, good Sister, shew your Love to me in this. *Piera* promised her utmost Assistance, and so, with many Tears on each side, they parted.

The News of his Departure was soon spread through the whole Court, and came to *Constantia's* hearing, who left her Chamber, thinking to have a sight of him, which some Sparks of Love, being kindled in her tender Breast, provoked her unto. After all Farewells were past, he espied her in Company with other Ladies, to whom he came, and among the rest of them all, only took his Leave of her with a sweet Kiss, breathing forth a bitter Sigh at the Parting, which every one noted; some taking the same in Disdain, and others marvelling that he regarded her above them all, which made the Blood rise in *Constantia's* Cheeks, and the Water swell in her Eyes.

C H A P. II.

*How Helion Prince of Arabia, crost the Love between Persicles and Constantia: Of a Battle fought between Persicles and the King of Armenia, and how he discovered himself to Constantia.*

**H**IS Departure caused a Sadness throughout the Court, for indeed he was the Beauty thereof, so excellent was his Person, and so commendable his Qualities. *Piera* betaking her self to her Chamber, lamented his Absence with private Tears, until *Deloratus* found her out, and caused her, with comfortable Speeches, to give over that Grief. The King of *Natolia* likewise with most of his Nobles and Knights that came to the Solemnization of the Wedding, were departed, except Prince *Helion*, Son to the King of *Arabia*, the Occasion of whose Stay, was to crave *Constantia* in Marriage, assuring himself of her Love, by reason of the Familiarity that had been betwixt them in his Father's Court, which indeed by her former Kindness he might be in some assurance of, though not by any Promise she had made him;



him; which motion he made to the Emperour of *Persia*, who esteeming so honourably of him, regarding his Birth, and most of all desiring to be allied to the Arabian King, gave his Consent; which was fully concluded and agreed upon, before it came to *Constantia's* knowledge.

Prince *Helion* having this Assurance, with a merry Heart sought out *Constantia*, intending to reveal the same to her, and according to his wonted kind of Familiarity began greet her: in whom he found such an Alteration, that he wondred thereat; saying, My dear *Constantia*, this unexpected Unkindness in you, whom I esteem as my most chosen Friend, maketh me admire, whereas I had thought to have enjoyed your Love without Interruption: Upon Confidence of your Courtesie, I have moved your Father's Consent to our Marriage, who hath yielded thereto; then I beseech you, darken not both yours and my Joys with these misty Clouds of Care, which will fill my Heart with Sorrow; but rather encrease your Kindness both to mine and your Comfort.

*Constantia's* Countenance bewrayed the angry Motions of her Heart, caused by his Speeches, that she had much ado to refrain from shedding Tears; yet, with a Colour as red as Scarlet, she gave him this Answer: Prince *Helion*, if that be true which you tell me, I cannot chuse but wonder at your Folly, that would without assurance of my Love, make such a Motion; think you my Affections are to be limited according to your Disposition? For my part, I disclaim such Interest, and renounce such Affections, for I never intend any such matter, nor ever did you demand the same; Then, my Lord, be you satisfied with this, for I never did, nor will give my Consent.

*Helion* hearing this Answer, was nipt on the Head, being struck with such Grief, that he could not tell what to say; but at last replied, *Constantia*, I confess I have done you Wrong in adventuring so far without Consent; but yet, for that I have not thereby dishonoured your Name, or otherwise injured you, I humbly crave Pardon, desiring you to ratifie that which I have by your former Courtesie, assured my self of; and let not my Over-boldness alienate any part of your Good-will; for you know that my Affections have remained inviolably constant many Years, and I have attended your liking with such Fervency, as you may be resolutely assured of my Truth. Then I beseech you, be not displeased with me, but according to your wonted Kindness, accept me in your Favour. My Lord, (replied she)



I cannot deny but that your Good-will hath exceeded my Deserts, for which I thank you; and withal, that I have always esteemed you, which likewise I would have done still, but now that Opinion is altered; neither can I be induced to conceive well of him that would do me such manifest Injury as you have done; therefore pray be contented with that Favour you have had, for my Affections are otherwise employed, and my Heart utterly disagreeing I to the Motion you have made. With that she espied *Piera* in the Garden coming towards her, to whom she went down, saluting her most kindly. *Piera* thought now to have delivered her Brother's Letter, but by reason there was divers in the Company, she could not then perform it; after a while they left each other; *Piera* returning to her Chamber, and *Constantia* to a secret place in the Garden, where she uttered these Meditations: What contrarious Disquites are these that possess the Center of my Heart? What Inconveniences am I like to run into? How shall I avoid Blame for the one, and reap Content by the other? How unkindly hath Prince *Helion* used me! to make this mention to my Father, whose Disposition must not be crost without hazard of much Disquiet? My Kindness to whom hath caused this overfond Conceit of himself, and brought me into much Trouble: I could have loved him before I came to the sight of *Persicles*, whose Gifts are so far exceeding his, that whereas my Heart loved him the Thought of that Love is now most grievous; wherein I may do my self great Wrong, for in hope of his Affection, I refuse *Helion's* Love, which may deprive me of both, purchase my Father's heavy Displeasure, and my own perpetual Discontent. Revolving a Chaos of these and such like confused Cogitations, which overcame her Senses with their Ambignity, with a heavy and discontented Vein she went to her Chamber, thinking there to consider of every Particular at full; where she found *Piera* all alone staying her coming in, who soon espied that *Constantia* had wept, whereupon she took occasion to say as followeth: My beloved Sister, I am sorry to see you in this heavy and sad Vein, always finding you either sad or weeping; which maketh me wonder, and desire to know the Cause, as one willing in any sort to counsel you, and comfort you with my uttermost Assistance: I have of purpose entred your Chamber to have some Conference in private with you, being a Messenger sent to you by my Brother *Persicles*, who I know loveth you dearly; who by me humbly commendeth himself unto you, being

ing sorry that his sudden Departure was such, that he could not before his going, do you that Service you deserve, withal desired me to deliver you this Letter. *Constantia*, without Reply, received the Letter, and read the same; which when she had done, she said, Dear Sister, I thank you for taking this pains to come to me, and not rather to have sent for me, that rest at your Command: And also, I thank that worthy King *Pericles*, that he will vouchsafe me that undeserved Favour, as to esteem well of my Unworthiness, to whom I am bound in all honourable Respects: But how unfit am I to entertain Love, your self would judge, if you knew my Estate; which, upon assurance of your Secrecie, I will unfold: Prince *Helion*, vainly presuming he was assured of my Favour, hath asked my Father's Consent to a Marriage betwixt him and me, which he hath granted unto: But the Heavens can testifie, it is disagreeing to my Heart, and altogether without my Consent, which he shall never attain, what Danger soever I incurr thereby; which if *Pericles* did understand would soon alter his Mind; therefore it is best for his Quiet, not to place his Affections on me so unworthy, but let me alone to endure the Affliction that is like to ensue.

I know (quoth *Piera*) that my Brother's Love is so constant, that nothing can alter the same which he related to me at large: which makes me testifie the Assurance thereof, which would you but accept of, or give me some comfortable Hopes in his absence, I should think my self bound to you for ever, and to have done him a great Pleasure; for nothing but the happy Tydings of your Favour can comfort him. The Emperour will not compel you to marry *Helion*, when he understandeth that you are otherwise bent, for that were Cruelty; and I think *Helion* himself beareth not so dishonourable a Mind, as to seek your Love by Constraint, for that were Inhumanity: But would you yield to like of my Brother's Love, who in every way is as good as the Prince of *Arabia*, the knowledge thereof would soon make him return to ask your Father's Consent, which may peradventure stand as well affected to him, as to Prince *Helion*. Ah me! (said *Constantia*) Sister, I need not doubt to reveal my Secrets to you, that I know, for *Pericles*'s sake will conceal them: I confess without further Circumstances, that I love that noble King *Pericles*, which is the Cause of this Disquiet; nor did my Fancy ever yield the least Conceit of liking *Helion*'s Love, which I took to be rather grounded upon common Familiarity than Pretence of Marriage;

riage: therefore now that you assured of that which you request, I beseech you not to conceive amiss of my rash Confession, nor esteem my Love light, because of so short continuance, for it is immoveable; but rather comfort my poor disquieted Heart with your Counsel how to avoid these Inconveniences; and if that worthy Knight be so affected towards me; as your Speeches and this Letter affirm, I would wish his return might be speedy, otherwise my Sorrows will be endless; for I know my Father's Nature to be such, that whatsoever he will have, must be performed, though Equity would perswade the contrary. Grieve not so much (quoth *Piera*) with premeditated Conceit of Fear, which peradventure will never come to pass. I will presently send Letters to my Brother, who shall carry such News, as will comfort his Heart, and cause his speedy return: In the mean time I will make *Deloratus* acquainted with *Helion's* Practice, and *Persicles's* Love, who shall perswade all that may be, not to consent to Marry you against your will? Be then of good comfort, and in assurance of *Persicles's* Loyalty, let no Fear disquiet your Senses, or impair your Health, for Things now at the worst may have a good End: These Speeches ended, they departed.

All this while *Helion* was meditating how to hasten the Marriage: but most of all to find the cause of *Constantia's* Discontent, which he thought was aggravated against him, by some good Conceit which he had lately entertained of some other than himself, which made him Prosecute the same with more fervency, dealing so effectually with the Emperor, that he swore *Constantia* should be ruled by him, and thereupon the next Day sent for her, to whom he said: Daughter, I think it is not unknown to you, that I have promised you in Marriage to Prince *Helion*, one that is every way worthy to Match with you, both for nobleness of Birth, vertuous Qualities, and comeliness of Person: withal, I am given to understand, that you like not my Choise, nor esteem my Command, which of you neglect, you shall not only displease me, but lose my Favour for ever; for as you are mine, I purpose to dispose of you, but if you refuse my Counsel, refuse me too, for I will not regard a disobedient Child; The manifold Reasons I could alledge, that perswade me to the Confirmation of this Contract, are of such Weight; as I might seem careless of your Welfare, and your self envious of your own good, to deny them: Therefore let me know your Answer,

*Constance* well knew that if she denied, he would be offended, and his froward Nature was so much disposed to Wrath, that before she could speak, she shook for fear; yet resolving to hazard the worst, humbling her self upon her Knees she made this Answer: My reverend Duty to you, most loving Father, perswadeth my consent to fulfil your Command, though my Love binds me to the contrary, that I stand perplexed between two Extreams; the one fearing to offend you, the other to procure my everlasting Discontent; for in refusing to do according to your will, I shall incur your Indignation, and in performing the same, my everlasting Sorrow, for as yet, my Heart could never yield to Love that worthy Prince, who is far too worthy to be Matcht with me; most humbly beseeching you to consider, that forced Love never breeds Content, but Disquiet, which with *Helion*, will be my Portion, therefore I beseech you, revoke your Determination.

Is it even so? (quoth he) shall my Command be Countervailed by your peevish Conceit? Is this the regard you gave to my good Will? Are you Wiser than I? or are you willing to Displease me? shall my will stand at your Direction? Is this the Duty you owe to your Father? Or fear you no more to offend me? Have I so carefully brought you up, and tenderly regarded you for this? Henceforth never come in my Sight, for I will not esteem thee as a Child, but as a Bastard; and withal, I vow, that if thou dost not yield to Marry him, use him kindly, and apply thy Devotions to his liking, I will use thee in such a sort, that all *Persia* shall lament thy Case. Having given her this bitter Reproof, he departed, leaving her Weeping, the fountain of her Eyes dry, wringing her Hands, and like one in a dead Trance, overcome with Grief, cast upon the Earth. The first that entered the Room was *Helion*, who seeing her in that Agony, took her by the Hand to have raised her from the Ground; but she refusing his help, uttered these Speeches. Until this time I always esteemed honourably of you, but now my good opinion is altered, for that you seek only my Torment: My Father hath given me charge to Marry with you, which I must, against my Heart, fulfil, but be assured never to possess my Love, for that I have bequeathed to another, only my outward Parts may be yours, but my inward Affections shall continually esteem you as the only occasioner of my endless Miseries; with that she arose from the ground and departed, leaving him there as one astonished.



*Piera* made *Constantia's* Estate known to *Deloramus*; who so far as he durst, perswaded her Father not to constrain her to Marry the Prince: but such Willfulness possessed him, that the more they entreated him, the more contrarious he was, and therefore appointed the Day for the Marriage to be within two Months, and desiring the King of *Arabia's* Consent, he sent Ambassadors to that Effect.

*Piera* hearing this, presently sent Messengers into *Assyria*, to certifie *Persicles* of all that had happened; and withal, writ a Letter which contained the whole Sum of *Constantia's* Consent to his Love; who withal Deligence hastened until they arrived there, being presently conducted into his Presence: After he had most kindly embraced them, he demanded how *Piera* did, and what Message they had brought from her? Whereupon they delivered the Letters they had brought; which when he had read, he Commanded the Knights to give the Messengers honourable Entertainment, and departed to his Tent: one way so much comforted, and another way so deeply troubled, that he sat down in a Study, not knowing what to resolve upon.

When he had a long space meditated, with what contrarities his Fortunes were crost, the danger his Country was in, how likely he was to lose *Constantia*, and how difficult to attempt her Passion, and many other; at last he thought his Life should be nothing without her Love; and therefore he fully resolved to hazard the same to attain it, but it seemed impossible, which way to accomplish the same. For first the Armenians War hazarded his Kingdom, whom he could not suddenly expel: Next to attempt to win her by force, that could not be, for the *Persian* was to mighty. Lastly, delay might breed a greater Mischief than all the rest; then calling unto him two of his chiefest Nobles, the one named *Parensis*, a wise Counsellor, the other *Thurens*, a noble Warrior, he uttered his mind to them, saying, I have sent for you, as the Men I must respect and trust, being determined to commit to your Charge the Government of my Kingdom, for that weighty Business, and such as concerns my everlasting Welfare, must for a Season withdraw me: And for that I am fully assured of your Loyalty, I will use no Exhortation to perswade you thereto, but order the same in this sort: *Thurens* resembling me much, both in Proportion and Countenance, shall in my absence take my Room; whom the People will assuredly take to be my self, and so govern them with more ease, and



you *Pareus*, by your Wisdom, order all things according thereto. Thus you know my Mind, which I doubt not but you will accomplish in every Respect according to my Desire. They first intreated him not to depart, but when they saw nothing could prevail, they swore they would faithfully Execute what he had given them in Charge: and likewise told them, that he would depart within three Days, which he deferred so long, by reason the second Day the Armenians and Assyrians should meet; having ended his Conference with them, he returned to the Messengers that came from *Persea*, sending Letters to *Piera*, which gave her knowledge that he would be there suddenly.

The prefixed Day for the Battle was now come, and both Armies met, betwixt whom there was a terrible Fight, and many thousands on both sides Slain: The Armenians greedy of their Enemies overthrow, followed them so eagerly, that they began to found a Retreat: *Pericles* seeing that, left the Place of his Government, and with his Lance ready couched, met an Armenian Duke so full, that he pierced the same quite through his Body, then drawing his Sword, with the same he slew the next, and after him, wounded others; that within a while he made such Slaughter amongst them, that they avoided the Place of his Sight, and thought themselves best that were furthest off him. Thus valorously did he Pursue them; till he was unawares in the midst of their Army, which Advantage the King of Armenia espied, and thinking his Life within his Power, ran at him with a Lance, pointed with Steel, but it mist him; and *Pericles* seeing him, met so full with the pommel of his Sword against his Breast, that had not his Sword yielded, he had broke his Back; with that the Armenians assailed him round about with such unequal Odds, being a multitude to one, that sometimes they were thrust so near upon him in the Throng, that they swayed him up and down, those that came next him died by the Sword, their dead Bodies falling down between his Steed's Legs, which made him lay about with such Fury, that he soon made them give way. In the mean time, whilst the most part of the Battle were bent to destroy him, the Assyria had made such a slaughter amongst the out-wings of the Army, that most of them were slain, and the rest fled, *Thureus* fearing *Pericles's* Harm, for that he missed him, with his Followers, soon found him out, and by that Means rescued him from the Multitude, who had unhorsed him, being constrained to Fight on Foot, being

ing scarce able to with-hold himself from stumbling o're the dead Carcasses of those whom he had slain, *Thurureu* soon got him remounted, and then both of them pursued their Enemies so fiercely, that they began to fly; and had not the Day then ended, they had all been destroyed, which caused *Persicles* to sound a Retreat, and betake him to his Tent, having that Day done such Deeds at Arms, as made both his own Subjects, and the Armenians admire him.

Early the next Morning word was brought him, that his Enemies were all fled, and not any of them to be found in the Camp, having left all their Riches behind them; which much rejoiced *Persicles* to hear, for that they should be no hindrance to his Journey, and commanded his Souldiers to take the Spoil, and bury the Dead; and because he had received never a mortal Wound, he determined the next Day to depart, which he acquainted *Parentu* and *Thurureu* withal, requesting them not to discover his Absence till his return.

Having ordered every thing according to his Mind, the next Morning he departed, attiring himself like a Palmer, with a staff in his Hand, which disguise shadowed him from Knowledge, that he past his own Court-gates undiscerned, which assured him, that if his own Subjects and Servants knew him not, much less would Strangers, that he passed without fear of being discovered. In this sort did he Travel, thinking it no Pennance to take Pains to find out his Love, until he arrived in *Persia*, yet not knowing which way to accomplish his Intent, or come to the Speech either of *Piera* or *Constantia*, for he was a Stranger, being denied to enter the Court-gates, where he stayed attending his good Fortune some three Days; but as far from hopes then, as at his first coming, that he was so tormented in his Thoughts that he could not tell what to do. The next Day he heard that the King should go forth a Hunting, which made him presently suppose (for that the Park was so near the Court) the Ladies likewise would see the Pastime, hoping by some means or other to give one of them Knowledge of his Arrival; then he writ a Letter, the Contents thereof were these.

To Constantia, or Piera.

*These I write to either of you, my Fortune being doubtful to whom I should deliver this: The Palmer that delivered this Letter, is Persicles,*

sicles, that desireth to speak with one of you; for he saith, you are both as dear to him as his own Soul. Attending a happy Hour, I end.

Thus, *Pericles*.

The next Day, according to his Hopes, the King and Queen, *Deloratus*, *Piera*, *Helion*, and *Constantia*, and many others came forth, whom *Pericles* soon espied, and well noting *Constantia's* Countenance, perceived the same to be darkned, as if she had been fully possessed with Discontent; who coming near him, (for he stood so as they must pass by him) casting her Eyes upon him, beheld him so earnestly, that she almost forgot her self, feeling her Heart to throb with unwanted Motion, that she let fall her rich Scarf, most curiously Embroidered; which occasion *Pericles* soon espied, as waiting for such an Opportunity, took up the Scarf, and with a great Reverence gave it her, conveying the Letter closely therein, that she soon espied the same, wherewith her Heart began to pant; and viewing the Superscription, found it directed to her, or *Piera*, that closely she put the same in her Bosom, lest *Helion* or any else should espy it till she could find Opportunity to read it. By this time the Game was rouzed, and all but she alone followed the Pastime with Earnestness; which she beholding, withdrew her self with one of her Ladies, and read the Letter, the which affected her Heart with Joy and Fear; that sometimes her Heart leap'd with the one, and her Eyes stood ready to over-flow with Tears with the other; presently following the Company until she overtook *Piera*, to whom she said, Sister, did not you behold the Palmer that stood in the Way as we came by the Palace-wall? Yes, (quoth she) And do not you know him? said *Constantia*? It is your Brother *Pericles*.

With that she smiled, saying, How can that be, or what maketh you to think so? With that she pulled out the Letter, and bad her read it; which when she had done, she said, *Constantia* he is worthy to be kindly used, having travelled so far on Foot to see us. Yea, (quoth *Constantia*) how can we come to speak with him? Or how may we give him that Welcome his Worthiness deserveth, that for my unworthy self, hath undertaken to hazard his Royal Person in Travel? Let me alone, (quoth *Piera*) and the better to avoid Suspicion, use *Helion* somewhat more kindly than heretofore you have done, that his Mind may be void of Jealousie, for I perceive when you come in any Place or Company, he hath a vigilant Eye over you. And

And calling to her a Damsel named *Dela*, one that was privy to all her secret Counsels, to whom she said; Go thy way, and find out the Palmer that thou sawest as we came, for it is *Persicles*, conduct him into the Camber, where let him stay till I return; and if any one ask thee what he is, tell them he is of *Affyria*, and bringeth me News from the King, my Brother.

*Dela* hastened and soon found him out, reverently saluting him, and called him by his Name, which made him marvel that she knew him, until she delivered her Message, which he was ready to fulfil, as the only thing he desired: And having brought him into the Court which she did without Contradiction, she returned to certify her Mistress thereof whom she met with *Constantia*, and some few before the rest returning to the Court being desirous to see *Persicles*, who now entered the Palace, were soon espyed him, which affected of his Heart with such Content as it seemed to ravish his Senses.

*Constantia* was possessed likewise with such contrarious Passions, sometimes of Fear, Joy, Bashfulness, Desire, and modest Love, that her Heart seemed to dissolve, and all the Arteries of her Body wrought with internal and strange Motions: By this time they were ascended the Stairs, and *Persicles* ready to meet him, who first saluted *Piera*, (as reserving the best for the last) which he performed superficially, in the respect of the Behaviour he used to *Constantia*, whose Modesty made her blush, whilst he received her of a sweet Kiss, who, with as mild a Countenance, as if Modesty her self had been there, she had welcome.

Most divine Lady, quoth he, I cannot express my thankfulness by outward Means, for that my Heart wisheth, and intendeth more good to you, than my Tongue can utter, being so far bound to you (in respect of my slender and small Deserts) for your esteeming well of me, that I shall never be able to discharge the Debt: And although they have little cause, by reason of the small proof you have heard of my Fidelity, to yield me Love, yet if my faithful Vow may satisfy you, and my plighted Promise of continual Constancy assure you, shall find me both constant in Love to you, faithful to deal honourably with you, and Loyal, not intending to do any thing that shall be disagreeable to your Will.

My Lord, (said *Constantia*) in full Assurance of your good Meaning, my Heart willingly affecting you more than any other, without further delay, I yield my self up your to Disposition, desiring you not to misconceive me? And though I am unworthy of such account



count as you make of me, my Possession being linked to so many Inconveniences; yet since it is your desire to have it so. I am ready to be ruled according to your Directions.

*Piera* then said, Let further Conference for this time cease, because I hear of the King's Return; and for this Night I will provide for my Brother's Security, with whom I will confer about this Business, until you may conveniently meet again.

This said, *Persicles* took his Leave of *Constantia*, with many ceremonious Farewells, each Party interchanging their Hearts, such perfect Love was between them. *Persicles* went to a secret Chamber to meditate; *Piera* to accompany her Husband, and *Constantia* with an outward merry, (though inwardly heavy) Heart to welcome *Helion*.

### C H A P. III.

*How Constantia disguised her self, and departed the Emperours Courts with Persicles.*

**W**ithin this place stay'd *Persicles*, so long without Means how to accomplish his desire, which was to convey away *Constantia*, that the prefixed Day for the performance of the Marriage approached near, which drove them to their utmost shifts, that now or never it was to be done.

*Constantia* coming to *Piera's* Chamber, with an heavy Heart, and watry Eyes, demanded whether they had yet determined how she should escape? but hearing them make no Answer, said thus: My Lord, since the fear you have I should be discovered, and so dishonoured, maketh you unwilling to have me hazard my self: The time of my pretended Wedding now draweth nigh, which I most abhor, because I Love none but your self; provide but for your own Departure out of the Court, without being discovered, and stay for me in the Evening under the Mistle-tree by the *Palace-wall*, and thither will I assuredly come to you; and by what Means, as yet I know not.

*Persicles* was glad to hear her Speeches, but he was much troubled in Mind, that his misfortune was such, that could not carry her from thence, without she her self should hazard her escape alone: Nevertheless, seeing her forwardness, which was an infallible token of her constancy; with many thanks and farewells, untill their happy meeting again, they parted, with such careful Hearts, and outward signs of Sorrow as was sufficient to



to have made the hardest Heart of any remorseless Beholder to lament them.

*Pericles* soon departed, and without disturbance (for in that Habit he was not known) and soon got to the Mirtle-tree, whereunder he sat down, and uttered many Invocations for his Love's fortunate Escape; that she alone should endure this Hazard, but whatsoever Extremity did follow, should be born by him.

*Constantia* being in her Chamber with *Dela*, many thoughts possessed her Fancy, and sundry Devices were soon invented, and as soon out of content, that many she bethought her of, but none of them seemed curraunt. At last, looking out of a Window, she espied a Country Damsel enter the outer Court of the Palace, with a Basket on her Arm, wherein were Grapes, which she came of purpose to present unto *Constantia* for their Fairness, being a Gift worthy of Acceptation. The Porter knowing her mind, sent her to the Princess's Chamber with a Gentleman. *Constantia* seeing that she came to her, caused her to come in, received her Present most graciously: The Gentleman being departed, *Dela*, by *Constantia*'s appointment, led the Maid into a secret Chamber; telling her, that it was her Mistress's Pleasure so much to grace her, that she should attend on her, and not return to her Father's House. The Damsel being glad of that Preferment, gave her many Thanks: *Dela* then caused her to put off her own Apparel, and put on *Constantia*'s; which done, she left her, and carried her homely Weeds to *Constantia*, which she presently put on, disrobing her self of her rich Ornaments, and casting aside all other Care, but only how to attain her Love: And the Evening being come, (the time of her everlasting Weal, or Wo) she took the Damsel's Basket on her Arm; and first, with many Farewells to *Dela*, Commendations to *Piera*, and heavy Sighs to leave her Parents, not knowing what Misfortune might befall her, with Water standing in her Eyes, which to her utmost power she refrained, did go down the Stairs, and thence into the Court, behaving her self so decently, that none that met her, had any thought but that she had been a perfect Country Damsel; and so she passed until she came to the Porter, who knowing of her coming in, denied not to let her out. *Constantia* having passed thus far without Suspect, thought not to be long in going to the appointed Place, but Fear and Hope hastening her steps, she sometimes ran, and sometimes went, and then again looked behind her, as if some pursued her, ran until she

had got a sight of the Tree, where, under the same, she beheld her Love; who afar off beheld her, but in that Habit knew her not; to whom she approached so nigh, that he, noting her well, knew her, and embraced her in his Arms, saying: My dearest Love, A thousand times welcome, and more desired of me, than all the Riches in the World; for ever shall this Day be blest, and the Hour of this our happy meeting accounted Fortunate; let all that wear this Habit be happy, and enjoy their most desired Content; and let this Tree, wheresoever growing, be esteemed above all others, for that it was the appointed Place of our Meeting: Let the Evening be the most pleasant time for Lovers meeting; and let all those be fortunate in their Meetings, whose Hearts harbour true Love. My Dear (quoth he) I cannot express the Joy my Heart conceives at your Presence, being sorry that you are thus driven to hazard your Person for my sake; being likewise as sorry that I have no place of Security to carry you unto; for in this Place we must not stay long; therefore let us depart the nearest way to *Affrica*, and Fortune, that hath shewed her self so gentle, may favour us with more happy Success.

My Lord (quoth *Constantia*) now that I have attained your Presence, I have found the Harbor I expected, where my Heart shall rest; what hereafter you shall intend, I will be as well contented with, as your self; therefore direct your steps what way you please, I will bear you Company.

*Pericles* his Heart was glad to see her so cheerful, that folding his Arms in hers, the Night being now approached, they walked along: She by the way discoursing on the manner of her Escape.

To relate the Conference between them were too tedious, but the most part of the Night they continued travelling to fast as *Constantia's* feeble legs would carry her; who, though not accustomed to such Labour, yet endured the time so cheerfully, as it had been a Wonder to behold; but at last arriving in a solitary Place, where seldom any frequented but Shepherds, the Night being far spent, and *Constantia* weary, they seated themselves down upon a Bank, and their Minds being now somewhat eas'd of Care, their Bodies wearied with Travel, and the Place void of Disturbance; after some delightful Conference, *Constantia* slept, and *Pericles* did the like, not awaking till the Sun's bright Beams glimmering upon them, awaked them. *Pericles*'s Heart now began to be troubled when to get food for

*Constantia*, which he was out of Hope to attain in those solitary Walks; and rising up to view the Place well, and which way next to travel, he espied a Shepherd's Cottage hard by, to which he and *Constantia* went, and knocking at the Door, the Shepherd's Wife came forth, who espying such unlooked for Guests, started back, saying, What would you have?

Mother, (said *Persicles*) my Wife and I (for so he thought best to call her, to avoid Suspicion) travelling towards *Affrica*, by misfortune, Yesterday night, lost our way, and having wandered up and down all this Night, that we are both weary, especially my Wife, who hath not been used to such Unrest; Our desire is to rest our selves, and get us Food, if it may be, in this place; which Kindness if you will afford us, we will pay you for the Charge we put you to, and withal rest thankful.

The Shepherdess noting them well, thought them other than their Habit declared, with whom his kind Words so much prevailed, that she desired them to come in, telling them that all her House rested at their Disposition; so they both entered, and willingly sat down to rest themselves: But *Persicles* asking the old Woman what Meat she had; she told him, she had none at all; but if it pleased him, she would be ready to fetch any thing he would send for, at a Village hard by.

Whereupon the old Woman went out to buy Meat, leaving them in the House alone; in whose absence, *Persicles* desired *Constantia* not to be offended with him, for saying she was his Wife? For (said he) should I name you my Sister, or otherwise, it would breed in them some Suspicion; withal, they hearing of your Escape, which may by some means or other come to their knowledge, will the sooner suspect you; but under that Name, you are void of Knowledge.

*Constantia* was content to be ruled by him in any thing, whose Heart would now have conceived the height of Content, had not Fear to be discovered darkned the same. In which place we will leave them to speak of *Helion*.

CHAP. IV.

Of a merry Jest that befel *Helion*, Prince of Arabia.

*Constantia* being down the Stairs, *Deila* as soon left the Country Maid, to tell *Priam* what was done; and to ask her Counsel what to do; who hearing all, at last bid her return to the Dam-

el, and carry her some Meat for her Supper, but so closely, that none might see her go out, or in, which *Dela* performed, and telling her where she should lie, left her, altering her Garments and Attires in such sort, that she knew her not again. The Maid being alone, was soon tempted to taste these dainty Meats, for that she was very hungry, thinking her self most happy to be exalted, and daintily fed; and seeing her soft Bed, her Belly being full, and being at home not used to sit up late, drawing the Curtains close about her, she was no sooner laid, but fell asleep.

*Helson* all that Evening, marvelled he could not see *Constantia*, but not seeing *Piera*, was satisfied, thinking they had been together. When Supper was ended, he determined to see her, and went to *Piera's* Chamber, thinking to find her there; who told him that she was not there that Afternoon: From thence he went to her Lodgings, and finding the Door shut, which being but latch't, he open'd it, and shut it softly again; and, with stealing Steps, passed through the first Room unto the next, where he saw a Light burning through the Hangings, which he softly lifted aside, and looking into the Chamber, saw no body, but *Constantia's* Apparel there, and drawing nigh the Bed, perceived that she was asleep, and standing by her, as being loath to awake her, yet unwilling to leave her, he uttered these Meditations:

Sweet Fortune hath appointed this happy Hour in favour of my true Love, that hath with Constancy long attended my Love, but n'er was grac'd with any Tittle of her Favour; which Opportunity if I over-slip, it may be I shall never attain the like: If I should attempt to awake her, could she be offended? If I should farther ask her Consent to possess her Love, could she take it in ill part? No, she knows my Love is Loyal, and therefore will not be offended. But this searcheth me most, I never as yet had any Favour at her hand; She, for ought I see, regarded me not, but instead of my Love, repays me with Scorn; yet in that I may be deceived: Peradventure she hath used me for to make tryal of me; and also done this to try whether I would, like a Coward, for fear of Displeasure, leave the Scaling of so sweet a Fort: therefore, be my Fortune good or bad, I will hazard the work. Then taking the Damsel by the Hand, who slept so soundly, that he could hardly awake her, said, *Constantia*, be not offended with me, it is your faithful Friend *Eusebius*, that speaks to you, minding you, I have thus boldly pressed into your Chamber, which I found but slightly shut, and finding you had been



lick, I came to this place; desiring you to grant me this Favour, both to pardon this bold Intrusion, and let me stay to be your Guardian; which said, very boldly he kiss the Damsel twice or thrice. The Maiden hearing his Speeches, was so amazed, that she could not speak; involving many things in her doubtful Brain what he should be, and why the Princess had appointed her in that place; But being unacquainted with the Fashions of the Court, she thought it had been the Custom there (as she had heard her Father report) for every one to have a Lover, lay still, and said nothing, which animated *Helion* to such Confidence, that, fastning the Door, extinguishing the Light, and putting off his Apparel, he leapt into the Bed; and first, asking Pardon with many humble Speeches, repeating with what Constancy he had deserved her, and how faithfully he intended for ever to love her; he folded her in his Arms, using such Behaviour, as soon tempted the Damsel to yield; whom he bereft of her Virginity, to both their Contents. He on one side thinking he had embraced the fair *Constantia*, and she supposing she had got a rich and kind Lover.

When he had stayed with her so long as he could, for fear of being discovered, for that the Day began to appear, he told her that now, to his Heart's Grief, he must leave her; which she was unwilling he should do; that by her Embraces, Kisses, and other kind Behaviour, he stayed longer than he would have done; and took such full Possession of her before he went, that she thought her self the happiest Maid alive; and he himself the most fortunately blessed in the Possession of so sweet a Lover. At last, parting with many Farewells, the Damsel's Eyes somewhat dazzled with the Sport, laid her down again and slept soundly, until she thought it time to rise.

When the Day was somewhat aged by the height of the Sun, *Philon*, with an exceeding merry Countenance, taking a new standing Cup of beaten Gold, full fraught with the purest Wine; attiring himself in the richest Robes, went to *Constantia's* Chamber to present her therewith, and entering therein, he found his Bed-fellow attired in *Constantia's* Ornaments; with which sight he was so amazed, that he stood like one in a Trance, thinking himself either blind, or that she was metamorphosed.

The Damsel likewise spying him, was amazed to see him stand gazing on her with such a wild Countenance, that she blushed exceedingly. At last, *Helion* fearing some Deceit, said, Where is *Constantia*, that you are attired in her Ornaments? To whom she

the Damfel made answer, I know not where she is; her Maid had me put on this Apparel Yesterday, applying me to stay here till her return.

Helio then perceiving that he was deceived, and the Damfel, instead of *Constantia*, had been his Paramour that Night, whom he desired to tell him whether *Constantia* had of purpose persuaded her to do that; and also if she knew where she was: For know (quoth he) thou hast not bestowed thy Virginity on an unworthy Person, but unto the Prince of *Aravia*.

The Damfel humbling herself upon her Knees, told him all that she knew; whereby he then perceived that *Constantia* was fled, by reason that he could not find the Damfel's Apparel, and taking her by the hand, said, Damfel, I perceive *Constantia* still rejecteth me, and therefore, as thou art her friend, hast taken possession of my Love, that Good-will and Affection which formerly I bear to her, will I bare to thee, and hereafter prefer thee to such Dignity, as otherwise thou shouldst never attain unto; withal, requesting thee to conceal my being with thee this Night from any, for if it should be known, it would rebound to thy Punishment, and my Shame: But when Question is made for *Constantia*, tell all thou knowest of thy coming hither, but nothing of me. And in sign of my Good-will, I drink to thee in this Cup of Wine, which I thought *Constantia* should have tasted of. This said, he left the Damfel, and so secretly as he might, he went to his own Lodging, so grievous in his Mind, that he vowed to be revenged, were it by never so cruel Means, in his Heart hating her, whom he before doted on; which was a Sign of an inconstant Disposition, for true Love will never alter.

It was not long before *Constantia* was missed, and the News thereof came to the Emperor, her Father, who, with the Empress, marvelled thereat, signing all diligent Search to be made, but no other News was heard of her, but that she was gone, and a Stranger left in her stead; who being brought before the Emperor, told the Cause of her coming, and how she was used by a Gentlewoman that waited on *Constantia*; whereupon the Emperor caused all the Ladies and Gentlewomen in the Court to come before him; but amongst them all, she could not tell which was she, for *Dela* had altered her Apparel in such sort, that the Damfel was at a want of knowing her, as any of the rest.

The Emperor was so exceedingly enraged, that he was ready to tear the Hair from his Head, commanding that the Damfel should

should be punished; but at the request of the Emperess, he was only in disgraceful sort crutch out of the Court-gates. The Emperour at that time in a great Rage, betaking himself to his solitary Chamber, to study which was the best way to find his Daughter.

*Helion* pitying the Damsel, being now more in Love with her than ever he was with *Constance*, called unto him one of his most trustiest Servants, willing him in secret sort to follow the Maid, and to give her a Purse of Gold, and tell her who sent it, and to conduct her home to her Father's House, that he may know where to find her; which done, he presently went to the Emperour, desiring him speedily to send forth Messengers to find *Constance*, who thinking he had requested him thereunto with his former Pretence of Love, caused twenty of his Knights privately to be brought before him, to whom he declared his Intent, which was, That (without making any privy thereunto) they should that Night depart several Ways in search for his Daughter, the Lady *Constance*.

All things being compact according to his Mind, and the Knights having taken their Oaths of Fidelity and Secresie, and departed, the Emperour rested, calming his Disquiet with so merry a Countenance, as some supposed but that he had remitted all in regard of *Constance*, which was so closely affected, that the Knights were dispersed every where in the Country, before any Question was made of her Absence.

*Helion's* Servant, Surnamed *Aldus*, soon overtook the Damsel, delivering her the Gift his Lord had sent, which she received with many Thanks; telling her likewise, that he had sent him to attend her home, which she was also glad of, fearing her Parents Displeasure for staying so long, who knew her not at first sight, but afterwards was known by *Aldus*, who learning her Name, which was *Sala*, left her.

The *Shepherd* who was the first that found her, being a goodly man, of a goodly countenance, and a goodly heart, he was the first that found her, and he was the first that brought her to the Emperour's Court.

Now the Day being far spent, the Shepherd's Wife returned with the Prisoner which he had brought, dressing the same very nicely, though after her Country Fashion; whereon

*Pericles and Comfante* fed heartily, spending the rest of the Day in talk with the old Woman, until at Night the old Shepherd and his Son came home, who wondered to see such Guests at his Houſe, and ſuch Chear as the Fire; who was wont to ſup with a Crab put into ſowre Whig; and calling aſide his Wife, before they would enter, demanded what they were? Husband, (quoth ſhe) they came hither in the Morning, deſiring me to let them have but Houſe-room, for loſing their way, they have wandred about all Night, and ſo are very weary: they are the kindeſt People that ever I ſaw; good Husband bid them Welcome. The good old Man waked ſo kind by his Wife's Entreaty, that he came in, telling them they were moſt heartily Welcome, and that all he had was at their Command.

*Pericles* gave them many Thanks, being much comforted with their Kindneſs, which he found diſagreeing to Humours of Ruſtick People. Supper-time ended, the old Woman called her Husband aſide, to know where they ſhould lie: Marry, (quoth he) in our own Bed, and we for this time will make ſome other provision; therefore make the ſame ready in the beſt ſort you poſſible can.

Which ſaid, the old Woman went about the ſame; and the old Man coming to them, ſaid, Becauſe I know you not, I cannot tell what Title to give unto you, but leſs than born of Noble Blood I am ſure you are not: I am ſorry my Wealth affordeth me no better Entertainment to welcome you withal; but ſuch as our homely Cottage yieldeth, ſhall be at your Diſpoſition; deſiring you to accept of our Good-will, inſtead of better Performance. My Wife is making ready your Bed, which though homely, yet it is cleanly, we having no choice but only that, deſiring you to accept it as the beſt.

I thank you, good Friend, (quoth *Pericles*) but we ſhall be unmannerly to thruſt you forth of your own Lodging, therefore we will rather ſit up, than diſturb you.

Not ſo, ſaid the old Woman, I have all my Life-time been brought up to Hardſhips, and can endure it well: which I am ſure you cannot do, without hazard of your Health. Then came the old Woman, who wrought them a Light to conduct them to the Chamber, which ſhe had dreſſed ſo finely with green Ruffles, and ſweet Flowers, that it was moſt pleaſant, though not coſtly, and leaving them there, departed.

*Constantia*, seeing them gone, began to blush, to think she must be *Pericles's* Bed-fellow; which he perceiving, folding her in his Arms, said, Now *Constantia*, you must be a Wife before you are married; which Name you cannot refuse, having given your Consent thereto already: I must of force be your Bed-fellow, unless you would have me lye on the green Rushes; therefore I pray you tell me, whether you are willing to favour me so much or no?

*Constantia*, betwixt a shamefac'd Bashfulness, and a modest Desire, stood mute, not knowing whether to consent or deny: Sometimes thinking her Denial might disquiet him; and to yield might make him suspect her of Lightness; so that between Fear and Hope, she continued silent, as if she had been overcome with a deep Study.

*Pericles* smiling thereat, said, My dear Love, I know with what Motives your Mind is now agitated: If you think it will impair your Honour to be my Bed-fellow, I will rather lose my Life than perswade you thereto; but if you vouchsafe to let me lie by you in most vertuous sort, I protest it shall be no Dishonour to you, nor your Virgin-parity shall not be spotted in the least thought of any unlawful Attempt; wherein if you will trust me, you shall find that I will use you both as becometh your Estate, agrees with your Honour, and the vertuous Meaning of a true Friend.

My Lord, (said *Constantia*) do not think me so immodest as to distrust you, or so curious to think it will impair my Name to be your Bed-fellow; only I wish that the Rites of Marriage were performed, then I were at your Disposition.

Lady, (said he) what needeth such strict Performance of those outward Ceremonies, which maketh not the Marriage? but those are truly Married, that with united Hearts have plighted Promise of perpetual friendship, electing one another by true Love, and not outward Ceremony; for where true Love is not, there can be no perfect Marriage, though the outward Ceremony be never so devoutly performed: therefore, if my Opinion can prevail with you, we being without means to use the outward Ceremony, may confirm as true and constant a Contract between our selves, as though it were established by the Rites of the Church. This also makes me to use these Reasons, since the Means of the Performance of that being wanting, we may nevertheless procure our Happiness; for who are more happy than those that



live in perfect Love, though never so miserable? For my part, I esteem your Company above all Joy, and the Fruition of your Love more dear to me, than a thousand Lives without the same: Then, I beseech you, let my Entreaties so much prevail, that I may with your free Consent possess your Love, for I vow never to Love, or chuse any other than your self.

*Constantia* hearing his Speeches, and many other Reasons that he alledged, made this Answer: My Lord, relying upon your Vertues, true Love, and honourable Meaning, I yield to your Request, giving my Consent to be your Wife for ever, desiring you to dispose of me according to your Mind; for you shall find me always obedient to your Command. These Speeches ended, with many kind Embraces, they addressed themselves to their Bridal-bed, which resembled such a Bed indeed; for the old Woman had deck'd the Bed with her best Linnen, and other Furniture, stuck the same round about with sweet Roses, strewed the Chamber with green Rushes, filled the Windows with green Boughs and Flowers, so thick in every Place, giving such a sweet Savour, that it might well be termed a Shepherd's Paradise.

The two Lovers being in Bed, used such Behaviour as Lovers do, thinking themselves fortunate, the Place pleasant, their Meeting happy, and their Love sweet, enjoying their Love without Controul, Love without Lust, and Pleasure without Pride; he thinking his Joys without compare, and she thinking none to be compared with hers; and the Birds without, singing their Ditties instead of Musick, and the sweet *Philomela* hard by the Wall with a merry Note, rejoiced at their Pleasure.

Thus did they pass over this Night with exceeding Content, and next Day in Communication with the Shepherd, who committed both the Flocks to the Government of his Son, for that himself would stay to bear them Company, to whom he bare such an inward Love, wrought in him by a natural Motion, that he did think himself happy to do them any Pleasure.

They stayed three Days with the Shepherd, being past Fear to be discovered, for they heard not of any Enquiry that was made after them: At last one of the Knights that the Emperour of *Byzantium* had privily sent forth in their Search, chanced to come into the Plains where the Shepherd's Son was keeping his Sheep, to whom he said, Shepherd, didst thou not see a *Damuel* lately pass this way? Not I, answered he: Why? what *Damuel*

is it you look for? The Knight either by his Countenance, or Stuttering in his Answer, supposing it might be he had seen her, said, It is a Friend of mine, that I esteem dearly, he promised me I should hear of her hereabout, but my Fortune hath not been so good. I cannot tell (said the Boy) it may be my Father can tell you, who dwelleth hard by yonder Thicket.

The Knight hearing that, left him, and rode to the Shepherd's House, where he alighting, entred without calling, and found the Shepherd, his Wife, *Persicles* and *Constantia*, all together, and presently knowing her, said, Lady *Constantia*, the Emperour, your Father, makes great Lamentation for you at the Court. With that they knew they were betrayed; and she, what with Fear and Grief, fell down in a Trance, whom, with much ado, they recovered. My Friend, (quoth *Persicles*) thou art either very unmannerly, or thy Authority is great, that thou intrudest thy self into our Company; Dost thou know this is *Constantia*? Then where is thy Reuerence to her? Were it not for disquieting the Lady that is already disordered with thy Presence, thou shouldst find cold Entertainment.

The Knight being much grieved to see *Constantia* thus disquieted, said, I am sorry my Presence hath troubled her, which was against my Mind, for be it far from my Thoughts to disturb her. The Emperour of *Persia* missing her, hath sent out divers besides my self to seek her, with Commandment to bring her back to the Court: and amongst the rest, you see it is fallen to my Lot to perform it: yet such Regard I do bear unto her, that I will not do any thing disagreeing to her honourable Mind. *Constantia* hearing his Speeches, said, What is your Name? My Name (said he) is *Pisor*. Art thou of *Assyria*, (quoth *Persicles*) and one of the Knights belonging to *Piera*? I am, said he. Then I fear not, said *Persicles*, but thou bearest a Knightly Mind; and wilt rather conceal this Lady's being here, than betray her, by carrying her back; if not for hers, yet for *Persicles*'s thy King, whom she loves, and thou shouldst obey.

If it were (quoth he) to venture my Life for my Prince, I would most willingly do it; and if the Lady loveth him, and for that hath left the Court, I will hazard my Life in her Defence, and to my utmost Power, procure her Heart's Desire. Then know (quoth he) that *Persicles* heareth thy kind Speeches, and hath not failed in his Opinion of thy Vertues; for I am he, tho' thus disguised; with that *Pisor* knew him, and humbled himself with great Reuerence on his Knee.

*Pericles* rising up, embraced him, telling him that he came in a most fortunate Hour to do him good. *Constantia* with this, was comforted again, and forgot her former Passion and Fear. The old Shepherd and his Wife were half amazed, until *Pericles* said, Father, be not any way disquieted with my Knowledge, for though I am King of *Assyria*, I am thy Guest, and will requite thy Kindness liberally, desiring thee not to discover me to any; for if thou shouldst, it would hazard this Lady's Life, and mine, that are now in thy Hands. They both vowed on their Knees, nothing should make them so Disloyal. Then he said to *Pisor*, Of old Experience I know thou lovest me; therefore I question not thy Fidelity, or doubt that thou wilt undertake any thing to pleasure me; therefore I would have thee with all speed to pass into *Assyria*, to *Parvus* and *Thureus*, whom I left my Substitutes, and to them make my Estate known, telling them my Desire is, That they come to me in this place with a sufficient number of Horse-men to guard me and the Princess home; but let none know their Intent; (which I take to be the best course for our Safety) for if we should seek other Means by Travel, *Constantia* is not able to endure it, which also might be a means to discover us, so many being abroad in her Search. *Pisor* presently obeyed him, and taking his leave, departed on his Journey, leaving them in the Shepherd's Cottage.

## C H A P. VI.

*How Helion was in love with Selia, and bearing of his Father's Sickness, obtained leave to depart: And of the Desolation that was in Assyria, by the Treason of Duke Oretus.*

**H**Elion remembering the Pleasure he had with his Country Love, desired much to see her again; with whom he was more deeply in love than ever he was with *Constantia*, for the Love he bare to her, was turned to Hatred; and the Cause of his Importunity to the Emperour to have her found, was with a malicious Disposition of Revenge, not of any honourable Inclination, being of such a variable and unconstant Nature, that the least Occasion altering his wavering Mind, either to Love or Hatred, which was unfit for so great a Man as he derived himself from.

Now having passed many Days, colouring his Pretence under the Shadow of feigned Sorrow, he longed to visit his Love *Selia*, therefore finding a fit time for his Intent, he, with his Man *Al-*

drove rode thither, and found her cloathed again in her Country Weeds, who elpying him, with a modest Blush came to meet him, whom he imbraced in his Arms, asking her how she fared? My Lord, (said she) your Hand-maid rejoyceth to see your worthy Person in this homely Cottage, whose Heart can attain no Quiet, but in your remembrance. By this time her Parents was come in, who seeing the Prince, did him humble Reverence; he also saluting them with great Courtesie; and when he had stayed there most part of the Day, in private Conference with his Love, he departed; the next Day repairing thither again, which he did likewise for many Days after.

In the end he grew to such Extremity of Passion, that he told *Selia* he would marry her, and withal, made her Parents acquainted therewith, who willingly gave their Consents thereto: and by this means he enjoyed her company at all times, according to his desire. In this sort did he visit her many Days, doting exceedingly on his Country *Selia*, thinking no Lady in the Court comparable unto her; and also dissembling exceeding Grief for *Constantia*, that the Emperour highly commended his Constancy, esteeming him the more for not altering his Mind. Within few Days News was brought to the Persian Court, that the King of *Arabia* was very sick; which caused *Helion* to desire the Emperour of *Persia's* Consent to his Departure; which he granted, having first received his faithfull Oath to marry *Constantia*, which he swore to perform at his Return.

Most of the Knights that went in the Search of *Constantia*, are returned, not one of them bringing News of her; which put the Emperour into such a Rage, that he seemed quite bereft of Sense, causing them to make more open Enquiry, and to promise great Rewards to those that could tell any Tydings of her.

By this time *Pisfor* had been *Affyria*, and again returned to the Shepherd's House, whom *Persicles* welcomed, and glad that he was so soon returned: But *Pisfor's* Countenance signified ill News, which *Persicles* soon perceived; and being unwilling *Constantia* should hear ought that might breed in her any Discontent, walked aside with him into the Thicket of a Wood hard by the House; where *Pisfor* said, My Lord, I have a Tragick Discourse to reveal, that maketh my Heart melt to think thereof, which I would it had not been my ill fortune to have brought you News of: At my coming into *Affyria*, I past many Miles before I found an *Assyrian* to converse withal: For the Towns and Villages, which

be



before were compleat with store of Inhabitants, were now consumed with Fire, and not a House standing alone, but was spoiled, and the People from their Dwellings fled away, which caused me to make the more haste, hoping that all was not destroyed; and coming more near the Court, in my way, I found the Bodies of the Assyrians lying dead, and strowed upon the Earth, as if some Battel had been lately fought in that place, those which lay dead seeming to have fled to save their Lives. And the farther I past, the more the Number increased, which I followed so long, that I was perswaded those that destroyed them, were not far off; but yet went so far before me, that I could not overtake them, for the Bodies of some were not yet cold, and others lay struggling to over-master Death; wherewith I was so amazed, that I set spurs to my Horse's sides, and rode with all the haste I could, until at last I espied a mighty Army of Soldiers right before me upon the Mount of *Silo*, whose Multitude seemed to be innumerable; near unto which I was no sooner come, but I espied an Assyrian grievously wounded, to whom I drew nigh, and soon knew him to be *Parima*, and discovering my self to him, desired him to tell me what reason had brought him to that dangerous Estate, with that he knowing me, said,

*Pisro*, such Misery is befallen to us Assyrians, that we shall be a Reproach and Scandal to all the World: which I would repeat; but before I can make an end, Death will stop my Speech; therefore tell me how my Lady *Piera* fareth.

Noble Duke, (said I) she is in very good Health, and in great Prosperity. I rejoyce thereat, (quoth he) though I have otherwise everlasting Cause to sorrow: For our Sovereign Lord the King, after he had put the Armenians to flight, was very desirous, upon some Occasion (as yet unknown) to leave the Court, in his Absence committing the Government thereof to my unhappy Self, and the noble Knight *Thererus*, which he performed with great Quiet, until Duke *Oramus*, one that was never true unto the State, hearing of the King's Departure, which we could by no means conceal, raised a false Report, that we had murdered the King; which Rumour moved the common People to such Disquiet, that they began to rebel: which he perceiving, aiming thereby to win the Crown, gathered a great Company of them together, with Pretence of Revenge against us; which when we heard of, with all speed we could possible, we mustered up Men for our Defence; but so eager were the Multitudes to our Destruction,



struction, together with *Oreus's* Persuasions, that before we were any way able to resist them, they set upon us, and shed a great deal of their own Country-mens Blood: that stood in our Defence, and constrained us to draw back our Forces within the City.

The King of *Armenia* hearing of this Rebellion, with great speed, brought a mighty Army into this Land, destroying all that came in his way, burning both Towns and Cities, and destroying the common People with an exceeding great Slaughter. *Oreus* hearing this, was struck with such a Terror, that he fled, leaving his Confederate Rebels to be destroyed by the Enemy, which caused us by a Herald to demand, Whether they would submit themselves to us or not? or by their Treason to see their Country's Ruin? With that they yielded, and we gathered all our Forces together, to resist the Enemy, with whom we fought three great Battels, and in the same, lost above thirty thousand Assyrians, being driven to Flight: This Day again, gathering a head to resist them, and being too few in number, in respect of their Strength and Multitude, you see how our Bodies lye mangled upon the Earth, my self, I think, the last that liveth to tell this News, for the noble *Thurnus* is already slain, whose Deeds of Valour would contain a great Volume: which News, when our King hears, it will, no doubt, cut off his vertuous Life with Sorrow; my greatest Grief being, that I cannot hear of his Safety before my Death.

My Lord, (said I) our Gracious King is living, and in good Health in *Persia*, who sent me unto your Honour, and *Thurnus* with a Message; which I need not now unfold. Yes, good *Pisior*, (said he) let me hear my Lord's Message, that I may thereby know, whether I was still in his Favour or no; with that I told him the Cause of my coming, which when he had heard, such a Passion of Discontent overcame his vital Spirits, that with many bitter Groans, he gave up the Ghost. When I saw there was no way for his Recovery, I departed, to enquire what Slaughter the Enemy made; who by that time the Day was ended, had vanquished the Assyrian Forces, and took the City, and most of the Nobility Prisoners: I stayed four Days, hiding me secretly, to bring you certain News, which is this: The King of *Armenia* compelled the Noblemen to swear Allegiance to *Palson* his eldest Son, whom he hath Crowned King of *Assyria*, and left a mighty Army for his Defence. When I understood this, I returned to certify your Majesty thereof.

# The History of MONTELLION.

## CHAP. VII.

*How Persicles bearing this News by Pisor, departed into a solitary Place, which caused the unfortunate Separation betwixt him and Constantia, who, in great Sorrow, wandering to seek him, was found by Helion, and carried into Arabia. Of the Sorrows Persicles endured for her Absence. How Pisor became Frantick.*

**P**ersicles his Heart was overcome with such Sorrow, to hear Pisor's heavy News, that he had much ado to contain himself from extream Madnels, that he minded a while to withdraw himself to utter his Complaints in those solitary Walks; but seeing Pisor follow him, desired him to return to the Shepherd's House, and in no case to acquaint Constantia with the Misfortunes; but if she asked for him, he should tell her he would come presently. Pisor being departed, he sought for the most unfrequented place in the Wood, wandering long in that Discontent, but could find none agreeable to his mind; not knowing where he went, or where he intended, his Senses being dulled with that passionate Vexation; continuing so long therein, that he spent longer time in seeking out a place of Rest, than he was aware of, which turned to his greatest Unrest, as afterwards it fell out; for Constantia, marvelling that he stayed so long, and noting Pisor's darkned Countenance, supposed some ill News to be the Cause; and finding occasion fit, thought to find her Love in the midst of his Dumps; and with her aimable Presence to comfort him; so stealing from the Cottage into the Wood, where Pisor told her that he had left him, she wandred up and down a great while, not finding him, which made her wonder; sometimes calling him, but not by his own name, lest any should hear her: And finding that means to prevail nothing, she began to enter into many doubtful Thoughts, sometimes calling his Loyalty in question, then again reproving her Fancy for entering into Suspition of him; then thinking some ill News was happened in *Assyria*, which might drive him into a careles Desparation, fearing that some of the Persian Knights had met him, and finding some likelihood of Suspition in him, had carryed him to the King her Father. These Meditations posselt her Mind so long, and wrought such Terror in her Fancies, that she feared like one that had been posselt with the Truth that it was so.

Thus did they both continue the most part of the Day, she seeking

ing him, and he, oppress'd with Care, not remembering that it was time to return home; yet both of them directing their Steps a contrary way, that they met not, but wandred one from the other; at last he remembered where he was, how long he had been absent, and what Care she would take for his Absence, which caus'd him, with as much speed to haste back, as with Earnestness he had wandred up and down; which before he could attain, it grew towards Night.

*Pisfor* likewise marvelling at his long Stay, and her sudden Departure, fearing some Ill might betide him, and some extraordinary Care oppress her, left the Cottage to find him; and if he could meet her, to direct her to the place where he left him.

When *Persicles* found them both absent, he marvelled thereat, enquiring of the old Woman when they departed; who told him that *Constantia* went out first, and he after her; which made him think that she missing him so long, might go seek him, and *Pisfor* followed her, thinking to direct her, lest she should wander astray (as she might well do) in those unfrequented Places. But when he had a long time continued in those Dumps, and saw neither of them returned, he began to enter into many Misdoubts, such as proceed from the unquiet Motions of distemper'd Cogitations, being fearful to depart from thence again, lest he might so miss them.

*Pisfor* being entred the Wood, came to the place where he had left *Persicles*, but could neither find him there, nor *Constantia*, which made him wander up and down so long, that he was weary. At last he came to a shady place, and laying himself down to rest, he cast up his Eyes, and espyed most beautiful Fruit upon a Tree hanging right over his Head; the sight thereof pleas'd him so well, that plucking some of the same, he found the Taste pleasant; which caus'd him to eat many of them, which made him presently fall into a deadly Sleep. The Name of the Fruit is call'd *Pylöfs*, the Nature whereof is, to procure those that take it, first to sleep for the space of four and twenty Hours, and after to become Frantick for the space of three Months, which hindred *Pisfor* from returning.

When *Persicles* had stay'd so long, expecting their coming, until it began to be dark, he again went out, telling the Shepherd that he was going to seek them: cruel Fortune directing his steps unto the place where *Pisfor* lay sleeping, whom when he beheld, but neither by calling nor any other means, could awaken him; a

deadly Fear possessed his Fancy, that some furious Beast had slain him, and either devoured *Constantia*, or pursued her, flying from him; which caused him, like a mad Man, to draw forth *Pisar's* Sword, running up and down to seek that which was not there to be found.

*Constantia* by this time was wandred so far in search for *Pericles*, that she could by no means tell which way to go back again, but was constrained all that Night to wander up and down with hope to have returned; but contrary to her thoughts went another way, her Fear and Care causing to make the more Speed, that being weary with Travel, coming to the Out-side of the Wood, she sat down upon the Bank, and after she had bewailed her miserable Estate, and wearied her Senses with Sorrow, as she had her Body with Travel, fell asleep.

Now it fell out that *Helion* the Day before had taken his Leave of the Emperour of *Persia*, to travel into *Arabia*, and that Night lay at *Selia's* Father's, causing her to be attired in rich Ornaments, that Morning carried her into *Arabia*, intending there to make her his Bride, and by Misfortune passed by the place where *Constantia* lay fast asleep: Some of his Followers soon espied her, and shewed her to *Helion*; *Selia* likewise seeing her, presently told *Helion*, that her Apparel was either the same which *Constantia's* Gentlewoman took from her in the Persian Court, or so like it, she could not tell one from the other. *Helion* rode to her, and awaked her; by her former Disposition and her Countenance, which was still in his remembrance, he perfectly knew her; and she at the first sight knew him; which amazed her Senses with deadly Fear. To whom he said, My dear *Constantia*, what hath caused you thus discourteously to reject my Love, and leave the Persian Court to endure this hard Fortune, so much disagreeing to your Estate? yet at length, I beseech you to accept of my Love, and go with me into *Arabia*.

Leave of your dissembling Speeches (quoth *Constantia*) and let me alone; for I had rather all my life lye on this cold Earth, than live at ease with you. With that she would have left him, but he commanded his Servants by force to take her into the Coach, and carry her along with him into *Arabia*, not letting any know what she was, but *Selia*.

When *Constantia* saw that of force she must needs go, she uttered such Complaints, and made such sorrowful Exclamations, that those that guarded her, thought she would have fallen mad;



though they neither knew her, nor her Cause of Sorrow; yet, in their Hearts, they pitied her.

Whom we will leave fully possess'd with the uttermost Extremity of Anguish, onwards towards *Arabia*, the place she most of all hated, to speak of *Perseus*, who, in a mad Fury, having ran up and down a long time in the Wood, returned again to the Shepherd's House, to see if *Constantia* were not yet come; but there he found only the Shepherd and his Wife in great Care, waiting his Return; who espying the Sword in his Hand, and his Face and Hands in many places bloody; which was with the Scratches he had received in the dark Wood, were ready to fly from him for Fear; but he mildly demanded if *Constantia* were come back? Who told him they saw her not. Alas! (quoth he) poor Lady, I fear she is devoured by some merciless Beast; for I found *Pisfer* lying dead in the Wood, which affrighted me with such Fear of her Mischap, that I know not what to do, nor which way to go in her Search.

My Lord (said the Shepherd) I can assure you, there doth no wild Beast haunt this Wood, for then could not my Flocks feed in quiet, of which I have not lost one Lamb by any Casualty; but rather I think my Lady missing you all the Day, is gone so far into the Wood, that she cannot return, nor you find her; whom I do not doubt but to find in the Morning; neither is he dead, but I believe hath tasted some of our unlucky Fruit, called *Pylofs*, that hath cast him into a dead Sleep, and after that he will be Frantick for a Space.

*Perseus* was much comforted with the Shepherd's Speeches; yet notwithstanding left him, and all that Night wandred up and down the Wood to find her, but he spent his Labour in vain, neither that Night, nor the next Day finding her; which drave him so far beyond the compass of Natural Contineny, that if he had remained long in that Perplexity, it would have cut off his Life. When he saw himself void of all Hopes, without Means how to find her, and Assurance that she was not within the Wood, he sat himself down upon the Earth, uttering these Laments: How fortunate had I been, had I never set foot on Persian Soil? Then had I been still King of *Assyria*, and *Constantia* at quiet in her Father's Court: Whereas now, both I, but especially her self, is fallen into extream Misery: Had it only fallen to my share, to have endured a thousand Misfortunes, I could with Patience have endured them, only this tormenteth me; that my Misfortune hath



brought her from Weal to Wo, from Quiet to Discontent, from Pleasure to Pain, from Happiness, to Misery, and from Life to Death. I cannot tell how to prevent these Evils; to sit here and utter sad Words availeth me not; to bewail her Estate, helpeth me not; nor to destroy myself will benefit her: Should I sit here for ever, I should never find her; and to seek her out of this place, is to spend my Labour without hope of any Comfort; for I fear she is dead, and then may I sooner meet her Ghost in this place, than her Body in another: Well, since neither Comfort nor Counsel is left to further my Hopes, I will for ever dwell in this unfortunate Place, and fill the same with my Laments; neither shall my Body rest in Bed, nor my Stomach taste of other Food, than wild Fruit, until I find my Love, or know the Place of her abode.

Thus he lived in those Woods many Days and Years, making every Tree a Monument of *Constantia's* unfortunate Loss, though he was often perswaded by *Pisor*, who afterwards travelled most part of those Countries in Search of her, but could never hear of her. The Emperour her Father also had given over all Care, as supposing her to be dead; greatly lamenting the Misfortunes of *Pericles*, and marvelling at his Absence, believing that he was murdered, according to the Accusations made by *Oreus* against *Parvus* and *Thureus*; whom we will leave for a while, to speak of the Misfortunes that befel *Constantia*.

#### C H A P. VIII.

*How Sella was married to Helion; and of the Miseries Constantia endured by her Jealousie: How Constantia was delivered of a goodly Boy, whose Life was preserved by the Policy of Palia; and how Sella vexed thereat.*

**H**ELION was no sooner come to *Arabia* but he was informed of his Father's Death, which for a time he lamented of common Use, not of Pity or Affection; in the mean time causing *Constantia* to be kept in an old Monastery, under the Government of an antient Lady, who lived not only by the Gifts that the King bestowed upon her for many bad Actions, but also of many Gentlemen that haunted the Company of the King's Concubines by stealth: In this very place did he leave *Constantia*, neither her Keeper, nor any other knowing what she was, who by this time was resolved to endure all Adversities; many Days giving herself to Quiet: *Helion*, by reason of his dissembling Mourning, he came not at her.

But

But the time being come, that he was Crowned King, he married *Selia*, causing *Constantia*, as one of her Hand-maids to attend her, which he did out of a malicious Intent only to vex her; but she was well content to do any thing to be rid of his hateful Love, whom she abhorred from the very depth of her Soul. But when he saw she endured the same with such Patience, he again caused her to be kept closely in the Monastery, giving order, that none but *Palia* should come at her.

Thus did she continue until she began to feel herself with Child by *Perseles*, which drove her to the uttermost exigent of Care, how to preserve the Infant's Life; sometimes thinking to make her Estate known to *Palia*; but having sufficient tryal of her wicked Disposition, durst not trust her, lest she should reveal the same to the King. *Selia* also at that time was great with Child by *Helion*, both Conceiving at one Instant, one in the Persian Court, the other in the Shepherd's Cottage. *Selia* made *Helion* acquainted therewith, desiring that she might be delivered in some private Place, that the Ladies of the Court might not know thereof, for it would be to her a great Scandal.

*Helion* well knowing the Nature of the People, and in what detestable sort they held Adultery in their Queen, thought no place so fit as the Monastery wherein *Constantia* was, whither she was soon conveyed; report being giving out by the King's Command, That she was, for the preservation of her Health, departed into the Country. The Queen being come into the Monastery, asked for *Constantia*, who was presently brought before her; whom *Selia* now began to hate mortally, being jealous of her, supposing that her Husband still loved her, whom she used so disdainfully, upbraiding her with many indecent Speeches, which she took most patiently, with brinish Tears, lamenting her Misfortunes; and so furly did she behave herself to all that attended on her, that they began to dislike her.

*Palia* seeing the Pride of the Queen, and in what disdainful sort she used her, accusing her to be privy to the King's secret Love to *Constantia*, and using her so basely, and with such evil Terms, began to hate her; which *Constantia* perceived by some doubtful words she gave out against her; whereupon finding a fit opportunity, when she was vexed with her Unkindness, she came to *Palia*, and said, I perceive the Queen useth you unkindly, regarding to use none well, though they give her no cause at all; she likewise misuseth me, that never in my Life offended her, but  
have

have been the greatest Cause of her Good : I would gladly intreat your Aid, and withal, reveal many things unto you, that you yet know not, if I were assured of your Secresie, which I am the more fearful to reveal, because they are Matters of great importance; but notwithstanding, if you will vouchsafe your Assistance to pity my most miserable Estate, you would do a Deed of everlasting Merit.

*Palia*, hearing her Speeches, said, If I may likewise without fear make my Mind known unto you, be you assured that I do so mortally hate her, that rewards my good Service with such Disdain, that I will not leave any thing unattempted to vex and torment her : Therefore if any Oath may assure you of my Secresie, having no other means at this instant to give you proof thereof; I vow by all the Gods, that I never intend to reveal what you disclose to me, but will most faithfully endeavour to pleasure you to my utmost power.

Then know (quoth *Constantia*) that I am Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, sometimes brought up in this Court, and your Queen but the Daughter of a Country Swain in *Persia*, that being exalted to Dignity, though basely Born, beaveth her self thus proudly. I fearing my Father would have married me to *Helion* against my Will, having betrothed my self to the King of *Affria*, with whom I stole from the Court, in this Apparell of *Saba's*, that is now your Queen; much Enquiry was made for me, but they could never find me; for I lived with my Lord in this Disguise in a Shepherd's House, until one Day I missing him, strayed so far from the House, that I could not return, so by Misfortune was found by *Helion*; and thus I am you see brought into this Country either to my Death, or a worse End : I am also big with Child, and within short space look to be delivered; my earnest Desire is, That you would use some means to preserve my Babe from Death, which no doubt it is like to endure by her Malice, and his Cruelty.

*Palia* hearing this, did comfort her with many cheerful words, thereby to work some Revenge against the Queen, pitying the Distress of *Constantia*, of whose Vertues she had before some knowledge: With this Promise did *Constantia* somewhat comfort herself, hoping, that in the end she should escape from that Bondage, being daily cherished by old *Palia*, who behaved herself towards *Saba* with such Duty and Obedience, that notwithstanding her often Upbraidings, she still kept her self in most place of Credit about her.

Now the time was come that the Queen was delivered of a goodly Boy, and *Constantia* the next Night of another, none being privy thereto but *Palia*; who handling the matter with such Cunning, that she conveyed *Constantia*'s Child to *Selia*, and hers to *Constantia*, making her acquainted with her latent therein; and the next Night told *Helion*, that the Damsel in her Custody was delivered of a Boy. *Helion* hearing that, willed her to keep the same secret upon pain of Death, and not to reveal it to the Queen; vowing e're many Days to destroy it; giving order to have his own Son named *Petrus*: and coming to his Queen, told her, it were best to be pursued in the Country; who was contented to be ruled by him. Then calling *Palia* to him, he told her that she must provide a Nurse for his Son; who having before plotted what she intended, said, she knew a Kinswoman of hers, that was lately brought to bed some twenty miles off, to whom she would convey the Infant.

*Helion* was glad of her Promise, appointing her all things necessary for her departure the next Morning. Late in the Night, when *Palia* was sure none could see her, she went to *Constantia*, and told her what she intended, withal, asking her Counsel, what she should do.

Ah me, said she, I know not in this extremity what to resolve upon, fearing never to see my Son again; and if thou goest, I lose my greatest Comfort. Then taking the Child in her Arms, and bestowing many dear Kisses thereon, she said, *Palia*, I pray thee let me know what thou intendest to do with it? Lady (quoth she) after I am departed this Court, I will not cease travelling till I arrive in *Assyria*, where I do not doubt but to find *Pericles*, unto whom I will declare your Misfortunes. But if I find him not there, I will travel into *Persia* to the place where you lost him, where I shall assuredly find him; so that he knowing your Estate, may seek to release you. And wilt thou do this for me, said *Constantia*, that am never like to make thee Amends? I will (quoth *Palia*) and with such Faithfulness execute my Charge, as shall procure you Comfort. Many Speeches past between them before they parted, but yet in the end, she was constrained to leave her almost dead with Grief, but afterwards somewhat comforted with the good Hopes she had of her faithful Dealing; of two Evils, thinking it the best to commit the Babe to her Courtess; who by all likelihood intended well thereto. Early the next Morning she departed, having no Body in her company, with all she could, travelling towards *Assyria*. He-



*Helion* now began to meditate on *Constantia's* Misfortune, and who should be the Father of the Child; and whereas before he determined to shut her up in a Cloyster, until she would yield to his Desire, he now resolved to revenge the Disdain she had shewed him for refusing his Love: And finding occasion when none could interrupt his Speeches, being alone with her, he said unto her in this manner: Disdainful and Unworthy Lady, did you esteem so basely of my Love, in my Contempt to chuse some base born Peasant, to possess that which I so long sought with devoted Affection; and refusing my honourable Proffer, to chuse rather to become another's Harlot? Who would ever have thought so comely a Person, shadowed with so fair a Pretext, had inwardly nourished such ignoble Affections? Do not you think that the Emperour, your Father, will rejoyce to hear, that his fair Daughter (which may well be termed Incontinency) hath so vilely stained her Princely Blood, and defamed her Royal Stock, with so infamous a Fact, or rather dye with Grief? Therefore to prevent so great a Mischief as will come by his Death, I will be the Man to keep this Action from his Knowledge; and in his behalf work such Punishment, as shall be agreeable unto so great an Offence: Yet let me know the Cause of thy Contempt against me, and who is the Father of thy Bastard? which if thou refuse to do by gentle Means, I will by Force compel thee thereto.

*Constantia* with patience heard out his Speeches; and then did make him this Answer: *Helion*, I can well bear your opprobrious Words, neither do I care how scandalous they are; for the Father of my Infant is as good as thy self, and one that I love far more than thy self, who censureth me according to the Quality of thy own Disposition. The reason why I left my Father's Court, was to avoid your importunate Suit, which was very displeasing to me, in respect of the honourable Love I embraced: Therefore beware that you abuse not me; for though the Emperour, my Father, will not revenge my Wrongs, yet there is a King as Mighty as he, claimeth my Possession, and will not suffer me to be wronged.

What, is a King the Father of that Bastard? said he. No, thou shalt never perswade me to that, for it looketh more liker a Fool than a King.

Yes, said she, and yet a King as wise as thy self, and that e're long thou shalt know; for the Father thereof is private to all thy Actions, although thou thinkest me safely kept; and if thou dost



murder it, I care not, for thy self will be the first that will repent the Deed. And for me, use me well, for the Father of this Infant loves thee well, and yet thou wilt be thy own Destruction in seeking his Death.

*Helion* understood not the meaning, marvelling who it should be she meant; that he said, I think thou art mad, or counterfeited some Deceit by the Ambiguity of thy Speeches: For how can the Father of that Brat love? or what cause have I to repent me of any thing I should do to it? which she rather shall suffer my Wrath because of thy Divisions; therefore resolve me, or be assured of my everlasting Hatred.

I neither (quoth she) regard thee, nor thy Hate, utterly denying to fulfil thy Request in any respect; yet if thou hadst not demanded it, I should peradventure have told thee: Do the worst you can, I care not, for Misery it self hath made me resolve to endure the greatest Extremity; and know, that I do the more dislike the Babe, because it is so like thee, that hast not the least Spark of Honour or Honesty: Ask me no more Questions, for I will not answer thee; esteeming my self more fortunate in thy Hatred, than in thy Love; for the one is nothing but the distemper'd Motion of a cowardly Disposition, and the other the unconstant Falshood of a shallow Wit.

*Helion* was much vexed to see how lightly she esteemed him, and was ready to tear his Hair; he went raging and swearing from her, meditating which way how to work his Revenge. *Selia* noting his Distemper by his pale Countenance, asked him what had disquieted him? to whom he gave no Answer at all, casting a scornful Look toward her; which she took in such suspicious sort, that she presently supposed he did it in scorn of her, and being puffed up with Jealousie, could not refrain from Tears, and at last she uttered these Speeches:

My Lord, I now perceive the Love you protested to bear to me, is altered; and I, like a poor Cast-away, am like to live in Misery: O that I had lived still in my contented Estate, then should I not have been subject to these Misfortunes: *Constantia*, whom you told me you loved not, it is she hath stolen away your Affections, and on her you dote, despising me; wherein you shew the Unconstancy of your Disposition; besides, she hath made known what I was, which makes me be scorned by the Ladies of the Court, so that the Misery I am like to endure, is intolerable.

Do not, said he, disquiet yourself with the least Suspicion of a-

ny such Alteration in me; for I vow to love none but your self! The Cause of my Vexation is, how to revenge my self on her that even now hath abused me with opprobrious Terms; she is brought to bed of a Bastard, begotten of a base-born Peasant, which shall not live long to vex me: I wish I had left her in *Persia* to have been devoured by wild Beasts, rather than by pitying her, to work my self this Disquiet. Should I send word to her Father, the Emperour, he would compel me to marry her, or else he would make War against me. Or if I should seek her Death, it would by some Means or other come to his Ear, and then he would seek Revenge against me, so that I know not what way to be rid of her.

The Queen hearing him say she had a Bastard, presently began to suspect it to be his, and would then have uttered it, but Fear, and premeditated Hope of Revenge against *Constantia*, stoped her, thinking first to learn the truth, before she would offend him; perceiving his unconstant Disposition to be such, that the least thing altered his Love, deferring her self till her Month was ended, by which means *Constantia* rested void of Disturbance. The flame of Jealousie burned so in *Selia's* Breast, that as soon as she had forsaken the Monastery, and had a while with great Kindness behaved her self to all the Lords and Ladies in most Estimation, thereby to insinuate into their good Opinion, she came to *Constantia*, fawning upon her with an affable Countenance, using many courteous Speeches towards her, with intent to sift out the Truth of her Suspicion.

*Helion* hearing that she was in the Monastery, fearing that she would have done some Violence to *Constantia*, followed her: *Selia* seeing him there, was half-astonished, thinking that he had not known thereof, and now suspected of a truth that he came to visit *Constantia* of Love, and not to seek her, again burst forth into Tears: Whereupon he took occasion to say thus, *Selia*, I perceive Suspicion is the Cause of your Disquiet; therefore, to shew what little Cause you have to use me so, do but say what I shall do to this dishonourable Lady, and it shall be performed.

*Constantia* then began to fear some Mischief was near her, which might easily have been seen by the oft changing of her Countenance: Whereupon she made this Reply, *Helion*, if thy Queen knew how much I disdain thee, such Motions of Disquiet would not trouble her; for I contemn thy Dispositions, which art ready to alter with every blast of Wind. Or, *Selia*, dost thou think

my Heart will stoop to his base Lust, or become Concubine to so degenerate a Wretch as thy Husband is? No, I will rather let my Body torn in pieces, and suffer the cruellest Misery in the World: He threatneth me with terrible Speeches, but his Coward's Heart is not of Courage to execute his detested Will. Therefore thou art of a heavy Disposition, and comest to encourage him to do Mischief; do the worst you can both, for I fear you not, but would gladly be rid of this miserable Life.

And rid thou shalt soon be, (said *Selia*) notwithstanding thy Disimulation, thinking with disdainful Speeches to colour thy Wickedness. I am indeed come to be revenged on thee, that I might my Intent, and first shall that Bastard feel the smart of my Wrath. Then snatching the Child out of the Cradle where it lay, she held it by the Heels ready to deprive it of Life, till *Helion* with-held her.

Then *Constantia* said, Nay, let her murder it, and she will be the first that will repent it; but first view it well, and see if it resembles not the Father that standeth by: I assure thee it is his, and that thou shalt soon know.

Out upon thee (said he) I despise thee, with that she viewed it well, and perceived that it resembled him perfectly, whereupon she cast the Child upon the ground, saying, Did you bring me hither to do me this intollerable Wrong? Shall I suffer my self to be thus used, and live to endure perpetual Discontent? The Peers of this Land shall understand the Wrong I sustain, and none else; my own Hands shall work Revenge.

*Constantia* then said, *Selia*, take up the Infant, and cherish it, for it is thy own; my Child, by this time, is conveyed far enough from thy Power by *Pelia*; who pitying my Distress, and scorning to be subject to thy base Pride, hath changed the one for the other, leaving yours with me, and carrying mine to the King of *Assyria*, who is the Father thereof; who I doubt not will soon revenge the Wrong that is done to me: Neither do thou jealously suspect me for that degenerate King, thy Husband; for she that is Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, scorneth to be thy Gorrival: If I had dealt unfaithfully with him, then he might worthily have inflicted this Punishment upon me: But his own Conscience knows, I always refused to love him, my Love being before vowed to the King of *Assyria*.

Both of them were amazed at her Speeches; the Queen in all haste taking up her Son that lay sprawling at her Feet almost dead,

and *Helion*, after a long Study, said, *Constantia*, I perceive thou knowest not, how usable the King of *Assyria* is to redeem thee from hence; being lately dispossess of his Crown by the King of *Armenia*, and by the Treason of his own Subjects, being himself driven to live in Obscurity; therefore this will I do, in satisfaction of my Mind against thee, thou shalt never depart from hence; but in this Cloyster end thy Life, unless the valiantest Knight in the World redeem thee; for such a Guard will I set over thee, as shall be overcome by none.

*Constantia* was no whit grieved to hear the Doom of her Imprisonment, but only the suspect she had of his words of *Rescue*, overcame her Heart with such Fear, that she fell down in a deadly Trance; those that were about her, having much ado to recover her; whereupon they left her, *Helion* giving command, that most diligent Search should be made for *Pallas*, through the whole Country of *Arabia*.

#### CHAP. IX.

*How Helion built an Enchanted Tower to keep Constantia in; and how he was imprisoned therein himself in great Misery, by the Enchantress Ila.*

IN few Days after, *Helion* purposing to affect that which he row'd (being resolved to work the most cruellest Revenge that might be on the Lady *Constantia*) called all the cunningest Workmen of his Land before him, asking their Advice about building of a Castle of invincible Strength, which they promised to perform; and thus they began to work. First, Situating the same upon a rocky Hill of great Largeness, that was encompassed with a deep Lake, and encompassing the Circuit of the Ground with a Wall framed of the hardest Marble, of such Smoothness, and Height, that it was not to be ascended: over the Lake was framed a Bridge of exceeding Beauty, placing at the Entrance two Fortifications, between them setting a Gate of Brass, curiously wrought with carv'd Images of Lions, being the Arms of *Arabia*: On the midst, they placed a Draw-bridge, drawn upon such Devices, that one Man was able to draw up the same with speed: At the farther end of the Bridge, was built a most curious wrought Gate, garnished with Stones of strange and sundry Colours; at the entrance thereto was another Gate of Brass, far exceeding the first: In the midst, above the top thereof, was placed the

Form of six Golden Lyons of great bigness; within this Porch was a large Court, encompassed round with Turrets, Walls and Fortifications, within the Compass whereof an Army of Soldiers might be Encamped. The next Entrance, was three Gates of Brass, carved like the other two, over which they built a Tower of great Beauty and Workmanship, framed of Adamant, cut out and carved into the Forms of several Beasts, Trees, Herbs, and Fowls, the Beauty whereof would have held the Beholder in Admiration: On the top was built four Pinnacles on a Quadrant, whose glittering Vanes and carved Work shined against the Sun, as if the same had been framed of beaten Gold: within the Tower was a Court, encompassed round about with most rich and stately Buildings, having several Doors into every Building of invincible Strength, framed all of one Proportion, gilded over with Gold; the Windows of an exceeding Largeness and Beauty, supported by two Lyons of carved Alabaster, gilded over with Gold; on the top, next to the Eaves, two Cherubs standing in the Form of Angels, of carved Gold, supporting the Picture of a beautiful Lady; the Windows discovering the Richness of the Chambers within: In the midst of this Court, was framed a clear Fountain, with divers streams of Water springing from the same curiously carved and gilded over with Gold; the Brightness glittering with such Reflection of the Sun-beams round about, that at the first entrance it would have dazzled the Beholders Eyes. At the further end of this Court, was a Hall of exceeding Largeness, supported within with Pillars of Jeat, beset with Stones of sundry Colours; the Skreen being framed of the most curious Work of carved Wood, the Roof of Stone, whereon were coloured out the Colours of all kind of Fruits; the Walls hung with rich Hangings of Arras, containing the History of the Wars of Troy; In the midst of this Hall was fastned two Pillars, whereunto were chained two Lyons of huge Bigness, and great Strength, denying all further entrance; the further end of the Hall was without any Wall at all, supported by Pillars of the same Jeat, lying open in a Garden of great Largeness, which at the first entrance into the Hall was gloriously discerned, in which were made Walls, Arbors, Borders of Flowers, and the Form of all things cut out in Herbs and Flowers, to delight the Eye, and please the Smell; and all things so curiously wrought, as was strange to behold: In the midst of this Garden stood a Banquetting House of round Proportion, the Foundation supported by four  
Ly-



Lyons of carved blew Stone, called Ayres; the Windows round about encompassed the same, through which the Light passed clearly without impediment: the Pillars, Casements, and Proportions of such excellent Workmanship, that seemed to be altogether framed of Christal; on the top of this House, stood the Form of an Angel, framed of beaten Gold, pointing with his Finger towards the other Lodgings, of very rich Building, at the farther end of the Garden, the Description thereof is hereafter set down.

*Helion* having finished this Work, called unto him one *Penthrasus*, an antient Professor of Negromancy, and with him alone went into the Palace, shewing him the same, and why he had built it, desiring his Counsel and Aid to the Performance of his Will. *Penthrasus* being desirous to Practise his Art, which before he durst not do, (for by the Laws of the Land, the same was punished with Death) promised by his Art, to make the same so invincible, that it should never be overcome by Strength or Policy; advising the King to bring *Constance* thither, and two Damsels to attend her, and attire her in rich Ornaments. When the King had performed this, and delivered her to *Penthrasus*, making a Condition with him, that none but himself should be suffered to have entrance, he departed; leaving *Constance* to be entertained by *Penthrasus*, who led her into the Castle, appointing her Damsels where they should have all things necessary, telling her it would be many Years before she could be released: After he had placed her there, he began to cast about how to fortifie the same; and by his Art, he found that their lived in the Desert of *Arabia*, two mighty Giants, of huge Proportion, and of great Strength, whom he found out; casting such bewitched Charms upon them, that they presently followed him to the Castle, (which he afterwards named *Penthrasus's* Palace) he, by his Charms and Spells, bidding them to keep the first Enterance of the Bridge, and by his Sorceries guarding every Entrance in such strong sort, as it was impossible to be overcome. Having performed every thing according to his mind, he brought thither his Wife, named *Ila*, determining to spend the rest of his Life to be near; Whereupon he went to the Oracle of the *Hesperian* Nymphs in the Desert, which he was enjoined unto by a Vision he saw in his sleep, to know what he should do concerning those Charms which he had set upon the Castle, whose Answer was this:

*Penthrasus*, because by thy Art thou had not attempted any

wicked Action, and to disclose the Destinies, Many a Knight sundry strange Countries shall hear of the Beauty of *Constantia*, and shall come to try their Adventures, to set her Liberty; but none shall perform it; neither will it be revealed that she is the Daughter of the Emperour of *Persia*, until she be released by the Valour of her own Son; and the Manner, and Means how, is as yet hidden, and unrevealed, until which time, *Ila* will live; and by our Directions govern the Castle until the Enchantments be ended. He receiving this Answer, returned home, and within few Days dyed.

Thus was *Constantia* enclosed, enjoying all the Delights her Heart could desire; but nothing could comfort her, but the remembrance of her Lord *Perfules*, for whose Absence she lived in continual Grief.

*Helion* kept that which he had done concerning *Constantia*, from the knowledge of *Selia*, determining never to see her again; within short time after, such Discord began between he and she, that the whole Court was in an Uprore, and he found such Disquiet with her, that then he began to hate her, abandon her company, and to dote on the Remembrance of *Constantia*; repenting him of the Exil he had done her, and resolved again to set her at Liberty, or else to obtain of *Pembrasus*, to live for ever in the Castle, and by extraordinary means to obtain her Love; and upon a time he rode thither, and determining to see her; where when he came, he found the Gate, at the Entrance of the Bridge, fast shut, and nothing but a Horn hanging thereat, fastened to a Chain, which he winded, and presently one of the Giants came to the Door; with whose sight he stood affrighted, till he asked him what he would have? I would, said he, speak with *Pembrasus*. The Giant bid him come in, and shutting fast the Entrance brought him before *Ila*, who presently knowing him, said, I understand the Cause of your coming, which thou shalt never obtain, for which disloyal Thought, and other ignoble Deeds, thou shalt never depart from hence, until the Lady, which thou didst cause to be enclosed here, be set her at Liberty; with that, not suffering him to answer, she caused him to be bound, and carried into a dark Dungeon, where he was hardly dieted, and worse threatned.

*Ila* having him in her custody, knew that none else was privy to *Constantia's* being there, caused these Verses to be written in letters of Gold, and did hang them over the outermost Gate, and by

by the same, *Constantia's* Picture, whereon she cast such a Spell, that all that beheld it, were in love with her. The Verses were these:

*Within this Castle is inclos'd  
the Daughter of a King,  
Whose Beauty caus'd a Traitor's Fall,  
that did her from her Country bring.  
Here must she hide until a Knight  
by Force doth set her free;  
And by his Valour end the Date  
of crooked Destiny.  
The World shall fame him for that Deed,  
and great shall be his Name;  
Her lasting Love he shall enjoy,  
that rid's her out of Pain.*

When she had written these Verses, and plac'd them under the Picture, she withdrew her self into the Castle, staying the coming of the next Knight for the Adventure.

CHAP. X.

*How Palia seeking for food, was devour'd by a Lyon: And how the Infant was found by a Lady, who cherish'd him, and afterwards named him Montelion.*

**L**ET us now return to speak of *Palia*, and what happened to the Infant: After she had travelled out of *Arabia* resolving faithfully to do what she had undertaken, and had attained to *Affria*, she soon understood the News of the Armenians Victory, whereby she was assured it would be in vain to seek *Pericles* there: Therefore she turned towards *Russia*, intending to follow *Constantia's* directions to find him; but being wearied with long travelling, she sat her self down upon a Mountain, standing in a vast desolate Place, on the Top whereof grew a Tuft of Trees, that shadowed her from the heat of the Sun; where she had not long rested, but the Boy fell asleep, and she being very hungry, began to seek for Fruit, (being no other Food there to be had) leaving him upon the Mountain; but wandering into a Thicket, was by Misfortune devour'd by a Lyon, and the poor Infant left ready to be destroyed; but the Destinies, that had allotted him to better Fortune, preserved him.

Not far off there dwelt an antient Knight, named *Corbanes*, who, with his Lady the same Day had been a Hunting; and now the being weary of the Sport, with two Servants in her company, happened to alight at the very place where the Babe lay, who by that time was awaked, and missing his Nurse, began to cry. The Lady hearing the Noise, searching among the Trees, presently found the Child; which she took in her Arms, commanding one of her Servants to take up a Bundle of Cloaths that lay by the same, and to wind his Horn, that *Corbanes* hearing it might come unto them; who according unto her Desire came, asking her what was the matter: You have, said she, all this Day hunted after wild Beasts, and lost your Labour; but I have found a rich Prize, yet by what Misfortune left in this place, I know not: With that they both viewed the Child, well noting his exceeding Beauty and sweet Countenance with great Joy carrying it home, naming it, *Momellon*. Finding in the Fardel many rich Jewels, and a fair imbroyder'd Scarf, whereby they knew him to be of no mean Birth, educating him cheerfully; and after he was come to knowledge, teaching him many commendable and vertuous Qualities. When he came to fourteen Years of Age, *Corbanes* taught him how to ride, and mannage a Horse, often taking him forth a hunting with him, delighting much in his Forwardness, wherein he was so apt, that he could not offer to teach him any thing, but he soon grew to be as perfect as himself. Whom we will leave to be educated by *Corbanes*, and return to speak of *Pericles*, and what befel to him, after the Loss of *Constance*.

CHAP. XI

*How Pisor, being recovered, persuaded Pericles to crave Aid of the Emperour of Persia against his Enemies; and how he obtained the same, and carried a mighty Host into Assyria, which was there Overthrown.*

WHEN *Pericles* had, in Heaviness and Sorrow, wandered up and down these Woods, the space of three Months, and *Pisor* again coming to his Remembrance, upon a time they both met, *Pisor* saluting him with great Reverence. *Pericles* seeing he was again come to his right Senses, asked him what became of *Constance*. My Lord, said he, I found her in the Shepherd's Cave, and told her you would presently return; but when she



saw you stay so long, unawares to me, she went out of the Cottage to seek you, and I soon missing her, thought to overtake her and direct her to the Place where I left you: but by Misfortune tasted of that ominous Fruit. Then, said he, she is assuredly devoured by wild Beasts, and I shall never see her again, my Misfortunes exceed the Bounds of common Miseries, would I had ended my Life, when I was first born, then would not both *Affria* and *Persia* have such Cause of Discontent.

My Lord, (quoth *Pisfor*) I cannot be perswaded that she is dead; but by some Misfortune wandred out of Knowledge, or carried hence by some unexpected Means; therefore, I beseech you, bear her Loss with Patience, and in the end, I doubt not, but you will hear of her Safety. Thou givest me Words full of Comfort, (said he) but thou hast no ground for them; nor can I tell how by them to add any Hope to my wrestless Passions; for that she is lost, I am sure; or that I shall ever see her again I think it is impossible, being driven to so hard an exigent of Extremity, that I neither know what to do, nor whose Aid to implore. Thou seest another hath shut me out of my Kingdom, and in my Absence won my Subjects Hearts from me. The Emperour of *Persia* hearing of the Wrong I have done him, will be my Enemy, and then there is no Place of Refuge left for me, but in this Place, best befitting my Misery. Yet, my Lord, (quoth *Pisfor*) if I may be so bold as to counsel you, let us go to the Persian Court, I, as I am, and you in that Disguise; for none but your Sister being privy to your Escape with *Constantia*, you may safely, without Fear, go thither, both to confer with *Piera*, and to crave the Persians Assistance, to establish you in your Kingdom.

*Persicles* was unwilling to leave those Woods, where he was resolved to dwell for ever; but finding no hope thereby to recover her, and also being perswaded by *Pisfor*, he condescended to go with him. When they approached near the Court, *Pisfor* rode on before, and entering the same, he soon found *Piera*, declaring to her, the Misfortunes that was befallen to *Persicles* and *Constantia*; and that he was without the Court, staying until he returned to know whether with Safety he might come to speak with her or no. *Piera* did then presently send for him by *Pisfor*, who brought him into the Court, where he was welcomed by her with great Joy; with whom he continued some time in private Conference: She counselled him to discover himself the to Emperour of



*Persia*, and to crave his Aid against the Armenians, who would readily assist him; whereof he told him, he needed not to doubt, for that he had always been his Friend, and knew not of his Escape with the Princess, which none but her self and *Dela* were privy to.

Whilst they continued in this Conference, *Deloratus* came in, and seeing one in such Habit with his Wife, did marvel who it should be: *Piera* espying him, left her Brother, and went to her Husband, telling him who it was; wherewith he ran to *Persicles*, and embraced him in his Arms, now perfectly remembering him, although Grief had much altered him. After many Speeches past, *Deloratus*, he, and *Piera*, went to the Emperour, who knowing him, welcomed him with exceeding Kindness. *Persicles* then unfolded his Misfortunes, and desired his Assistance to revenge the Wrong the Armenians had done him; whereupon the Emperour gave Authority to *Deloratus*, to muster up Soldiers, and make Provision for a speedy March.

This News was soon rumour'd in the Court, and many thousand Knights prepared to aid *Persicles*, whom they honoured for his Valour and Courtesie, purposing to spend their Lives in his Defence, that of a sudden one part of the Country was up in Arms, and were conducted into *Assyria*, by *Deloratus*, *Persicles*, *Osimus*, *Pisor*, and other Knights of great Valour, of whose Deeds in Chivalry we shall hereafter speak.

*Persicles* had such ill Success, that after he had continued a long time in *Assyria*, yet he so little prevailed, that he was compelled to fly back into *Persia* to renew his Forces. These cruel Wars continued many Years, the King of *Armenia* defending himself, and keeping full Possession of his Crown, notwithstanding the Persian Forces. *Deloratus* perceiving that the long Continuance of these Wars had wasted a great number of Soldiers, and still the King was as far from Possession of his Right, as at the first beginning, determined to give over, and therefore assembled together the cheifest Rulers of the Host to know their Opinion, what further to resolve on, who, with a general Consent, perswaded him once again to renew his Forces, and if they did not prevail, never more to give the Onset.

## C H A P. XII

*How Persicles's Army was renewed; and how Montelion being denied by his supposed Father, stole to the Camp, where he preserved the King's Life; and how Cothanes knew him, and discovered his Birth: and how he received Knighthood at the King's Hand.*

**P**ersicles seeing *Delorans* ready to shrink from him, and himself wearied with that tedious War, went with full Resolution either to end his Life, or ever after to abandon the Company of all Men, and end his Days in Solitariness. *Delorans* therefore sent Messengers into *Persia* to muster up new Forces, who in short time returned Answer, That the Persian Camp was full fourscore Thousand strong: Amongst the rest, it fortun'd, *Cothanes* (being in his Youth a Man of great Valour, and now being grown in Years, and of exceeding good Experience) determin'd not to give his Mind to Slough, being much grieved to hear what a number of his Country Men were daily slain, and therefore told his Lady what he intended; but she with Tears, and many Entreaties dissuaded him, but all could not prevail: his Heart was so fully set thereon. *Montelion* now being grown to Man's Estate, hearing thereof, intreated *Cothanes* (whom he esteem'd to be his Father, and so call'd him) that he might go with him; but he would by no means consent thereunto, the rather because his Lady most earnestly entreated him, that if he did go, not to leave her Comfortless by taking *Montelion* with him; wherefore all his Entreaties prevail'd nothing, but of necessity he was enforced to stay.

*Cothanes* being departed, *Montelion* continued some Days very pensive, being so much griev'd in his thoughts to be left behind, that he refus'd his Meat: and notwithstanding the many Kindnesses his supposed Mother us'd to him, he thought all things troublesome; which Desire so much prevail'd with him, that furnishing himself with good store of Money, one Night convey'd his Horse forth, and when all thought he had been in his Chamber, he was departed.

By that time it was Day, he approached near the City of *Melicos*, wherein he stay'd some three Days, until he had furnished himself with Armour, which he caus'd a Workman to frame of exceeding good Lydian Steel; his Armour being interlaced with Forms of divers Trees, and Beasts of purest Gold; in his Shield bear-

bearing this Device, a Naked Man amongst a Tuft of Trees, the which he caused to be made, on purpose to be known, different from the rest. Having furnished himself in this sort, he left the City, and journied towards the Persian Camp in *Assyria*, where he was no sooner come, but he beheld both the Battels joyned into a most terrible Fight; and a great number of Soldiers on both sides slain, lying covered and besmeared with Blood; some with their Swords grasped fast in their Hands threatening, and others with hedious Noise breathing forth their last Gasps; and in the Camp he beheld some flying, others pursuing; some standing fast in cruel Conflict, others with fierce Terrorr slaying those that were next them, some with hideous Noise animating their Fellow-soldiers, and others with Fear, crying, *Retire, retire*. There he beheld both Persians and Armenians intermingled, each slaughtering other; wherewith he stood a while amazed, having nev'r before beheld such cruel Conflicts. At last he beheld a most gallant Man with his Sword drawn all covered with Blood, hurling up and down amongst the Armenians, performing admirable Deeds of Chivalry, till at last he was encompassed with such a multitude of his Enemies, that it was impossible for him to escape; which sight stirred up in *Montesien* such sparks of Courage, and Desire to succour him, that his Heart urging him to more forwardness than his Steed could perform, and yet his Steed with furious Pace running as swift as might be, rushed in amongst the thickest of them: At first he pierced his Lance through the Bodies of two that were opposite before him, and his Horse with unstayed Course overthrew others, treading them under his Feet; then drawing his Sword, whose sight dazzled the Beholders Eyes, till he darkned the same with their Blood, destroying such as withstood his Passage, till he approached the Persian Knight, who without his Assistance had there ended his Life: But finding himself at more Liberty by the friendly Assistance of this new-come Gallant, redoubled his abated Courage, and joyning themselves both together, they performed such Deeds of Chivalry, as by their Valour, the thronged Multitude of the Armenians was dispersed, every one hasting to get from them.

This Knight which *Montesien* had rescued, was *Pericles*, who seeing how valiantly this new-come Gallant had preserved his Life, said, Noble Knight, thy Valour hath preserved me, for which I am ever oblig'd to thee, and if thou art a Friend to me

as thou hast already shewn, second me and I will once again try my Fortune; with that *Montmelion* held up his Hand, to shew he gave Consent. *Pericles* with all Speed halted into the foremost of the Battle, and *Montmelion* followed after, making such way that those that stood to resist him dyed; where being come, they found *Deloratus*, *Ostentus*, *Pisor*, *Corbanes*, and many gallant, Knights in Combat, beset with Odds; but that Disadvantage was soon turned to Advantage by their approach, for they did *Montmelion* perform such mighty Deeds of Arms, as made both the Persian and Armenian Hosts admire who he was, and from whence he came. re

Now the Persians began to gether new Courage, and assault their Enemies more fiercely than they had done since they began. *Pahian*, the Usurper of the Crown, seeing that, thinking to prevail as in times past he had done, called the chiefest Rulers to him, exhorting them to take Courage to resist the Enemies; upon which, with undaunted Spirits, they followed the Battle with great Eagerness, that the Persian Commanders were forced to fly to their Regiments to encourage them to fight. All this time *Montmelion* and *Pericles* kept together, making thousands of the Armenians to pay their Lives for Tribute unto their Conquering Swords. Whilst they continued the Fight in the forefront of the Battle, they suddenly heard a Cry on the out-side; which when *Montmelion* heard (not regarding to be counselled) he set Spurs to his Horse and rode thither, where he found *Deloratus* among a great Throng of Armenians unhorsed, and fighting on foot, being grievously wounded, and against such Odds that he was ready to faint, amongst whom he rushed with such Fury, that he horsed him again, and sent a Guard with him to his Tent: then turning again towards *Pericles*, he espied *Corbanes* unhorsed, whom he knew by his Armour, and newly by force taken Prisoner; but before they could convey him from thence, he began so cruel a Fight, that with the loss of many of their Lives, he set him at Liberty.

The Armenians seeing their Fellows thus slaughtered, and the Enemy pursue them so closely, began to retire; and *Pahian* well perceiving that he should lose that Day, therefore calling to him two Knights, one named *Alibesus*, and the other *Pisron*, who were the stoutest Men in all his Army, he said unto them, Joyn with me, and let us once again repel these heart-braved Cowards; with that, they three, with a multitude of men, charged

Soldiers kept a-head together, and fronted that Battle where the King himself fought: *Palian* knowing him, with a Lance ready couched, ran at him, which lighted upon his Shield, and so burst in pieces, not once bruising the well-tempered Steel: Then *Althesus* and the rest assailed him all at once, whom he resisted with such exceeding Valour, continuing a sharp Combat with them a long time; but at length the Odds proving too great, he was driven only to defend their Swift Blows that they made at him; and then he began to wish for the strange Knight that had before succoured him, expecting nothing but Death.

By this time *Montelion* had rescued *Cothanes*, and again got him Horse and Arms, which done, he left him, and even at the very time the King wished for him, he came; and espying three Knights assailing him at once, he aimed his Sword's Point at *Perran's* Breast, who was next him, and running at him with all the force his Horse could possibly make, thrust him quite through his Body; and presently after, aiming the same at *Palian*, he ran it at him; and had he not avoided his Encounter, he had either slain or wounded him, but missing him, he made at him with his Sword with such force, that in short space he gave him many wounds.

King *Persicles* having none but *Althesus* to resist, did combat him bravely, who with the like Valour resisted him; but in the end, the Usurping King finding himself so over-matched, would have often escaped, which *Montelion* perceiving, gave him no respite to fly.

Now the Fight was most terrible to behold, the Persians comforted by the only Valour of *Montelion*, running upon their Enemies with irresistible Fury. The Armenians seeing one of their chiefest Champions slain, and their General retire, were amazed; and rather ready to fly than stand; which animated their Foes with Courage to pursue them as long as the Day lasted. *Montelion* still pursued *Palian*, in whose Rescue many of his Knights interfered themselves, and dyed by his Sword; and notwithstanding though he withdrew himself, yet *Montelion* followed him so near, that he often put him in danger of his Life, until he was so far past in amongst their Troops, that he was compelled with his Sword to make his way out, in whose retreat many died.

The Night drawing nigh, whilst the Armenians sounded a Retreat, *Montelion* had time to consider what was best for him to do, and whether it were convenient to discover himself or not:



at last determining to depart in secret, he espied the King hard by him, who of purpose had watched him, doubting that which he intended, who came unto him, and said:

Sir Knight, The Kindness I have found in you, imboldneth me to desire your Company, and entreat you to accept of my Tent to repose your self in; for that I suppose you are a Stranger, and it were inconvenient for you to journey after so great a Labour, having this Day defended me, that I count my self yours, and my Life preserved by your Valour; therefore deny me not, but let me requite your Kindness. *Montellion* having heard *Cothanes* oftentimes commend the King for Valour and Courtesie, and knowing how to behave himself as well to the Meanest as to the Greatest (being by *Cothanes* nobly educated, and of his own Inclination more apt to Conceive, than they were to instruct) knowing him to be the King, said, Most honoured King, I am unfit to receive the Honour you proffer me, and my Deserts not worthy the Commendations you gave them; therefore I beseech you not to attribute to me more than is besitting my mean Estate, but rather License me to attend on you with all humble Duty, my Life and all my Endeavours being vowed to be spent in your Service, and my self ready at your Disposition. This said, they went together to the Camp, where they were welcomed with Shouts and Rejoycings of all the Persian Soldiers.

*Deloratus*, hearing the Applaud, came forth of his Tent to see what was the Cause thereof, and espying the King and the strange Knight together, came unto them, and they both alighted to salute him; but *Deloratus* would by no means suffer them to depart, but intreated them to lodge in his Tent that Night, which they did not deny: Then taking *Montellion* in kind sort between them, entered the Tent, where he unarmed himself. When they beheld his Youth, they wondred greatly thereat, to be accompanied with such Valour; both *Deloratus* and *Isisicles*, using him with great Kindness. Presently after the princial Commanders of the Camp assambled themselves together to their General's Tent, to receive Orders; amongst the rest was *Cothanes*, who at the first entrance into the Tent, espied his Son *Montellion* (his Head being only unarmed) and by his Armour knew it was he that had so honourably preserved his Life, he could not refrain from Rejoycing: Likewise *Montellion* seeing him, upon his Knee entreated him to pardon his Boldness, for coming to the Camp without his Consent. *Cothanes* took him up and

informed him, which the King seeing, said unto *Cornwallis*, My Friend, is this thy Son? My Lord (said he) he is my Son; and he calleth me Father; and yet I am unworthy, to be Father of such a Son, who hath rather shewed himself the Son of some Heroick King; and because his Worthiness shall not be darkened with the ignoble Title of my Son, I will declare to you all that I know of him: Indeed he is not my Son; but my Lady and I being one Day a hunting, found him upon the Top of a Mount in Swaddling-cloaths, which was such as shewed he was not of mean Parentage, but of honourable Race; his Nurse, as I suppose, being distressed for want of Food, was wandred from him, whose Carcase and Cloaths we found not far off destroyed by a Lyon; since which time we have with Carefulness brought him up, esteeming him as our own Son. This, my Lord, in brief, is the whole Sum of what I know of him.

They all marvelled at his Words, especially *Adoniram*, who was struck into such a deep Meditation, that for a time he stood like one Metamorphos'd. The King then taken him by the Hand, said, Although I know not what Title to give you, yet born you cannot be of less than noble Blood, as doth appear by the manifest Tokens of your Heroick Disposition; therefore remit the Care of that till hereafter, and stay with us, who are comforted with your Presence. My Lord said he, were my Desire more great than it is, yet the Desire I have to do you Service, would surmount the same, being intirely devoted to your Worthiness, which no Desire of Reward, Hope of Praise, or Worldly Respect hath bred in me, but only the Instinct of Nature, that hath effectually engrafted the same into my Heart; therefore I humbly desire you to bestow on me the Honour of Knighthood, wherewith if I be Dignified by your virtuous Hands, I shall remain both with you, and endeavour to deserve the same. *Pericles* highly esteeming him, and kindly embracing him, told him, he should that Night be his Bed-fellow, and the next Day have his Desire. With many other Speeches they ended the Night, every Ruler departing with Carefulness to set the Watches.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST. 56

C. 1. 1. 1. 1.

*How the Armenians Army, with exceeding Loss, was Discomfited.*

**E**ARLY the next Morning, *Delvazian, Prefiles, Cothanes*, and all the rest of the chief Commanders of the Persian Army were assembled, who gave Order that every Battalion should be placed in such sort, as if they expected a present Assault, which being performed, *Montselien* was with great Triumph brought into the Field, and by the King was invested with the Honour of Knighthood, which when he received, the Soldiers gave an exceeding great Shout.

The Armenians hearing so great Noise, could not judge what might be the Cause thereof; some censuring one thing, and some another. *Palian* fretting exceedingly at the last Day's Discomfiture, which went near his Heart; for that in all the time of the War he had not endured the like; and calling unto him the chiefest Knights in his Camp, which were *Abasius, Golgran, Maratius, Lancelion* Knights of honourable Birth, great Wisdom and approved Valour, uttering unto them his earnest Desire of Revenge, desiring them with all speed to counsel him, which way to suppress the Enemies Courage, only revived with the strange Knight's Aid; amongst whom it was agreed to surprize them unawares in the midst of their Joy, that with all speed they marched their Forces, and without the sound of either Drum or Fife, issued the City-Gates.

Certain Persian Spies perceiving their intent, passed to the Camp, and certified the General thereof, who gave command, that without making any kind of Suspicion, they should continue in their Mirth, so that thereby their Foes should be heartened to their own Destruction. *Montselien* with a Party of Horsemen departed out of the Camp a contrary way that the Armenians came, with an intent to get between them and the City, which afterwards came to good Effect.

The Armenians thinking to make a sudden Slaughter of them, and not at all suspecting their Readiness to receive them, with careless haste approached the Camp, running upon their Enemies, whom they found in such orderly sort ready to receive them, that in short time they wished themselves again within the City. To recite every Particular of their Conflict, with what Terror the Battle continued, would dull my Wits with Confu-

lion, therefore my Pen shall barely touch the admirable Deeds of the most Stoutest of both Armies.

*Pericles*, considering what just Cause he had, and with what Equity he might challenge his Right, wrongfully detain'd by his Unlucky Fate, bent his Sword-point with avenging Fury, to the Destruction of his Enemies, giving such Deaths that dyed by his Sword, aiming the same rather at *Palian's* Heart, than against them that were by force constrained to hazard their dear Lives, which when he had dyed in gore blood, he met with *Palian*, and at the first encounter had surely bereft him of Life, had not his Horse by great misfortune stumbled at a dead Body that lay in the way; but yet his Sword, by that Mischance, mauling his right Arm, ran it quite through his Steed's neck, and both fell, lying grovelling on the Ground, ready to be trodden to death. A valiant Knight that was next at hand, rescued *Palian*, and mounted him on his own Horse, whereby he lost his own Life; for *Pericles* struck him such a blow on the Head, that with the force thereof, his Armes yielding, some Scales pierced his Brain, that he dyed. The two Kings for a while continued fight together; *Palian* with every Blow receiving a deep Wound, insomuch that he knew he must either retire, yield, or dye; but then came *Gulorus* to his Aid, who with him maintained fight against *Pericles*, who notwithstanding that Odds, had near hand brought them both to Destruction, had he not espied *Deloramus* and *Colbanes* in Distress, who were assailed by six valiant Knights, two of them being *Ablesas* and *Lancelion*, unto whom he halted giving them succour by the Death of the first he met.

While the Battle was maintained in the Front by the chief Commanders of both the Armies, *Monrelion*, with his resolute Followers, whose Hearts were inspir'd with such Courage to be Guarded by so valiant a Guide, was gotten behind them, and began such a Massacre, that Multitudes on a sudden was destroyed by his Approach, whose Deeds of Valour amaz'd their Senses with such Fear, and abated their Courage with such Terror, that like a Flock of fearful Sheep, espying the approach of a devouring Lyon, run with amaz'd Fear from his Paws; even so the Armenians fled from the destroying Hand of *Monrelion*, filling the Air with dismal Cries, that the Noise thereof daunted the Hearts of the stoutest Armenians: *Palian* and *Gulorus* then turned their Backs, running furtherward to know the Cause; *Ablesas* and *Lancelion* did the like; while *Deloramus*, *Pericles*, and the rest,

made John Harock among the Christian Soldiers, that had the Fight continued long, all their Houses and Towns destroyed.

*Palmer* and *Delorain* were both slain, but knowing him, but supposing that it was he that had made such Slaughter amongst them the last Day, both affirmed that he to his heart rejoiced, that he had met with two such Champions to make Trial of his Valour, concluding to brave a Combat between them both, as it not to be described.

By this time, the Cry began on the other side with such a hideous Noise, that *Palmer's* Heart was affrighted therewith, and dejected himself as if a slender Youth had encountered with a great Giant, and began to leave a Retreat, hasting to the City with all speed; which could not be accounted a Retreat, but rather an absolute Flight, for it was done with such haste, as if they had been all amazed.

The Day being thus ended, (to the Terror of one, and Comfort of the other) the Persians retired to Victory, and the Armenians half dead with Greivous and Bloody Wounds their Walls, not minding suddenly to die out again. *Perseus* and *Delorain* honouring *Montlion* with their kind embraces, and the Soldiers applauded their Valour with great Acclamations, and every one (according to their present condition) betook themselves to their Charges, spending the Day more in Joy and Security than ever they had done.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*How the Armenians sent out Ambassadors for more Aid from Armenia, who were met, and one of them taken Prisoner, and of other Adventures that befell.*

MORNING being come, *Palmer* assembled his Council together, to determine what Order to take for his Security, which it behooved him to do; for that all their Forces were utterly discouraged, and the Inhabitants seeing their lawful King living, began to Revolt, and denied to Aid him either with Men or Money, that he was constrained to keep himself within the City Walls, not suffering any to line out, or doing himself to do it, they were so strictly besieged by their Enemy, that they had well considered their Estates, and the Manner they were likely to fall into, concluded to send into Armenia, to tell the King, which Ambassadors and one *Marcellus*, two Knights of great Valour, were sent the next Night to perform.



After being at his Tent, and intending to repose himself, yet feeling so desirous to sleep, called for the Chronicles of the Wars of *Antiochus* King of Syria, and spending some hours in reading that History, his Equire being gone to Bed, about the dead time of Night he heard the Neighing of a Horse as it seemed to him without the City, then reading, and again staying to listen, his Mind being somewhat troubled, (being still in his Armour) he girded his Sword to his side, determining him self to walk the Rounds, to see how diligently the Watch was kept, whom he found sleeping as soundly, as if they had been in their Beds, marvelling much at their Drowsiness, but much more at their Carelessness; he went from place to place, not minding that Night to sleep, but to watch for them all. He not long stayed, but he espied two in Armour, with hasty steps passing through the Camp on Foot, whom he little suspected to be other than of his own Company, thinking them to be some Stragglers, that seeing their Fellows asleep, went to rob, following as closely as he could, he perceiving them to depart the Camp, marveling thereat, and to overtake them, intending to know what they were before he departed. Then perceiving one to follow them, and having gotten without the Camp, purposed to lay hold on him, and force him to declare what the Parties intended; so turning back to him, *Alibez* offered to lay hands on him; *Sofy*, (quoth *Alibez*) let me first know what you are? We are Enemies to thee (said *Alibez*) and therefore yield. Tell me (quoth he) your Names? *Alibez*, knowing himself to be of great Valour, and little thinking he would have resisted them, told him his Name was *Alibez*. Then I do see that, (said *Alibez*) for I am thy Enemy, and will rather die than yield to thee; then *Alibez* drew forth his Sword, and struck at him, and *Menton* did the like to defend himself, and afterwards he offended them so much, that both of them found much ado to save their own Lives. *Alibez* seeing his Valour, desired to know his Name, which he told him, which when he heard, and seeing *Alibez* fallen, and faint with Effusion of Blood, he thus said:

Sir Knight, At this time I cannot stay to end the Combat, for by hearding my Life, I shall endanger the Lives of many; therefore *Alibez* till more convenient time to meet again. With that he turned his Back, and *Menton* strove to give his Adversary another wound, which revived *Alibez*, but seeing *Alibez* gone, his heart was so much affected, that he did him no good. Come, fort,

fort, for his Intent was, to use him honourably, and helping him up, led him to his Tent, and called up his own Men to attend upon him, and disarming him, he went presently to the Noble King *Pericles*.

The next Day *Montellion* caused *Amelius* to be carried before the General, where he declared the Cause of their Departure; which the King was glad to hear, that by his Fore-knowledge, he might prevent the Intention of his Enemies; but most of all he highly commended *Montellion* for his noble Act, which had not they been discovered, it might have brought the whole Camp into great Distress; by this means every one growing into such Admiration of his Valour, that they esteemed him their only Defence and Safety, inasmuch that where-so-ever he went, the Eyes of Multitudes followed him, being much delighted to behold him.

The Prisoner desired the King to appoint his Ransom, but he committed that to *Montellion*, who after he had honourably feasted him, sent him Ransomless to the City, where he soon got entrance, and declared the Misfortune that had befallen him, and *Amelius*, which turned their conceived Hope of Comfort into Despair, and had overcome them with Fear, had not some hopes of his Escape revived them.

Many Days they remained thus within the City, being so hardily besieged, that they were out of all hopes of getting any Victuals, but were obliged to content themselves with spare Diet, scanting out every Soldier and Inhabitant their Allowance; which they continued so long, (expecting to hear from *Amelius*) but being frustrated, expected nothing but miserable Famine, that caused them late in the Night to assemble their old, weak, and impotent Men, unable to fight, and all Women and Children, except some of great Account, and turned them out of the City, to the number of sixteen Thousand, whose distressed Estate, the King pitied, causing them to have sufficient Food, themselves building Cabbins to defend them from the Weather.

*Pericles*, seeing the miserable Estate his own Country was in, and to what Extremity the People were brought, and knowing that this Usurper was not able to endure, but that he and all those within the City were ready to be starved, by the Advice and Council of those that he most esteemed, he sent a Herald unto *Palmer* with this Message:

That although he had unjustly usurped his Crown, and many other ways done him great wrong, yet being so distressed, he

that he was like to bring the Citizens into by his Cruelty, he made him this Proffer: That although he might work Revenge by his Death (whose Life was now at his Mercy) he should without Interruption, with all his Soldiers, have free Liberty to depart out of *Spain*.

The Herald with this Message went to the City, declaring the cause of his coming.

*Pulian* hearing this Message, was puffed up with such Choler, that he returned this Answer:

That what he held was his Right by Conquest; and that he would hold; scorning he should send any Proffer to him that was well able to defend himself as little regarding his courteous Proffer as his Malice; wishing him not to stay long, lest his Father's coming might inflict a greater Punishment on him than he could elchew.

*Pericles* was greatly enraged with this his disdainful Reply, fearing indeed, that if the King's Forces were once come, it would be a great Cause to lengthen out the Wars; which he earnestly desired might have an end, that he might travel in search of *Consonia*, for whom his Heart endured much Sorrow. Being thus disquieted in his Thoughts, and desirous of ease of his restless Passions, one Day, amongst many, that he passed over with Pensiveness, he got him to a solitary Place, and there, in a sad Silence, meditated upon his Misfortune.

*Montelion* being troubled with Remembrance of his unknown Estate, chose the same Place to utter his private Grievs, wherein the King was already shrowded, and suddenly espying him, began to withdraw himself; but the King desiring him to stay, said, Worthy Knight, I perceive some inward Care hath made you withdraw yourself from me; but impart your Discontent to me; if not, hear mine; for I have desired to declare mine to one on whose Fidelity I might repose my self; and you are the Man I have elected, having had sufficient tryal of your Courtisie and Friendship, that without doubting, I dare commit my self to your Secrecie, for your Aid may (as heretofore it hath) preserve me.

My Lord, (quoth he) I count my self only fortunate in your Love, and my Heart acknowledgeth everlasting Duty to your Majesty, which bindeth me in all Reverence to become your Vassal, being more ready to venture my Life in your Service, than you can imagine; therefore, good my Lord, fear not to impose

ny Task upon me, for, in your employing me, I shall account my self blest and happy.

I thank thee, good Friend, said the King, and if ever Fortune favour me again, I will requite your Kindness, though now I am plunged in the depth of ill Luck, being, as you see, deprived of my Kingdom by the Treachery of my own Subjects, and the Tyranny of the King of *Armenia*. The brief Discourse whereof is this: My Father, when he lived, match'd my Sister *Piera* in Marriage to this worthy Knight *Delorand*; sending me into *Persia* with him, who before my return dyed: while I was there I chanced to fix my Eye on the Beauty of *Constantia*, Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, which by reason of my sudden departure, I could not give her notice of, having no other Comfort but my Sister *Piera*, to whom I told the Secrets of my Heart, departing, with her Promise of Assistance. Whilst I went into *Alyria* to establish my Kingdom, Prince *Heliou* of *Armenia* obtained the Emperour's Consent to marry her, which News my Sister sent me. I being much troubled therewith, after I had repuls'd my old Enemy, the King of *Armenia*, in a Battel, I left the Government of my Kingdom to two of my Nobles, and departed in the Habit of a Palmer into *Persia*, where, within a short space I us'd such means, by my Sister's Friendship, that I was in that Habit without Suspicion in her Chamber, and thereby had Conference with *Constantia*, and attained her Consent, nothing remaining but only means to escape, which afterwards we effected, and travelling together, till we came to a Shepherd's House, where we were kindly welcome, contracting a solemn Marriage between our selves, because we durst not be known to the contrary, where we liv'd some Days in quiet; in the mean time her Father caus'd diligent search to be made, and it was *Piera*'s chance to find us, who kept our Counsel, and was by us sent into *Alyria* to fetch some of my own Knights, to attend me home, where he found my Subjects at Strife, and the King of *Armenia* taking that Opportunity, with a mighty Band of Soldiers, slew most of my Guard, they joyning with him till he had seiz'd my Crown. *Piera*, with this heavy News, returned to me, being unwilling to give me Knowledge thereof, which overcame my Heart with such Grief, that seeking out a solitary place, I wander'd so far that I could not return to the Shepherd's House that Night, desirous me, also came forth the Cottage to see me, but directing her steps a contrary way, or moving with some other

fortune, I never heard of her since: *Pislo* he likewise went forth to seek us, and ignorantly talked of an unhappy Fate, that infused a Sleepiness upon him for the space of four and twenty Hours; but yet in his and my most earnest search we could never find her, and I fear never shall; but if I could recover this Evil done by my Foes, I would then spend the rest of my Life in her Search. Having ended these Speeches, his Heart was so much overcome with Grief, that he had much ado to withhold his Eyes from Tears.

*Montelson* was oppress'd with no less Grief than he, whose Heart felt more inward Disquiet than a Stranger's could have done, in silent Sadness, seeming to partake of his Sorrows, but not able to counsel him which way to redress them; that at last, by reason the necessity of the time afforded little Respite, they were constrained to depart.

CHAPTER XV.

*How Montelson, by a strange and dangerous Accident, won the City, and won Palian Prisoner.*

*Montelson* that Night elected out of his own Followers twenty Knights, such as he esteemed most valiant, telling them he had a Matter of great Danger and Secrecy to complot, which might be a means to establish the King in his Kingdom, if they would faithfully join with him; which they all vowed to accomplish, and follow him, though it were to their Deaths. Arm you then (said he) in Armenian Armour, of which you have choice, and come to me at Midnight.

The Knights being all come according to the appointed time, he departed with them through the Camp to the City Gate, and there he knocked, but loarce so loud that the Porter could hear him, who coming to the Battlements, demanded who it was: I am (quoth he) *Alkefus* and other Armenians, as thou mayest know by our Armour, and bring good News; therefore open the Gates, lest by delay we are betrayed, for we are pursued. The Porter being hasty to succour them, presently unbolted the Gates. *Montelson* was no sooner entered, but he slew the Porter, and entering the Lodge, fell upon the Watch that lay sleeping, killing most of them before they awaked. One of them submitting himself, said thus: I am an Assyrian, spare my Life, and if you be weary of your War, I will direct you how to surprize the City, and take the Surpriser.



In so doing, quoth he, thou shalt be honoured of the King, and purchase thy own Liberty. After he had put the rest to the Sword, the Assyrian directed them to the Palace, and by so secret a Way, that he brought them even within the compass of the Castle, to the very top where the Guard was. *Montellion* then said thus to his Followers: My Champions, let not Fear now possess your Hearts, but by this Exploit win Honour for ever; and by the Assyrian's Directions, divided themselves into two Bands, the one to the foremost Entrance, and the other to a By-way. *Montellion* knocking at the Door, and one of the Guard opening the same, presently he rushed in with his Sword drawn, killing the first, and all that came within his compass. The Guardians were so amazed therewith, that they were confounded in their Senses: their Courage, for want of time to consider, abated, and their Hands with Fear and Trembling, not able to draw their Swords, and when they had drawn them knew not who to resist, for *Montellion* and his Knights were so like them in Armour, and so intermingled amongst them, that they knew them not from thier own Fellows, by which means *Montellion's* Knights, who by a private Mark knew one another, made such a Slaughter amongst them, that all the Floor did swim with Blood. Some made means to fly out at the Back-door; but as they stepped out they met Death, he that followed not knowing he that went before to be slain, and had they all come that way, they would one by one have been destroyed, that in the end, by *Montellion's* Valour, there was not one left alive.

This Plot was performed with such Expedition in the Night-time, that the Rumour thereof came not to the hearing of any, so that within a short space and little labour, *Montellion* surprized *Pallian* in his Bed, who being one in Armour besmeared with Blood, and his Sword drawn, starting up, asked what he was; I am thy Enemy, quoth *Montellion*, and Friend to *Perficul*.

Thou art a Villain and a Traytor, quoth *Pallian*; and then he called to his Guard, crying out, Treason, Treason; I am betrayed, Help, Help.

Thou cryest in vain, said *Montellion*, for there is none near to hear thee, for by this Hand the Guard are slain; and thou shalt follow the same unto Death, unless thou dost ask Mercy; for my Hands can hardly abstain from working Revenge on thy Traytor's Head, thou hast deserved to be punished with execrable Torments.

*Montclion* had drawn aside an end of his Speeches, but he heard the Echo of a great Out-cry, of crying Hurs, the occasion was this: When *Montclion* was departed to his Tent, his Esquire following him, and seeing him enter the City with so few in his company, ran back with all speed, and told the King what he had seen; who fearing that such Attempts might endanger his Life, and hearing that he had gotten entrance into the City, armed himself, calling up *Delvian*, *Ofusius*, *Pisor*, *Corthanes*, and all the rest of the chief Commanders of his Army with the chiefest of their Bands, to the number of twenty thousand, and marched to the City-Gates, which they found wide open, and being entered, and several Companies dispersed into every corner of the Streets, presently on every side, they gave an All-arms, which sounded so terrible in the Ears of all the Armenians, that like Men bereft of their Senses, they ran up and down to their own Destruction. There did *Delvian* fill his Hands with Slaughter, and *Pisor* with Cruelty: revenge his wrong-holden Liberty; there did *Corthanes* and *Ofusius*, with many thousands, colour pale Death with red, and there did the King Triumph over his foes, his conquering Sword working their Deaths, that the City-channels ran with gore Blood, and their hasty steps intercepted by heaps of Men that lay dead on the Ground, then began such an Out-cry as would have brighted the Senses of the most Valiant. Old Men lifting their Heads in their Houses, the Women with their Children crying, wringing their Hands, making great Lamentation, the Soldiers ready to kill one another, not knowing whom to offend, being ignorant of the beginning of this Tragedy.

The Counsellors, and such as sat in Seats of Justice, with all haste, went to the Castle, wherein *Palian* was; where at their first entrance they found what sad spectacles of Horror and Dread had already entered there, laying open passage to Death; *Montclion's* Knights (though but few) soon laid hands on them, slaying those that resisted, and enclosing them that yielded within a strong Tower.

By this time *Montclion* had haled *Palian* forth his Chamber, and bound him Hand and Foot, enclosing him in a strong Jail, where many Malefactors were imprisoned, himself being his Jailor, and having intelligence that the King was entered the City, he sent his servants to find him out, by the way killing the Armenians, who took him to be one of their own Officers, by his

As all he came to the City, he found the main part of the Enemy lay in a long plain, where he was not to be seen, where into the King sent his Horse, and they did not stand long, making such a slaughter as was never known the heart of any Besieger.

As he being alone, he went now to meet to make trial of his Valour, though being on foot, he ranne amongst the thickest of his Enemies, who seeing him in that Armour, thought he had been rather one of their chief Commanders than a Forer, who, frantick with the Fight, slaughtered them, because they were slow to kill their Enemies, which when he perceived, he cryed unto them, Villains, Traytors, Cowards, why do you stand me? I am your Enemy, a Persian, and come to destroy you, notwithstanding his speeches, by reason they had no time to consider what to do, they still fled from him, not so much with the thoughts of what he was, as with fear to come near him, for none came within his compass, but he flew, so that where he fought Death threatened, and by reason of their flight, his hasty Blows were spent in vain.

The King and Darius being now stood and beheld him with Admiration, wondering who it was that thus thought with such fury to fight against himself, until he saw him, by his speeches giving them notice who he was. Having round him they desired, they followed their Enemies with close Pursuit, till the bright Day declining the Army, as it was Night, which appeared before them with such a grim Aspect, that it made Terror seem terrible, and before many hours of the Day were spent, the Artimemians were utterly destroyed.

The King gave a strict Order for diligent search to be made through all the City, and if they found any Rebels to put them to the Sword; which done, he commanded the dead Carcasses to be carried in Carts out of the City, which were so many, that they had much ado to perform it in a Day's time; when he had done this, he gave the Spoil of the Enemies Tents and Houles unto the Persian Soldiers, and also gave Commandment that all the Women, Children, and Men, that were taken Prisoners, should be brought into the City, and every one should be put to death wherein he lived before. This being performed, and the next Day order being taken for the Wounded, the Soldiers being full with Spoil, the Citizens at guard in their Houses, and a Watch set at each Gate, and a strong Guard within the Temple.

that it was so great, and their Labour required Rest, after much Labour they leave themselves to their rest.

Early the next Morning they forsook their Pavillions, and appointed certain Scouts to watch about the Borders of the Country, for the Approach of the King of *Armenia*, which they all supposed would be very speedy, for it was now two Months since *Assyria* departed.

By that time the Day was used the Space of three Hours, the Inhabitants of *Assyria* that had lived under the Subjection of the *Armenians*, hearing of *Palon's* Overthrow, and being assured of *Pericles's* Safety, (which before they would not believe) came in multitudes to submit themselves unto their lawful King, who rejoicing therat, biding them, in sign of their Obedience, arm themselves and return to their own Houses, and destroy all the *Armenians* that inhabited the Land of *Assyria*, not suffering Man Woman, or Child to live.

It was a wonder to behold with what Greediness the Multitude sent themselves to their Enemies Destruction, every one thinking to be foremost, and he that was last thinking himself happy if he could grasp a Sword to seek his own Liberty; which they effected within three Days, that there was not any of the *Armenians* Progeny left.

If they found an *Assyrian* Woman married to an *Armenian* Man, both she and all her Children dyed; and if they found a Woman with Child, or having any Children that she could not shew an *Assyrian* was the Father of them, they had all of them been slain.

In the mean while all those that were Prisoners, were brought forth. *Pericles*, by the consent of his Nobles, People, and Counsel, appointed them to dye, (*Palon* excepted) who also had that Day suffered a shameful Death, and he not being a Kings Son, being only committed to late Custody, where he was honourably used.

These Tragical Stratagems over past, and all things in Security, yet the Beauty of the Land was destroyed by the *Assyrians*; and now the Nobles and Peers of the Land, that durst not look over the Castle-walls, assembled themselves unto the King, making all the Preparations they could for his more honourable Entertainment: The Bell rung for Joy, and the People with great Rejoicing applauded his Victory. Within five Days he was a crowned King of *Assyria*, and *Adonnelion* honoured with such

Com-

Commendations as his Worthiness deserved; every one (as it Right they should) attributed that honoured Valour to his Valour; all Men growing into deep Affection towards him, and with Rejoycings manifest their Love.

## C H A P. XVI.

*Of the King of Armenia's Arrival with a new Army: how Montpelion set Palian at Liberty, and of a Peace that was concluded.*

**W**Hereas certain of the Spyes had knowledge of the approach of the King of *Armenia*, and brought News thereof to the Court, which stirred up new Discord amongst them, for then they began on all sides to arm themselves a fresh. But that was soon stayed by the coming of Ambassadors from the King of *Armenia*, who delivered their Message thus:

*Pericles of Assyria*, The Mighty King of *Armenia* commands thee to deliver his Son *Palian* in safety, whom he understandeth thou hast taken Prisoner? What! he requires Restitution to be made of the Crown and Kingdom of *Assyria*, which by Right of ancient Inheritance is his: otherwise he will bring so puissant and invincible an Army against thee, that shall waste and consume this Land, not leaving City, Town, or Houses; he will make the Inhabitants perpetual Bond-slaves, and he will cause thee to fly, or abiding his coming, he will take the Captive, and lead thee into *Armenia*, where thou shalt remain his Vassal. This is the Sum of that he requireth, therefore let us have Answer.

I will not study, said *Pericles*, what to say, but thus say to him: His Son is my Prisoner, and I will detain him; as for his Threats, I fear them not; utterly denying his false Title to my Crown, which in my Absence he seized upon, not by Valour, but by Treachery; and tell him, that I demand Restitution for the Wrong he hath done me and my Country, which if he deny, nothing shall make me Satisfaction but his Son's Death. And tell him thus; Let him with his haste return, lest my Fury overtake him, and so he feel the Mischief he intendeth to me, for I mean to meet him presently, and work such Destruction amongst his Soldiers, as shall cause them to seek his Life for betraying them into my hands.

*Pericles* spoke these Words with such Fury, that the Ambassadors believed he would do it, and so they departed. The King of *Armenia* little thinking he received such an Answer, but



rather Performance of his Demand, was so enraged, that he presently commanded his Soldiers to march to the City, vowing to redeem his Son, or be taken Prisoner himself.

*Perseus* also had collected a mighty Band of Persians and Assyrians to meet him, that this was likely to prove the hottest Battle that ever was fought in that part of the World. In the mean time *Palian* was brought before *Perseus*, who was seated upon his Kingly Throne in great Majesty, and then said: What canst thou alledge to excuse thy self from Death, having rightly deserved the same? Thou knowest that it now resteth in my Power to set thee free, or put thee to Death; which the just Heavens have inflicted upon thee, as a due Punishment for thy Tyranny.

I am (quoth *Palian*) a King as Absolute as thy self, therefore, I know thou darest not put me to Death; which if thou shouldst presume to attempt, know that my Father is hard at thy Elbow to revenge the same, whose Power thou canst not escape; therefore I defy thee, and dare thee to do the same, for I know thee to be of so cowardly a Disposition, that when thou dost once come within my Father's sight, thou wilt run away.

The People that stood by hearing this, cryed out, Hang him up; let him dye, let him dye; and it was long before the Multitude would be appeased; but at length the King said: Traytor, darest thou utter these Words in my Presence? Thou shalt assuredly dye, all the World shall not redeem thee; and so commanded his Guard to hew him in pieces, whereupon they began to wound him; but *Montelion* stepping between them, and humbling himself upon his Knee, thus said:

Most Noble King, vouchsafe to hear me speak, and without Offence let me claim my Right: This Knight is my Prisoner, and to put him to Death without my Consent, were to do me Wrong: Yet although I speak this, pardon me, I speak not any thing to contradict your Will, but humbly desire your Majesty to grant me this Favour, that as I took him, so I may dispose of him.

The King with great haste rose from his Seat, and embraced *Montelion*, saying, Were it my Kingdom, my Life, or any thing else that I esteem more than both, that you required, I would for ever curie my Heart if I should deny it you, for you have done me too much Good, and my Debt is to you too great, that if I live a thousand Years, I shall never pay: Therefore I give him to you, and his Life withal.

I hum-

I humbly thank your Majesty (replied he,) and so took his Prisoner by the Hand, and after humble Reverence done, he departed; to whom, being alone, he said, Noble Prince, not expecting Reward, nor fearing Threats, I here give you Liberty. Then did he desire him to make choice of his Horse and Armour, and arming himself rode discourteously away, his stout Heart not suffering him to give *Amontion* Thanks.

Being come to the Camp, he humbled himself to his Father, who embracing him said, My dear Son, Welcome. Then strutting up and down, said, I thought that Bastard *Pericles*, durst not detain thee, for if he had, his Life had paid thy Ransom, and shall do yet for keeping thee so long: By *Jupiter*, this Night will I fire the City about his Ears, because I know the Coward dares not come forth to meet me.

Hearing his Father thus boast, and knowing how unlikely he was to perform it, such a Passion of deep Consideration, caused in him such a sudden Alteration, contrary to his former Disposition, and calling to remembrance how lately he was in danger of Death, the great Power *Pericles* had about him, the late Slaughter he had made amongst his Soldiers, the Courtesy of *Amontion*, but most of all his Ingratitude towards him that had given him his Life, thus said:

My Noble Father, Not the Fear of your Forces, nor *Pericles*'s Cowardize (for by known Doom I had dy'd) set me at Liberty, but the Courtesy of a noble Knight who took me Prisoner; who, when *Pericles* had appointed my Death, and the Executioner seizing on me, challeng'd me to be his Prisoner, honourably armed me, and courteously let me go; therefore, I beseech you, withdraw your Forces, and offer no Wrong to *Pericles*, who never offended you; the Kingdom of *Armenia* is as good as *Affria*, and better, and it is better to enjoy that with Quiet, than both that and this with Discontent: If not for that, yet for this, I humbly intreat you to conclude a Peace with *Pericles* for your own Safety, for his Power is too mighty to be subdued by these small Forces you have brought; he is now allied to the Persian, who is yet no Enemy, but wholly your Friend; but if these Wars continue long, he will prove your mortal Foe: If you go forwards, I must stay behind, for it were a great Dishonour for me to fight against him that hath so honourably set me at Liberty: If you should be overcome, how much would it endanger your Life, and if you thus were in danger, do you think we could escape? Besides, I will

libent my Blood into the Hands of your Enemies, or rather spill my own Blood before your Face, than live to see to disunite a Day; therefore I humbly desire you to conclude a Peace.

The King heard that he becomes with silent Vexations, being so inwardly entranced, and being desirous of Thrill after Revenge, that his Heart was ready to burst with Malice; but at last being mollified, rather with Disdain of Victory, than of yielding, to his Son's Request, he said, Let it be as you would have it, for this time you shall over-rule me.

Noble Father, (quoth he) I know to conclude this Peace will turn to our everlasting Good, and your own Content; *Pericles* is Honourable, and never offended you, and I know he will embrace it, therefore I desire you let it be concluded with your free Consent; whereupon he gave his Consent; willing him to conclude what he thought good.

*Palian* mounting himself, set spurs to his Horse, with all speed riding towards the City, where he met with *Pericles*'s mighty Band of Soldiers, and desiring to speak with *Montechio*, he kindly embraced him, yielding him so many hearty Thanks, with such Courtesie, Love, and earnest Affection, with many earnest Vows for preserving his Life, that *Montechio* wondered at the sudden Alteration in him, that before was so Rude and Discourteous, most lovingly embraced him: Then did he unfold the Cause of his coming with such Earnestness, entreating *Montechio* to joyn with him to conclude the Peace, that he promised him Assistance, so they went both unto the King.

*Palian* delivered the Message with humble Reverence, and *Pericles* with as much Courtesie received it, and so effectually was this wrought, that the Peace was accepted, and both Armies meeting in the Field, instead of Blows embraced each other, and both the Kings saluted each other, first in strange sort, but afterwards with more Familiarity. After many Speeches on both sides, *Pericles* accusing him of Wrongs, and he still alledging the contrary, but *Palian* laboured earnestly to conclude the Peace, yet the Battle was like to joyn, and oftentimes they both grew to great Rage, which by *Montechio*'s and *Palian*'s persuasions was concluded. Growing to this Conclusion, a Peace was ratified for two Years, in which time Ambassadors should be sent to the Emperour of *Persia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, to entreat their Royal Assistance to make an end of this Controversie.

*Pericles*'s Heart could hardly endure to yield to his Foe so far

or abstain himself from Revenge, or appoint his rightfull Estate to be determined by the doubtful Cases of Arbitrement. In his Heart disdaining his Enemy should have so much scope limited him, as though he had interest at all in his Kingdom, but rather that then he should either absolutely win all, or lose all; but regarding how much he had troubled *Debaran* and the Persians, who now desired to return home to their own Country; but most of all being desirous to travel in search of his dear Love, from whom he had long been absent, for whose safety he would have lost Life, Kingdom, and Liberty, whose Absence was a continual Grief to his Conscience, utterly despairing of finding her; but yet that, nor any other Ambiguity could cause him to desist, but that he would depart in her search, thinking she was living, therefore he yielded to any thing.

Having taken the King of *Armenia's* Oath, not to interrupt him in his Kingdom till the time prefixed, they parted, *Pericles* to the City, and the King with his Army to *Armenia*. *Poli-*  
*on's* Mind was linked in such Admiration of *Montellon's* Vertues, that he humbly entreated his Father's leave to bear him company; but he denyed him reproving him greatly with bitter terms, yet notwithstanding within few Days after he departed in Disguise. The King would have sent after him to have staid him, but his Nobles persuaded him to the contrary.

*Poli-*  
*on* being arrived at the Assyrian Court, declared to *Mon-*  
*tion* the Cause of his leaving his Father's Court, which was with no other Intent (he had) than to enjoy his company, and to do *Pericles* Service; which proceeded not from any coloured Dissimulation, but from the depth of a constant Resolution. Such an Alteration had *Montellon's* Vertues and his Father's Tyranny wrought in him, that he admired the one, and abhorred the other, of which he gave such manifest Tokens, that *Pericles* had no cause to misdoubt him, nor *Montion* to refuse his Familiarity.

CHAP. IV.

How, after the Peace concluded, Persicles left the Government of Assyria to Pisor, determining himself to travel in search of Constanza: How they arrived in Persia, of their honourable Entertainment, and of the remarkable Accidents of Love that befel in the Persian Court.

AFTER all those Troubles were over past, the Persian Soldiers richly sent home, and Persicles had established his Kingdom, leaving the same to the Government of Pisor, he determined to travel in search of Constanza, making the occasion of his Departure he to accompany Deloramus into Persia, none but Pisor and Montclon knowing the contrary. By the way as they went, Cuthanes desired him to visit his Habitation, which the rather they did, to see the Gems that were found about Montclon: They were honourably welcome, and royally feasted; Cuthanes's Lady bringing forth the Packet, which they opened, and well viewed, neither Persicles nor Deloramus knowing any of them, (for they were such as Constanza had in Arabia.) Amongst the rest there was a Jewel of exceeding Richness, which Montclon, in the presence of them all put about his Neck, vowing solemnly never to part with it until he had found out his Parents.

Afterwards they departed, Montclon leaving Cuthanes and his Foster-Mother, who bewailed his Departure with abundance of Tears: But within few Days they arrived in Persia, the Emperour sending out Troops of gallant Knights to attend them, the States, Nobles, and Peers of the Land in rich Attire to entertain them, and himself with the Empress, Piers, and a number of other gallant Ladies, forsaking the Court to meet them: The Citizens hearing of their approach, prepared to entertain them with delightful Shows; the Knights met them some two Miles from the City, welcoming Deloramus with great Reverence, and the other three Knights with Courtesie; the Nobles embracing them, and at the Gate they saw the Emperour with his Royal Assembly saying their coming, unto whom Deloramus kneeled, whilst they with Tears welcomed his safe Return; and whilst he embraced Piers, the Emperour and Empress saluted Persicles; and when they had left to speak to Piers, they demanded of Deloramus who those strange Knights were.

One of them, said he, is our late reconciled Friend Patian, and the other is the most valiant Knight Montclon, that by



his Valour hath preferred our Lives, confounded his Enemies, and won himself immortal Honour. The Emperor had *Palmer* welcome into *Prague*, and thus in very kindly embraced *Montblanc*, who with Reverence fell at his Feet.

All that beheld him, admired that one so young should be endued with such Chivalry; and the Ladies with their nice Eyes surveyed each Part of his perfect Lineaments, which they found to be most exquisite. All tedious Salutations being past, they came to the Court, and entred with such Royalty, as it drew an Admiration to the Beholders Eyes. There next opened the People with great desire, throng to behold them, but especially the white Knight, every one asking which way he; that he himself could hear none, which often times made the Blood revive in his Cheeks with a lovely Blush. To touch every Particular, would be too tedious; and to stay long in recital of their Royal Entertainment, Feasts, Speeches and Welcomes, would detain you from the hearing of *Caroline's* Misfortunes, for such Entertainment was there; and every thing performed with such Royalty, as might have befecured the greatest Monarch in the World. After Supper, the time of rest being come, the aged Emperor and Empress bid Good-night to their Guests, and every one betook themselves to their several Lodgings, resuming all Conference until the next Day's opportunity.

The King being absent, studied most part of the Night which way to travel in search of *Caroline*; *Montblanc* in seeking of his unknown Parents; *Palmer* surfeiting in Love with *Praxentia*, and she in Commendation of *Montblanc*; *Dalman* in pleasure with *Pierre*, and the old Emperor and Empress in joyful remembrance of all their Safeties, every one possessed with a several Conceit, till Sleep overtook their Senses.

Early the next Morning they forsook their Beds, *Perfelle* and *Dalman* in conference with the Emperor and Empress, and *Pierre* in the hearing of the Prince, (and other Ladies,) rehearsing the Wars in *Affrica*, and the manner of their Victory. *Montblanc* in company of *Palmer*, commending the Royalty of the Perrians Court, and the Beauty of the Ladies; which speech they entred into by reason of *Palmer*, whose Heart could not chide, but utter his inward Thoughts, which had entertained a surfeiting View of the Princess *Praxentia's* Beauty, which was so exquisite as might have entangled the Senses of any Man: but *Montblanc* stood as free as one that never thought of Love, having his Sen-

he would have been with Heart to seek his Parents, and search for his Friends; but he thought it should enter his Heart; but such Contrariety had blind Fortune wrought among them, that every one desired a contrary thing; for *Palian* doted as much on *Praxentia*, as he did on *Montelson*; and he was so far from thinking any such thought, as it was in vain for her to hope: *Palian* seeking to give her knowledge thereof, and she expecting when *Montelson* would proffer love to her; and he on the other side, seeking means to hasten *Perseus's* departure, which he would instantly have done, but that he could not so soon seek to leave the Emperor nor his Sister: yet notwithstanding the Emperor requested him to stay a Month, which he could by no means deny. *Palian* was glad of this, and *Praxentia* was not sorry; only *Montelson* thought he would be too tedious, because his Affections were wholly bent on his Journey.

#### C H A P. XVIII.

*How Praxentia sent her Nurse to Montelson; how she took Palian for Montelson, and to him discovered Secrets.*

*Palian* devised by all means he could to have Conference with the Princels, refusing Rest, Food, and Company, to study thereon; oftentimes enjoying her company, but had not the opportunity he expected, surfeiting with beholding her Beauty, and tying himself faster in the Snares of Love, finding no hopes of Comfort; but on a Day it thus fell out, the dearing Eate, sent a *Daniel* an old Lady named *Lanula*, willing her to come and speak with her; who presently came, and being alone, they had this conference:

*Lanula*, said she, I have occasion of your Assistance in a matter of great Secrecie, which I have refused to impart to any but your self; for the good Opinion I have of you is, that you may do me a pleasure, and everlastingly bind me to requite the same.

The old Lady was forward of herself, that without further entreaty she swore she would do as she would have her; were the matter never so great, yea, if it hazarded her own Life.

I have no reason to mistrust thee, said she, yea, I cannot but blush at the rehearsal of it.

Lady, quoth she, will you pardon me if I tell you what it is; Is it not Love?

Yes, said she, it is so; I am in Love, but I fear I am not beloved

loved, and him I love, who would rather than I should yield not his Fellow, but being a Stranger, I know he dares not tell that he loves me, because my Father will never consent thereto; yet I could be acquainted with his Estate, were it never so mean; I have often been in his Company, knowing my self desirous thereof, which any but himself might perceive; but I spent that labour in vain, and shall do still, unless you work some means in my behalf.

Tell me his Name, said *Lanola*, and before many Hours pass, I will by some means or other have Conference with him.

It is the strange Knight *Montmelson*, say what thou wilt to him, without impeaching my Modesty, and I care not; for not being by, I shall not blush, neither care I to have any thing, for if he once go from hence, I shall never see him again. As she had spoken that word, she eyed him walking alone at the further end of the Garden, entering into a Grove: Yonder he is, (said *Praxandra*.) *Lanola* told her she would speak, and so departed.

*Montmelson* being come to the further end of the Garden, espied *Palam* lying upon a Bank, either Sleeping, or in a deep Study; passing by him unseen, for he desired no Company, and entered the Grove: *Lanola* also seeing him, espied *Palam*, not knowing either, saluting him instead of *Montmelson*, said, Sir Knight, to you I have a Matter of Importance to discover, if your Name be *Montmelson*. He answered not, but with Courtly bad her say on: There is (said she) a Lady of great Renown in this Court, that beareth you deep Affection, whom committed her Counsels to me, but with no intent that I should disclose them, yet pitying her Grief, and without wishing your Preferment, am thus bold to intercept your Modesty, hoping that this News cannot but be gratefully accepted.

I heartily thank you (quoth he) assuring you that I am every way as deeply in love as any, but with one so far my Better, that fearing to offend, maketh me silent: therefore let me know the Lady's Name.

It is *Praxandra*, said she. And to her, quoth he, I owe my Life, Love, Affections, and Liberty. Sir, said she, I am glad thereof, and if you will follow my Directions, I will work so effectually, that you shall enjoy her Love, whosoever faith to the contrary. I will be ruled by you, quoth he, neither will I be

ask any Attempt to attain the same, therefore pray tell me where I may find you, and soon at the Evening I will come to you. My name is *Lucas*, said she, and you shall have me in the Lodgings over the Portern in the private Garden. So she departed, leaving him in a deep Meditation what to do to enjoy her Love, and how to do it without Dishonour to himself, and Injury to *Montclion*; but that he thought impossible, entering into these Meditations:

How contrary is my Hap to all good Success, that maketh me hazard my Honour, to adventure such a Task as may bring me to perpetual Infamy? How often hath my Life been hazarded by *Montclion's* Hand? and yet like a Frantick Man forsake my Friends to follow him: Could any thing have fallen out more miserable, than for me to dote on her that loveth another, and he the only Man that hath always prevented my good Fortune? Shall I then cherish this Love, or root it out of my Heart, as a Poyson that will infect my Soul? For the King her Father will never yield his Consent: and which is worse, she will not love me; I will therefore leave it off, and save the Wound before it be past recovery, and rather abandon this Court, my Life, Country and Friends, than live for Love in another Man's Name.

Resolving many of these Cogitations, at last he espied *Montclion* coming back from the Grove, unto whom he spake in this manner.

Sir Knight, as I lay slumbering on this Bank, my Senses were greatly troubled with your Remembrance, for to my thinking an old Lady taking me for you, told me that a Lady of great Dignity did love me exceedingly, and that she came on purpose to know how I stood affected: further my Dream continued not, but awaking I espied you, and have uttered all to you: Now who this Lady should be I know not, unless it be the Princess *Praxenia*.

*Montclion* made this Answer: What this should mean I know not, neither wit to be regarded, for Dreams are but idle Phantries, procured by the Imagination of the Dreamer, thinking that of another which he wishes to himself, which is more likely: for the Princess were ever bound to place her Love on so devoted a Stranger as my self; and if she did so, it were as vain, for I cannot now become a Bond-slave, were it to the greatest Princess in the World: I speak not this as rejecting her Courtship, but as one that cannot be otherwise than unworthy of it.

It may be (and I am sure it is) a very unfortunate, yet you dare not tell me, that the world is not a better place.

Not so (quoth he) I have uttered all I think or ever intend. He was very glad to hear him say so, but made no mention of passing all the way between them and the Palace to keep his Communication together. The room was on the

## C. H. R. XIX

*How Patian in a Disguise had Conference with Praxentia, who took him for Mestelson.*

**B**y this time *Polio* was gotten to his Chamber, being much troubled in his Mind, striving to overcome his Love, and yet to love, and attain his, without regarding his Honour: but his Affections had the Superiority, and took Sparks of Vertue that was but newly kindled in his Breast, vanished, and he resolv'd to try the uttermost Iliu, although it were in another's Name.

Evening drawing nigh, he remembered his Promise, which was to repair to the old Lady, and therefore thither he went, but so secretly as might be, where he found her waiting for him, of whom he demanded what good News: Then he, putting off the Door, said: After I departed from you in the Garden, I went to the Princess, and told her what Speeches I had with you; which rejoiced her Heart, adding me to let you understand, that it is not lowd Desire, immodest Love, nor indiscreet Intemperance, that hath moved her to this Liking, but the Report of your Valour, Regard of your Vertues, and the Work that Nature did never work in her before; therefore she desires you to be Constant, Secret, and Loyal: not so much for Love, the less for being easily won, but to make her time to Deservy, that hath ordain'd him, (unknow'n) to that Dignity, who hath refus'd to match her with any of our great Emperours in the World.

My heart is a part of the mission of the command. If I could, I would be a part of the command and know my duty.

1. Few words, and in a few minutes, and by reason of her  
 Disposition, she turned not away from with her hands  
 had turned to be directed by me, and she had  
 in my chamber, and with  
 some progress, you may  
 and enter the Chamber.



He yielding her many Thanks departed; and she went and certified the Prince what she had determined, whose Love being grown to a settled Resolution, and desirous to ease her of her Disquiet, gladly consented thereto, thinking the time too tedious, Company troublesome, and her Supper unfavoury, to taste the Sweetness of her stolen Affection. *Palian* at the time appointed went to *Lemon*, who had already provided his Disguise, wherewith he apparelled himself, and took her Directions to find the entrance into her Chamber.

*Palian*, being entred the Garden found the Door shut: but *Princess* having a sight of him out of her Window, came down her self to open the same. His Heart was so ravished with joy of her Presence, that he could not speak, but humbling himself upon his Knee, said, Vertuous Lady, I humbly beseech you to pardon this my Boldness, which I would never have undertaken, had not some former Hope animated me therunto, but since it is your gracious Pleasure so much to honour my Unworthiness, I humbly give my Heart to your Disposition, which shall account it self everlastingly happy to be employed in your Service.

Good Knight, said she, had I not been fully assured of your Vertues, I should never have admitted you this Favour; therefore I accept your Gift, and in exchange thereof will give you mine, so that you promise me to use it honourably.

Else, said he, let me become the infamous Reproach of all the World, let my joys be turned into Sorrows, my Health into Sickness, my Pleasure into Pain, and all that I wish to prove my Good, turn to everlasting Misery.

Your Protestations, dear Knight, saith she, are of sufficiency to overcome my yielding Heart, that harboureth no Misdoubt of your disloyal Meaning, but is fully assured your Vertues cannot harbour Dissimulation, that is altogether different from Vertue: therefore trusting you more than my self, I admit you that Favour I never before granted, which is to receive you as my chosen Friend, trusting you will be as faithful as I desire, and will not reward my Favour with Disloyalty.

So taking him by the Hand, she led him up into her Chamber, where many Speeches past betwixt them, he with earnestness intreating her Consent to love him; and she binding him by many Oaths and Vows to be constant. He durst not utter many Speeches, but he should be discovered, also his Conscience being guilty, with-held him from boldness, and though peradventure

he would have taken any thing in good part, yet fear to discover himself did make him think no such matter, but in his Behaviour, so near as he could, framed himself to the face of *Montellion*, which pleased her well, who although she were very affectionate her self, yet she imputed his coloured Modesty, to Vertue, and his Dissimulation to pure Modesty, that by his Conference, he was fully assured of her Love, and she of his Loyalty, being now constrained by reason of the Day's approach, to break off their Communication, referring their next Meeting to *Lanula's* Direction, parting with many courteous Farewells; he fully contented, and somewhat discontented, that he had attained that Favour in another Man's Name, which if he had attained as proper to himself, he should have deemed himself most happy; being clogged with these Cogitations, he got to *Lanula's* Chamber, to whom he discovered his fortunate Success, telling her, that in the Evening he would come to her, to know the Princess's Pleasure, and her Direction to speak with her another time.

## CHAP. XX.

*How Montellion was loved by Praxentia; how he was prevented by Palian of speaking to her, who in Disguise lay with her.*

IN the Morning early the Princess forsook her Rest, and though she slept but little that Night, yet she was loth to be accused of Sloth, and appeased her self, framing a more than ordinary joyful Countenance (for her Mind was more at ease) she attended the Emperess in company of other Ladies; And it so fell out that Day, that the Emperour with the Peers of the Land feasted with *Perficler*, *Montellion* and *Palian*, which fell out according to her Will, that she might behold her beloved Knight with a surmounting View, and he was no less glad than she, that he might see her own whom his Heart was fixed; and every one, saving *Perficler* and *Montellion*, had their Hearts inclining to Disport, only they two rested sad, which was easily to be espied, and chiefly noted by *Praxentia* with one Conceit, and *Palian* with another.

All Dinner-time *Praxentia's* Eyes were fixed on *Montellion*, and *Palian's* on hers, bending down with a heavy Aspect, which put her into many Cogitations; sometimes thinking he disdained to look on her openly, who had thrown her self to him in secret; and then she thought it was fear to discover her Love, which

casily discovered by the Eyes; but when upon the Law he made no regard to her, her Colour often changed, sometimes with Grief, sometimes with Anger, sometimes with Fear, fixing her Eyes steadfastly on him, then glancing about to see if any noted her: *Palmer* minded her, and well understood her Meaning, as earnestly noting her Behaviour, as the old *Admission's*, often changing his Countenance, sometimes with Fear to be seen, and then with a jealous Conceit, then with an antorous Thought, and then again with accusing himself of disloyal Dealing both towards her and him.

*Palmer's* Mind was most at leisure to note all, which she performed with diligence; and seeing their Eyes placed on several Objects, she thought there was as contrary a Symmetry in their Affections, well perceiving *Palmer's* Deceit, *Leannia's* Disquiet, and *Admission's* careless Regard of either; by a privy Token united of any, she gave her Brother an Instance thereof: he quickly perceived her Meaning, and kept with her in Opinion, all *Admission's* noting them; when being past, and *Mulick* being returned with pleasant Conversation, *Palmer* pulling *Admission* by the Sleeve, whispered these Words softly into his Ear, Friend, rouse your self from this sad Damp, and behold you are need: On my life, the Princess is in love with you, and if it be so, you may account your self most happy.

My Lord, (replying) you are disposed to jest, no such good Fortune will fall to me; yet if it did, I know I should never enjoy it. Why (quoth he) had you not seen so much as I, and noted her Looks, you would think so too: Follow my Counsel, do but try, and you shall find it so: What if she were Empress of the whole World, would you not venture? Were she not the better to be beloved, and have me you, she is cause to despair, that she would refuse your Love? All the Doubt you have, is her Father's Dislike; but fear not that, Time may bring things unlooked for to good Effect; do but follow my Counsel for this time, and anon I will tell you more.

By this time the *Mulick* was waked, and *Admission* cast his Eye on *Leannia*, who steadfastly looked on him, her heart was so much moved with contrariety of Thoughts, that the Water was ready to overflow her Eyes. When *Admission* saw that, he presently began to perceive some Hope, and by little and little Love stole the possession of his Heart, without he remembered what *Palmer* had before said to him, all this seemed Likelihood

that it was so: As he continued in these thoughts, and with more boldness had viewed her well, whose Eyes were never off him, the Musick began to sound again, and the old Emperor being pleasant and merry with feasting, took the Emperess by the Hand to dance; *Pericles* seeing that, took *Fara*, then said the Emperor, is there none will make a third? *Fara*, desirous to shew *Montellion* any Favour, desired him to do it. But he with mildness made a Refusal, in regard of his Duty to the Emperor. But suddenly *Faliss* stepped up and took *Praxenice* to dance with him, who being of a mild Behaviour refused not, and the rather, that none should note her Affection to *Montellion* which he assured her self, he could not call in question.

*Montellion* was exceedingly vexed to be so prevented, and smothered the same with a pleasant Countenance. The Musick being ended, the Emperor with the Emperess departed, leaving them to their Recreation. Then *Faliss* began to be disquieted with fear, lest *Montellion* by Conference with *Praxenice* should discover his last Decree, and he by that means be prevented of all future hopes, therefore he used means that *Montellion* should have no Conference with her, which he by reason of the fear durst not do, nor she expect, thinking to have a time of more convenience to meet.

All this while *Montellion* did but torment himself in the force of Affection, still looking to her, and trying to love, and the more he looked, the more he loved, being that she continued to look, for other hope he attended not, by reason of *Faliss*'s Prevention, and his own Fear to be accounted bold, which he thought she might well impute to his mean Estate. The time of departure being come, and every one being ready to bid *Adieu*, *Praxenice* gave him a sign of her Love, with a modest, gentle, and kind Look, and he being his Duty, with low Courtesies.

Every one departed, *Praxenice* troubled with the Doubt of the could not tell what, for weighing his Behaviour she could not compare it to be like the Behaviour of an assured Lover, neither could she account it Disdain or want of Government, for she knew him well, nor want of Modesty, for he was bold enough in other matters, and so Inconstancy, but she could not perceive his Looks bent upon another, troubled with a multitude of these Passions, by reason of the Truth, she made no best Construction of all things, wishing *Faliss* had been further of that Day, who the thought of purpose had intercepted their Conference. But to ease her of these troubled Cogitations, *Faliss*

comes as with a Message from *Palmer*, for as soon as the Company was parted, he went to her, and noting with what little Respect *Momelion* had that Day regarded her, he thought some Mischief might cross his further Intent, and fearing withal lest he should send to her, he sent this Message, That with all Humility he desired her not to misconceive his Meaning, for the little Respect he gave unto her, was with no other Intent than to avoid Suspicion, his Heart being entirely bound in all Duty to her Command. This Message pleased her well, and vanished all Mists of Malice from her Heart, devising with *Lanula* for a convenient time to have conference with him.

*Momelion* had now taken such a View of their Beauty, that he yielded to Love's Thrall, and according to his disordered Mind was pleased with nothing but Solitariness, in silence to meditate upon his Misfortune, on his Love, and his Unlikelihood to attain thereto; on *Palmer's* prevention and his unknown Estate, and on his vowed Journey in search of *Constantia*; being troubled with such Considerations, that he could not resolve upon any thing, tiring his Sense with Reflections, wearying his Heart with Grief, and wasting his Body with Abstinence, void of Means, Hope, or Comfort, he thought to write, but he wanted a secret Messenger, then he thought within himself to speak to her, but he fearing a Denial would be his Reward and that would be worse than Death.

Thus troubled in Mind, he betook himself to his rest, scarce able to give his Eyes one Minute's sleep until Morning, and then again as void of Comfort as if he dreamed a thousand Impossibilities, neither able by the Counsel of *Perfidia*, nor otherwise to devise a means to break for his Love was so violent, that it could not be permanent, Fortune intending quickly to overturn the same, for *Palmer* by indirect Policy, dealt so cunningly, that by often recourse unto her, he won her to such an absolute Consent, that she rested wholly at his Disposition, never coming to her but in secret, and so late that all Lights were out in *Palmer's*, the old Lady first taking him for *Momelion*, never made question, but that it was he, by which means he always rested undisturbed, and she told all her Secrets unto him, that whatsoever he would desire, she performed; and all that he persuaded her to, was but means to prevent his Disloyalty, persuading her to keep her Chamber for many Days, so that contrary to her Expectations with Diligence of Watching, and keeping herself in a close Room



Room, she began to wax lively, which *Lanula* made known unto him, appointing him the next Day to come to her, and he should know when again to visit her, and in the mean time she wrought so effectually with the Emperor and Empress, as they had appointed her to be her Keeper, and none to come at her, but upon her Sufferance, which pleased the Princess well. Night being come, *Palmer* went to *Lanula's* Chamber, where he found her declaring all that had happened, appointing him that Night to come thither. *Lanula*, returning, would not make known his coming to her that Night, because she should not break her sleep.

At the time appointed *Palmer* was in the Garden, and *Lanula* ready to receive him, conducting him up the Stairs to the Princess's Chamber, who was then in her Bed and fast asleep. Seating himself down by her, although the Light was out, yet by the brightness of the Moon, whose Silver Disk shined clear upon the Bed, he might take a view of her, who by reason of the heat, lay with all the Curtains folded, and the covering that lay upon her so thin, that the full proportion of her delicate Body might easily be seen, the same being folded down below her waist, her Neck naked, and her Ivory Breast, bearing Description, laying forth their Beauties, her Arms raised one above her head, the other down by her side.

*Palmer* beholding this pleasant Sight (which was able to ravish the Senses of a modest Beholder) his Heart was so inflamed as he had much ado to refrain from touching that Beauty. He had not stood long, being troubled with some lumbering Motion, he awaked, and spying one so near her Bed-side, was ready to give a Shriek; but with more regard to his State, he knew him, shrowding her self, and whispering, until he exhorted her to pardon his Behaviour, declaring his Intent was not to disquiet her.

I am not distressed (saith he) now I know you; but I marvel I was not acquainted with your coming; it is *Lanula's* doings hath used me thus unadvisedly.

I humbly beseech you, (saith she) take no offence thereat, for pardon us both, the guilt is mine, for which I am contented to abide any just Punishment.

Your Punishment (saith he) cannot be great, your Offences being done to me that love you more than my self.

*And if I have discover'd what Modesty will not permit,  
The Offence being done by you, pray pardon it.*

The light, quoth he, can procure no Offence, for it hurteth not; therefore seeing I committed no Injury; but where there is mutual Love, and Consent in Love, there nothing can breed Offence but Disloyalty, which is as far from me as Impossibilities, then I can no way offend, but in that, and in that I will never Offend.

All this may be granted (quoth she) in you, but not in me; for I count it a great Offence to be Immodest, and nothing more contrary to perfect Vertue.

You cannot offend (quoth he) in that to me, for having giving your self mine, why should I not both see, touch and enjoy you? The first being granted, the last cannot be denied: It is not the outward Action that unites the Heart, but the inward Consent.

I deny you not, (said she) all that I have is yours, by my own Consent and free Gift, yet you must forbear Possession until the Bargain be confirmed before Witnesses; otherwise your Title is not good.

Yes, (said he) my Title is better by your Gift, than by a thousand Witnesses; for if you deny, they cannot avail me, therefore since you cannot deny my Interest, yield me Possession.

These Words were intermingled with many Kisses and Embraces able to stir Affections to the height; so that knowing his Meaning by his Words, the said Dear Knight, I understand your Meaning, which I will not, nor cannot grant, but in any thing else you shall command me, only I desire and am resolv'd to preserve my Virginity without Blemish; therefore, good Knight, request it not, having so much as you cannot desire more: my Life, my Company, my Love, and all is at your Disposition; only I challenge you, as you are a Knight, not to blemish my Vertue.

Notwithstanding he so much prevail'd with her at last, that she gave her Consent, he should the next Night be joyn'd to her in Marriage, by such means as she would compass, and then he should without Delay obtain his Desire.

The day was not long, but he grew to such importunate

Requests, intermingled with such Oaths and Protections, being such as no reasonable Man would have demanded, and framing in himself such a kind of desperate Behaviour, that she could not tell how to deny him, and at last calling *Lanilla* unto her, she whispered a few words in her Ear, whereupon drawing the Curtains, she departed the Chamber.

*Palian* seeing that, put off his Apparel, and laid himself down by her, folding her delicate Body in his Arms, with sweet Embraces expressing both their Loves; but she kept her Word, for notwithstanding he did what he else desired, yet she reserved her Virginity inviolable, winning him by so many Entreaties for to leave that unattempted, often intermingling her Words with such effusion of Tears, that the hardest Heart would have yielded unto her, promising, that if she did not compass her Marriage the next Night, that he should assuredly attain his Desire, though she hazarded her Life to accomplish it.

In these and such-like Speeches, the Night was unawares to them overpast, and the necessity of the Time forced his Departure, that taking his leave of her with many ceremonious Farewells, he apparelled himself, and left her to meditate on that which had past between them.

#### CHAP. XXI.

*How Montelion discovered Palian's Deceit, and how he was, in some sort, revenged, by driving Pericles to Depart.*

**I**t chanced that Morning that *Adonion* was early up, and being possessed with a troubled Head, and a love-sick Heart, walked up and down the Garden, and in a melancholy Damp seated himself down in an Arbour over against *Praxinos's* Lodging, even at the same time as *Palian* departed: who seeing one come privately from thence, secretly following him till he came to his Lodging, *Adonion* then began to think it was some Messenger either sent from her to *Palian*, or returned with an Answer of some Message he had delivered, or that it might be *Palian* himself, whom he resembled in Proportion, but not in Habit.

The Day now growing on, he sat out his *Pericles*, with whom he kept company all that Day, thinking indeed that it was *Palian* himself that he had seen, for that he had kept his Chamber most part of the Day. When it grew towards Night, he disguised himself, and girding his Sword to his Side, he entered

the Garden; and as he walked by the Door, with purpose to take up his standing in the Arbor, *Lanula* was come down by the way to bring a Fryar in, who should secretly knit up the Marriage, and espying one go by, she thought it was him that was appointed to come, and called, saying, Who is there, *Montelion*? He hearing that, said, It is I. You come to soon (quoth she) the Fryar that shall marry you to *Praxentia* is not yet come, for whom I am now going. He was half amazed, but thinking to find out the Truth, said, What shall I do then? (Quoth she) Return and change your Apparel, for if you come in this, she will be offended; for many troubled Thoughts have possessed her Mind this Day: she fell out with me wonderfully for bringing you in the last Night, when she was in Bed; and when she bad me draw the Curtains and be gone, I thought you would have pleased her, e'er you parted: But faith tell me, was she not kind; had you not what you would have? *Montelion* blushing to hear her immodest Questions, made no Answer, soothing her until her flattering Tongue had bewrayed all the Mischief herself was guilty of. Well (quoth she) stay here till I am returned, and then you shall go with me, for I dare not let you in before.

*Montelion* wondring at this Accident by the Circumstances that he had heard, assured himself that some Man in his Name had attained her Love, which fretted his Heart with such Vexation, that he was ready to run mad with Grief: but calling himself to remembrance, he said, You may save the labour, I have dealt with one to that Effect, who promised me to meet me within this Hour; return therefore, and my self will stay his coming. *Lanula* thought nothing, but went in, telling the Princess why she returned so soon. *Montelion* covering his Face as privily as he could from being discovered, walked up and down by the Door, and in short space he espied *Palian* coming, and asked who was there, Are you *Montelion*? I am, said *Palian*. I am the Fryar, quoth he, that am appointed to marry you to *Praxentia*. With that he embraced him, desiring him to make no Question, but with all speed to dispatch the thing he had undertaken. I will do it, said he, out of hand. Being both together come to the Door, and by *Lanula* brought into the Chamber, *Praxentia* embraced *Palian*, saying, Welcome, my dear Knight, *Montelion*, this joyful Hour shall make us both happy, which I have with great Desire wished for.

I cannot, quoth he, yield you more than hearty Thanks, and vow by Heaven and Earth never to deal disloyal with you in Thought, Word, or Deed; therefore according to your Pleasure let it be done. *Montelion*, so well as he could, counterfeited the Fryar, and desired a Light: My Friend, said *Palian*, it may discover us. Shall I then wed, quoth he, I know not whom?

Nay, said *Lanula*, never fear to be discovered, for on my life here is none that suspecteth. With that she lighted a Candle, setting it far off on the Table: and presently he said to *Praxentia*, This is not *Montelion*, but some Villian that hath betrayed you; and discovering his Face they both knew him. Her Heart with sudden Grief was ready to burst, and he with a sad Countenance stood like one transformed; and *Lanula* with abundance of Tears stood wringing her Hands; and *Palian* with very Shame, stood as one bereft of Sence, whilst *Montelion* said, What disloyal and most dishonourable Dealing is this in a Prince, whose Mind should harbour nothing but Vertue? Can Dissimulation take such deep root in a Royal Breast? Then well may base-born Peasants be excused for barbarous and faithles Dealing; unworthy to be so worthy of that Name. Was there none to exercise your detested Practice upon, but the Daughter of a King, and in the Name of a strange Knight, that by his Deeds seeketh Honour? What Impiety can be compared to this? Indeed such an Act desireth Obscurity, therefore you did well to deny Light, for were it Day, the Sun would blush, or withdraw his Splendor amongst the misty Clouds to behold it. Well, may he live, but for ever will he be hated, that seeketh to fulfil his Content by such disloyal Dealings.

Base Fellow, quoth *Palian*, presumest thou upon my Lenity to abuse me? I count it no Dishonour to win the Love of so beautiful a Lady by any Hazard: yet it grieveth me that I was compelled to name myself after him I account my Inferiour.

Ay, said she, you are Superiour in Birth, but not in Vertue.

By Heaven, quoth *Montelion*, thou hast so much dishonoured this Lady, and injured me, that thou art not worthy to live, and were it not to offend her sacred Eyes with slaughter, she should behold thy Massacre: with that he drew his Sword.

Now, good Friend, quoth she, stay thy Hand, indeed it will offend me, therefore let him go and live to my Dishonour and his Shame; for I will not be guilty of his Death. And I beseech thee,



thee, as thou favourest Vertue, not to disclose it to any, least hearing it spoken by others, it procure my Death; as for him, I think Shame will withhold him from blazing his own and my Reproach: for *Lanula*, she hath done me Wrong against her Will.

For my part, dear Lady, quoth *Montelion*, it shall never pass my Lips, while Life doth last, for I so much abhor the Fact, that I hate to hear of it.

*Palian* seeing his Policy disclosed, thought it was now no time to recant, for he well perceived she mortally hated him; he was so overcome, that he stood like a living Creature transformed to a senseless Picture. She pulled from her Neck a rich Jewel, and gave to *Montelion* in consideration of his Pains, withdrawing her from their Company. *Palian*, what with Shame and Grief, went from thence in a Rage ready to run mad, spending his time in such Anguish, Studies, Plots and Devices, which way to win her Love, that within short space he became so sick that all Men expected his Death.

*Montelion* casting off the Affection he had entertained, with a Conceit that *Palian* had dishonoured her, as he might well suppose by *Lanula's* Speeches, hastened *Persicles* in Search of *Constantia*, not once discovering the reason why he had altered his Mind, resolving never to set his Fancy upon Lady's Beauty again, which did but disquiet the Mind, and make it unapt to practice Vertue, promising never to leave searching until he had found his Parents, and Aid him in search of *Constantia*.

The prefixed Day being come, they armed themselves, none knowing the Intent of their Departure but *Piera*. Taking their leave of the Emperour and Empress with great Solemnity, the hearty Love of thousands of Persians wishing them good Success, many seeming dead with Grief for their Departure, who with their Tilts, and Tourneys, and Triumphs, had delighted the Eyes of all the Beholders. *Persicles* was armed in black Armour, with all his Furniture correspondent, and *Montelion* in Armour of Silver without any Device at all therein, with his Horse and Furniture as white as Snow, that by their Difference they might easily be known by all Men.

## CHAP. XXII.

*Of certain strange Adventures that befel Pericles and Montelion, by which they were parted: The Conference that Pericles had with Delatus, which contained the History of Delatus's Misfortunes. How Pericles, by Delatus's Counsel, returned into Assyria.*

BEING without the City, and parted from all Company, they travelled towards *Arabia*, spending many Days without any Adventure, and over-passing the tediousness of that Travel, in conference of sundry Matters, but especially *Pericles* deciphered the Favour, Proportion, Beauty and Countenance of *Constanzia*, that *Montelion* might the better know her. With tedious Travel, they arrived in a pleasant Valley, through the midst whereof ran a most pleasant River, whose Crystal Streams ran with great swiftness, washing the pebble Stones in the bottom so clear, that they might easily be discerned. Riding along by the River-side, they beheld a far off, two Damsels all in White on Horse-back, crossing the Meadow with such swiftness, that they were soon out of sight: *Montelion* desiring to know what they were, desired *Pericles* to return: with that, he spurred his Horse, who ran so swiftly, that the Earth seemed to shake under him, riding a Mile before he could overtake them, but so soon as they espied him, they turned back, and one of them said:

As thou art a Knight, and favour'st the Distress of wronged Ladies, pity us, and vouchsafe your Aid to redeem our Mistress, who was even now taken from us by three monstrous Giants.

Fair Virgins, (quoth he) I profess Arms, and to my uttermost will assist you, else were I not worthy the Name of a Knight; therefore let me know her Name.

She is (said they) Daughter to *Amphiador*, Duke of *Ilia*, her name is *Philotheta*; for Beauty, Vertue, Modesty, Shape, Courtliness, Humility, Temperance, Chastity, and Wisdom, not to be equalled, therefore the more to be pitied, and succoured in Distress; we are passing back to bring this heavy News unto the Court, and while we stay here, she runs in further Danger.

Which way went they? (said he.) Directly by the way we came, (quoth they) whom we should have followed further, but that we durst not venture over the River after them. With that

that *Montchon* returned back, declaring to *Pericles* what he had heard.

If Report lie not (said *Pericles*) the Damsels have not flatteringly praised her, I have before this heard of her. Then both of them hasted to follow her, passed that River with much danger of drowning. When they had rode two Hours they met with ha Country Swain running forward so fearfully, as if he had been pursued: Fellow, (said *Pericles*;) what ailest thou?

O Sir, (quoth he) I met with three of the hugest Men that ever I beheld in my Life, carrying a Lady that made great Lamentation. Hearing this, they posted down the Way that was beaten plain, at last the same parted in two Ways, and being doubtful which of them to take, they concluded to part, embracing each other as if they should never meet again, *Pericles* on the right Hand, and *Montchon* on the Left. On whose several Adventures strange Accidents befel.

*Pericles* rode on with great swiftness, not once setting Eye on them, for that Way they went not: therefore he spent much labour in vain, until it grew to Night, and then he thought it in vain to seek them, and wandred about to seek some convenient Place to rest in, but he could not, for those Desarts were not inhabited. At last drawing nigh to a rocky Hill, he might espy a glimring Light to shine through the hollow Clefts thereof: and thitherwards he went, perceiving it to be some poor Habitation, he alighted, tying his Horse to a Bush, and knocking at the Door, it opened of it self, and he espyed an aged Man sitting over a little Fire very busie turning of Roots, which he roasted; and casting up his Eyes, and espying *Pericles*, said unto him, Come in, good Knight, Distress I know hath brought you hither, else you would not walk these Desarts so late.

Pardon me, good Father, (quoth he,) for this bold Intrusion. You guess aright of my Estate, for I have wandred out of my Way, and sought long for some Habitation, but was frustrated, until I was brought hither by the Light of your Candle.

Sir, (said the old Man,) you are welcome; and I wish I were able to comfort you in some good sort; but such as my poor Habitation yieldeth, if you please to stay this Night, shall be at your command: Neither are you the first Man that hath been entertained by me: therefore disdain me not for my good Will.

Father, (said he) I greatly accept your Proffer, and thank you

for this Kindness which exceeds my Desert, or Means to requite it, and the rather I desire your Company and Conference, by reason I am a Stranger in this Country, and would gladly hear something thereof by your Report.

Sir, (said the Hermit) first sit down and take such spare Diet as my House affords, and then I will tell you what I can to satisfie you. Whereupon he thus began:

Sir, I shall first discover what I am, and the Cause of my living in this obscure Place, and withal discover those things that you think are beyond my knowledge: For no want of Misfortune, or Fear of being discovered, hath made me chuse this solitary Life, but my own voluntary Fancy, which perswades me I can no way live with my unfortunate Disposition: neither would I have you think I intend to fill your Ears with idle Prattle, or Repetition of Toys, but as I intend to ease your Heart of some other Care it possesseth; so I desire you by hearing my Misfortune and aiding my Estate, to ease me, or at least to comfort me with Hope of your faithful Assistance; for I know your Name, Country, Cause of Travel, Means of Remedy, and your Success hereafter, which I will declare unto you, when you have heard out my Tragick Story, which I cannot but utter first.

*Persicles* wondred to hear his Speech, little thinking he could perform what he promised; but yet determining to try him, and desirous of Comfort, he entreated him to proceed, for he was desirous to hear his Discourse.

Sir, said the Hermet, my Name in my flourishing Estate was called *Delatus*; my Dignity, is the Dukedom of *Ila*, which I enjoyed many Years in quiet, being both enriched in the Gifts of Fortune and Nature; for in my Youth I chanced to set my Affection on the Beauty of *Alsala*, being Daughter to a Gentleman of *Antiochia*, not for her Possessions, but for her Beauty, which surpassed all the Ladies of the South Part of this Continent; I sued long, and at last obtained her Consent, married her, and brought her into *Ila*, where I lived with her a Year in great Content, being in that space enriched with a Daughter, naming her *Philoshera*, in her Infancy shewing what more Years would perform in her more exquisite Beauty, which is the Virgin you now Travel in search of. Living in this blissful Content, there chanced a Knight, named *Amphiador*, to take a View of my fair *Alsala's* Beauty, which at the first sight peirced so deep, that he was intangled therewith, and laboured by all means to grow into Familiarity,



thereby to enjoy more fully her Sight and Company; Fortune and my self so favoured him, that I esteemed so well of his Company, that I did think my self not well when he was from me: he on the other side seeming so much to effect me, that I admired his Kindness. All this time he insinuated himself into *Alfala's* Company, she also esteeming so honourably of him, that by reason of the Love between him and me, and her little Suspect of his disloyal Dealing, she always admitted him into her Company, and used him so familiarly, that she made him privy to all her Counsels. Notwithstanding all this, he durst not shew Love to her, seeing indeed her Vertue to be such, that he did think it impossible to attain it; thinking it better to live in Silence, and enjoy her Company, than by uttering his Affection to be deprived of all Comfort. Upon a time, as he did, there arrived at my Castle another Knight, named *Pallesus*, who in the same manner as he had done, surfeited on *Alfala's* Beauty, and was admitted to mine and *Amphiador's* Company, both esteeming well of him for many honourable Qualities that he was endued withal; as little suspecting *Amphiador's* Love as he did his, nor I, nor *Alfala* once thinking any such matter, for that our Kindness bred to us such Familiarity, as many passionate and amorous Actions might be acted, and yet no way suspected.

Thus did I live in great Content some two Years, spending my time in Hawking, Hunting, and other Pastimes, as void of Disquiet as Heart could wish, thinking my self happy in their Kindness, but most in *Alfala's* Beauty; they with coloured Courtessie seeming to live by enjoying my Company and Familiarity, and she as much as I esteeming them for their Love: But at last, this pleasant Summer began to turn to Winter, and our sweet Content to Discontent; for *Pallesus's* Love burst into a Flame which he was unable to restrain, so that in secret he gave *Alfala* knowledge thereof, which was as horrid to her hearing, as for one to hear that he hath drunk Poison: but notwithstanding, her Mind being endued with Vertue and Courtessie, in kind sort reproved him, wishing him not to prosecute any such matter, for she would never yield thereto; notwithstanding her courteous Denial, bred in him no Remorse, but rather hope of Comfort, that continually he followed his Suit, which bred much trouble in her Mind, that whereas she was before delightful and pleasant, she became so melancholy and sad, that I admired at it; but I could not learn the Cause thereof, thinking it had been some Sick-



ness, rather than Trouble of Mind: Being long thus troubled with his Love, she began to devise how to be rid of it, so that it might not come to my knowledge; for her virtuous Love made her loth to disquiet me, relying upon *Amphiador's* Vertues, she thought by his Assistance to rid herself of *Pallesus*; therefore on a time being with him in secret, she told all the Circumstance to him, desiring his Counsel, and to dissuade *Pallesus* from doing me such Dishonour: *Amphiador's* Heart was suddenly possess'd with a jealous Conceit against the said *Pallesus*; but he meant by that Means to attain his Desire, and coming to *Pallesus* he told him what *Alfala* had made him privy unto, not dissuading him, but counselling him to persist therein, promising he would by all means he could to further the same. *Pallesus* was somewhat comforted therewith, and she was more chearful, hoping by *Amphiador's* Means to be rid of his Love.

*Amphiador* one Day being alone with me in my Forrest, first using many Entreaties to me to be secret, and binding me by many Oaths not to declare it to any, he told me, That *Pallesus* did make Love to *Alfala*, and that it was likely she would yield thereto, giving me notice that they oftentimes met in secret; and withal, giving me counsel to note their Glances and Behaviours, and I should find that to be true, which I least thought of; protesting, that meer Love to me, in regard of my Honour, and his own Duty, bound him to discover it, which otherwise he would never have revealed. With this my Mind was much disquieted, but I would not too rashly give Credit to his Speeches, before I had observed their Behaviour some time, which I found to be somewhat familiar, of deep Affection on his part, but on hers with a contrary Intent, lest her Countenance should bewray his Love to her, which she knew would breed my Disquiet. By reason of *Amphiador's* Persuasion, who continually augmented my Suspicion, I then began to suspect them, and grew to extremest Jealousie, assuring my self they dealt Disloyally with me, purposing to work Revenge against them: but then he began to persuade me not to Condemn them without manifest Proof, as much persuading me not to think so, as before he had done to persuade me thereto: Nothing then could alter my Mind, my vehement Disquiet would not suffer me to rest, nor to find his Deceit. One Day being alone, I complained against my hard Fortune and her Infidelity, and in the midst of these Complaints he found me out, pretending by my Overthrow to work his Desire. I seeing him

near me, after some conference I desired him to counsel me the best way to salve these Evils, to be assured of the Truth, and to do it without my Reproach or Scandal, for I am loth to accuse her without just Proof.

If (said he) I may then counsel you, thus would I advise you to do: The King is now sick, and hath sent for many of his Nobles to come to him; say you also that you have received Letters from him, and that you must three Days hence depart to the Court; by this you shall find out the truth thereof, and at the time of your departure, desire *Pellesus* to bear you company, which if he refuse, you may then judge of him accordingly: my self will then accompany you to my Castle, wherein you shall remain in secret a while, and, I in a Disguise, unknown to any, will return, and will carefully note their Behaviour at all times to find the truth thereof. I liked well of his Counsel, and followed the same, making my departure known to *Alfata*, who with a heavy Heart lamented to hear of my Absence; which then (by reason of my Suspect) I esteemed to be Dissimulation: *Amphiador* in the mean time went to *Pellesus*, and told him by reason of some Conceit or Suspicion I had lately conceived, I would carry him with me to the Court, and therefore willed him to be absent at that instant. The time of departure being come, I thought to find him, but he was gone, which augmented my Suspicion to a Resolution; but intending to try the utmost of all, and trusting to *Amphiador's* Faithfulness, I went with him unto his Castle, staying there three Days: in the mean time, (I thinking he had been returned to my Castle) he went to an Enchanter named *Penthrasus*, promising him if he would but work means to rid me away, so that I might never return, when she came to Years, to produce her to consent to his Love. *Penthrasus* at the first sight liked the Proffer, and promised to undertake the same, taking a solemn Oath never to discover it. Now fearing lest some other should prevent him, and to avoid his Wive's Suspicion, who had great knowledge in Necromancy, and often by her Skill crossed his Practises, and withal unwilling to be guilty of my Blood; after I was delivered to him, he brought me to this place, casting Charms upon me, that I should never be released; and when he had done, he told of *Amphiador's* Practise against me. I then entreated him to release me, promising to fulfil whatsoever *Amphiador* had promised him; but nothing could prevail, for he told me he had by a solemn Oath

bound

bound him to perform, which he could not break, for if he did, by that he should lose the Vertue of his Art. Then did I lament my Misfortunes with bitter Exclaims, but he told me it was in vain, and so departed; here did I live many Years past hope of all Comfort, thinking to end my Days in this place without ever hearing of them again; but at last *Penthrasus* came to me again, rehearsing the Sequel of this History following:

*Amphiador* being sure enough of me, returned to my Castle, and coming to *Alsala*, told her, That the Day after I went from thence, *Pallesus* had set upon me with an Ambush of Men, and so slain me; telling the same with such Protections, and Probability of Truth, that she could not chuse but believe him, counselling her in secret to apprehend him, and cast him in Prison. *Alsala* hearing this, had much ado to keep Life within her, having scarce breath enough to command her Servants to apprehend him, whilst *Amphiador* laboured, with such as were about her, to keep Life in her.

The Rumour of my Death was soon spread abroad, and my Servants believing the same, some posted to the Court, some searching for my Body, none finding me alive or dead, for which *Amphiador* had still an Answer ready to satisfy any Doubt. *Pallesus* hearing that it was *Amphiador* accused him, and for no less matter than my Death, (as he might well) denied the same, and often intreated *Alsala* to let him be brought to his Tryal. But being overway'd by *Amphiador*'s Persuasions, and being before troubled with his Love, whereby he sought to Dishonour me that was his Friend, which bred a Persuasion in her, that to attain that, he sought my Life, and would give no Credit to him, but he should dye; and within few Days after, she apparelled her self, her Servants, and all her Attendants in mourning Weeds, and departing to the Court, craved Justice of the King against *Pallesus* for murdering me. The King told her she should have Justice; whereupon *Pallesus* was brought before the King, and there accused by *Amphiador*; he alledging all the false Accusations he could, and the other still pleading his Innocency, that in the end *Amphiador* desired the King to grant him a Combat against *Pallesus*, which should end the Doubt of all the Controversie; so the King granted it, and appointed a Day for the Tryal, in which violent Combat, cruel Fortune so ordered the Issue, that *Pallesus* was slain, and all Men accounted him guilty, and me dead, yielding much Honour to *Amphiador*; and the

the King in Recompence of his supposed Loyalty to me, and for that I dyed without an Heir, created him Duke of *Ila*, yet reserving the Living to *Alfala* during her Life: This done, *Alfala* returned towards *Ila*, and *Amphiador* with her, very sore wounded, of whom she had a special Care, tending him as her self for the love he had shewed her in becoming her Champion in Revenge of my Death. After he had recovered his Wounds, he continued many Days with her, not once mentioning any Love to her, seeming with her to lament my loss; but all things in time wear out of mind, so did her Sorrow for me, and she began to conceive well of him, which he perceiving, did prosecute his Love with such Success, that in the end he married her; which when *Penthrasus* declared to me, it struck my Heart with deadly Grief; then I desired him to release me from this Misery.

Neither (said *Penthrasus*) do I intend to claim the Performance of *Amphiador*'s Promise, for *Philotheta* is Fair, Chast, and Vertuous, neither will I reveal this Secret to any but your self, nor shall you depart from hence till the time of the Enchanted Tower be ended, built by *Helion*, in which he hath shut *Constantia*, Daughter to the Emperour of *Persia*, and betrothed Wife to *Persicles*, King of *Affyria*, who shall be the first Knight that shall arrive in this Place; neither shall the Enchantment be ended by any but the Son of *Persicles*, begotten of *Constantia*; For, (saith he) the Date of my Life is at an end, and at such time as *Persicles* arriveth here, will him to return into *Affyria* to establish his Kingdom in Peace; for it will be in vain for him to spend his Days in Travel to redeem her, the finishing whereof must be by his own Son. When he had spoken these Words he vanished, appointing me to a certain Bound which I cannot pass, nor any yet come into but only your self, which assureth me that you are *Persicles*, and travel in search of *Constantia*.

You have (said *Persicles*) filled my Heart with Fear, Hope, and Comfort; the one striving to overmaster the other; Fear that the Enchanter dissembled, for that I have as yet no Son, nor never shall have by *Constantia*; for she being still enchanted, how shall I attain her company; Yet again, I am somewhat comforted that he could as well tell who would finish the Enchantment he had made, as my coming to this Place, for I am the most forlorn King of *Affyria*, that shall never enjoy Comfort till she be released, which Doubt perswadeth me will never be; for if I must now return into *Affyria*, how shall I hope to find Comfort? O 2 Yet



Yet be of good Comfort (quoth the Hermet) for Hope hath preserved my Life many Years, assuring my self, that *Penthrasus* told me nothing but truth: Why should you despair more than I, since both our Comforts rest on her Release? But according to his Counsel travel no further, for it were in vain to do that which can yield no hope of Comfort.

In doing so (said he) I shall dishonour my self, and leave my Friend unkindly, whose Deserts hath bound my Life, to requite his Love, who hath only for my sake undertaken to Travel in search of *Constantia*, the cause of whose Departure from me, was in seach of your Daughter *Philosbeta*, that is reputed to be Daughter to *Amphiador*, who was this Day stolen from *Ua*, by three Gyants: Then he declared how they came to the knowledge thereof.

It did him good to hear that she was living, so that he rejoiced greatly thereat; withal, enquiring of him what Knight that was who was gone in her Rescue.

*Perciles* then said, It were too tedious to make recital of him, for then I should rehearse the Discourse of my Misfortunes. Were it not troublesome (quoth the Duke) I would desire to hear them. To requite your Kindness, (said he) I will rehearse the same, which yet I have kept from all Men but *Montelion*: With that, he declared all from the beginning of his first Love to that Hour, which when he heard, he wondred who that Knight *Montelion* should be.

The Night being spent in this Discourse, and bright *Phabus* shining on the Desert, he knew not what was best, either to depart or stay; but at last being perswaded by *Delatus*, he took his leave of him with many courteous Farewells, and mounting himself on Horseback, he departed directly towards the Kingdom of *Assyria*.



C H A P. XXIII.

*Of the Combat Montelion fought against three Gyants: and how he rescued Philotehta, and what befel them in the Hermet's Cell.*

*M*ontelion being parted from *Persicles*, halted with more than ordinary pace after *Philotehta*, and overtook them about the setting of the Evening, running at the hindmost with so fierce a Career, that he overturned him with his Heels upwards, and was charging so violently against the second, that had he not avoided the point of his Launce, he had seconded his Fellow. Then he that was overthrown, went towards *Montelion*, offering such a forcible blow at him, that if he had not spurred his Steed to avoid him, he had either slain him or his Horse: But *Montelion* knowing it better to fight on Foot than on Horse-back, alighted; whilst the Gyant came towards him again, thinking at one blow to beat him in pieces, the other two seeing him on Foot, went away laughing; but the Gyant missing his aim by reason of *Montelion's* Nimbleness, was ready to turn about with the force of his blow; in which time *Montelion* leaped within him and thrust his Sword so far in his Body that he fell down dead. The other seeing that, one of them came running back to rescue him, whom *Montelion* soon espied, being ready to receive him. The Gyant seeing his Fellow dead, thought at one blow to end *Montelion's* Life, that he struck at him with all his force, but he avoided his blow, not yet daring to come within him until he was somewhat out of Breath, being furious for Revenge, but more mad to miss so many blows, he struck so full and violently at *Montelion*, that his massy Club stuck in the Earth, and whilst he laboured to pull it out, *Montelion* struck him so full a blow on the Arm, that he cut the same quite off, whereat he gave such a groan that all the place rung with the noise thereof, running away as fast as he could towards *Montelion's* Horse, whom he affrighted so much with his grisly and blustering approach, that he brake in sunder the reins of his Bridle and ran away with great swiftneſs: *Montelion* was exceedingly vexed for lack of his Horse, not knowing for want of him what to do, and by reason of the Night's approach, he still pursued the Gyant, keeping him in sight as long as he could, whom at last he lost. Seeing himself so disappointed and unhorsed, he began to study what to do, at last being past hope of finding them or his Steed, by reason of the darkness of the Night,

Night, he went wandering up and down to seek a place of rest, lest some wild Beast might devour him; coming to a Wood with a purpose to pass through the same, he heard the sound of a big Voice, which made him stand still and listen, and with softly steps, drawing thitherwards, he perceived it was the Gyants, who did curse and damn him for crossing their Journey.

What shall we do (quoth one of them) shall we stay here or no? We shall wander I know not whither; A plangue on that white Devil that haunted us; I am sure he is no Man, for we are Men; and one Man should be as good in fight as another: But you like cowardly Slaves have suffered such a Wretch to have the advantage of you. Hold thy prating, said the other, thou couldest have done no more than we: Thou needest not vex me, I am vexed enough with the loss of my Arm; let us rest here till Day, and then we will be gone, for he hath work enough to find his Horse. *Philothera* was so affrighted with Fear, that she lay like one in a Trance, to whom one of them said, Sweet *Philothera*, be not offended with me, for I have loved thee long, and long expected this happy Hour to enjoy thee; be content to lodge on the cold Earth one Night for my sake, who have lost many a Nights sleep for thine; neither shalt thou lye on the Earth, for my Body shall be thy Bed, whilst my Arms embrace thee; then did he take her in his Arms, bestowing many a loathsome Kiss upon her; but she, for fear, durst not cry out. *Montelion* stood and heard all their unreverent Usage, wishing it were Day, that he might revenge their Disloyalty. They had not lain long, but one and then the other fell fast asleep, which he knew by their snorting, thinking it no Discredit to slaughter such Miscreants that delighted in no Knightly Action but in Wrong and Oppression; and drawing near unto them, *Philothera* espied him, and by reason of his white Armour knew him, desirous she was to speak to him, but being fearful to awake her Keeper, which held her, and yet she knew the care of her Affright hindered him from Revenge, at last so boldly as she durst, she lifted her Hand and beckoned *Montelion* to her, and pointing to the Giant, he understanding her meaning, thrust his Sword into him, that had her folded in his Arms; who striving with the Pangs, she had the liberty to leap from him, roaring forth such a Groan as all the Wood sounded therewith; and his Fellow being half amazed started up ready to run away, but *Montelion's* Sword overlooked his hindmost leg, at one blow he cut in sunder the Sinews,

and

and he fell down, holding up his Hands for Mercy; but with the next blow he pierced his Brains, so that he dyed a most miserable Death.

The other had received no mortal Wound, for the point of his Sword lighting upon one of his Ribs, was stayed from ending his Life, who, whilst *Montelion* was slaughtering the other, had recovered his Staff, bending a full blow at *Montelion*, who by good Fortune, and *Philotheta's* Shriek, turned about, and espying the same coming, broke half the force, and running in withal, ran his Sword quite up his Body, but with the Bruise he received, fell down himself into a Trance.

*Philotheta* thinking he had been dead, run to him with speed, striving with her tender Hand to unbuckle his Beaver, and unlace his Hemlet to give him Breath; which though long, yet at last she attained, but seeing him bereft of his Senses, her Lamentations were such as would have turned Revenge into Remorse, and those senseless Teers into Pity, and the Birds, hearing her Moan, left off their sweet Notes to listen to her mournful Plaint, which she began after this manner:

Ah me! what will now become of me? How shall I escape further Misery? here am I left alone ready to be devoured of wild Beasts; yet what need I fear any Mischief, when so great a Misery hath befallen me, as greater cannot be? Her Laments conducted the steps of an aged Hermit that dwelt in those Woods, to the place where she lay weeping over *Montelion*, and being half affrighted, said, If thou art a Man, pity me, and help me, to revive this Knight? If thou beest a Ghost, think not to affright me, for I am already full of Fear; and if thou beest neither, then tell me what thou art?

Damsel, (said he) fear not, for I am a living Creature as thou art; I pity thy Distress, and will do my best to help you. And kneeling down by *Montelion*, rubbing his Cheeks, and laying his Hand upon his Breast, felt some sign of Life in him, seeking for an Herb, which presently he found, he bruised the same, letting the Juice fall into his Nostrils, with the Vertue whereof his Vital Senses returned to their former Operations, and his Eyes received their sight. With that, raising himself upon his Arm, he said: I perceive I have troubled you, and (as it were half ashamed of himself) he desired her not to be disquieted at his Misfortunes. *Philotheta's* Heart rejoiced to see him revived, not so well knowing what to say, when he was revived, as when he

he was in his Trance, but her Vertue and his Desert constrain-  
ing her, she could do no less than utter these Speeches :

Sir Knight, your Courtesie being so far beyond my Desert,  
bindeth me to yield you Thanks, and Thanks is an unufficient  
Requitall for your Pains ; although I know you not, nor never  
saw you until this Day, yet your Valour and Courtesie in deli-  
vering me from Captivity, hath bound me to become Grateful,  
and deserveth more Recompence than I am able to yield.

Lady, said *Montelion*, the Heavens have assisted you, not my  
Valour, which I have attempted without Expectation of Recom-  
pence ; If you think well of my Pains, it is all the Reward I  
crave.

The old Hermet perceiving some strange Accident had brought  
them thither, desired them, (*Montelion* being very sore bruised,  
and she much affrighted and disquieted) to accept of his Cell to  
repose in, until they could take better order for their Safety.  
*Montelion* thanked him, saying, He was pleased ; so it liked the  
Lady. With that they began to go ; but *Montelion* by reason of  
his sore Bruise, with much ado could stand. The Hermet taking  
him by the Arm, supported him, whilst he, with Grief that his  
Misfortunes had brought him to such a low Estate, said, It ill  
becometh Youth to be supported by Age ; but no Man can pre-  
vent Destiny. *Philothera* offered to lend him an Arm, but he de-  
sired her not to trouble herself.

Sir, (said the Hermet) refuse not her Courtesie, for in time  
of need it is not good to be too curious. With that she lent him  
her Arm, but he took her Hand, and that he thought as much  
Boldness as it was a Trouble, striving against the Weakness he  
had received by his Bruise, to go upright ; she likewise won-  
dered that Nature had wrought in her such a familiar Regard to-  
wards him she knew not ; often accusing herself of Lightness, and  
blushed when he grasped her tender Hand, that with exceed-  
ing Fear, and Fancy's striving, moistned her Palm ; thinking  
with herself, now is my Estate altered, that to Day was free  
from Care, now suddenly brought to Bondage, and from Bon-  
dage to this Disquiet, and all in a moment ; I am now like one  
that am content with Misery, and yet discontented with that  
Content : I could wish my self from hence, and yet were I gone,  
I should wish my self here again, because I desire the Knight's  
Welfare ; and yet methinks I should not be too familiar, and yet  
I know he hath deserved more Courtesie than I can proffer. Ma-  
ny



by such thoughts possess her Fancy, that and other things for her part, shortning the way to the Cell, where being arrived, the Hermet gave *Montelion* a Portion of commixed Drugs, which comforted him greatly, and *Philothera* a Cup of Greekish Wine, which revived and quickned her affrighted Heart. There was no Light in the Room, therefore as yet, neither of them had seen each other; *Montelion* wished the Day might appear that he might behold her Beauty, and she, that she might behold whether his Person was agreeable to his Prowess, and the Hermet desirous to see what Guests he had entertained. Seeing them both silent, the one abstin'd for Grief, the other for Modesty, after he had seated them on soft Rulhes, he said,

As it seems to me, you are Strangers one to another, which makes me desirous to know what Accident hath befallen you: Father, said he, indeed we are so, for as yet I never saw this Lady's Beauty; yet I know her Name is *Philothera*, Daughter to the Duke of *Ilia*; which knowledge I got by this means: As I and another Knight were travelling in search of a Lady who hath been a long time missing, we chanced to espy two Damisels clad in White, passing us with great speed, with whom I had conference, and they told me that this Lady was taken away from them by three Gyants; I returned to my Friend with this News, and we both posted after them, until at a Cross-way we parted, that if they went either way we should overtake them; but it was my good Fortune to light on them, and by their Deaths to free the Lady, thinking my Valour well bestowed, to redeem her from their Treachery.

*Philothera* restrained to speak, and only thanked him, fearing she should seem more courteous than Modesty would permit, or more coy than Vertue required.

Sir, (said the Hermet) I know these Gyants, and the manner of their Lives to be most inhumane and wicked, whose Habitation is not far off in the Desert of *Arabia*, by whose Death the Country is freed from much Outrage, which they daily committed.

Sir, (said *Montelion*) I pray what Country is this? It is *Arabia*, (quoth he) Doth not *Holon* reign as King here? Sir, (replied he) he did reign as King; but whether he is now living or no, it is doubtful: some say he is Enchanted in a Tower he built himself, quite not far off; from whence he cannot be released until the Enchantment be ended, which many Knights of strange Countries have attempted, but none can smite, the Cause of building



thermost, no Man as yet can tell. *Monteson* having heard before thereof, and wearied with that Day's Travel, whilst they were in Communication, fell asleep; which *Monteson* perceiving, ceased Conference till Morning, being unwilling to wake her with their Noise. The first that awakes was the Hermet, who went to gather certain Herbs, leaving them both sleeping, who both at once awaked, at the first blushing at each others sight, he wondering at her exceeding Beauty, and she at his exquisite Person; he comparing the Daniels Report of her Beauty, and her other Gifts thereto, which he supposed beyond Conceit; and she comparing his Valour to his Youth, and his Courtship with both, thought her Eyes never beheld his Equal; standing as it were enchanted with each other, neither being able to withhold their Eyes from each other, but noting each others Behaviour, until *Monteson* arose, and she did the like, he first breaking silence, said,

Fair Lady, Now that the Sun hath banished the misty Clouds of the Night, you need not fear any Mischance, for your Enemies being dead, I think there is none living of so Inhumane a Disposition, as would disgrace you; for my self, my Life and all that I have resteth at your Command.

Sir Knight, (said she) I thank you for your Kindness past, and now proffered, which hath rid me from that I was in, and out of fear of other Mishaps to come, for your Verrue hath Authority against any wicked Action.

Before any further Speeches past, the Hermet came, bringing in his Hand the Herbs he had gathered, some of which he stamped and strained, giving it *Monteson* to drink, others he boiled on the Fire, making thereof a stinky Dish, which when they had tasted, the Hermet said, Though I know you find your self of sufficient Strength, yet by my Counsel travel not this Day, for you may impair your Health; my self, if it please this Lady, will send a Messenger to *Her*, to report her Safety.

Not so, quoth *Monteson*, my self, if it please her to accept of my Service, will attend her thither, and that presently. Sir, quoth she, I would not have you endanger your Health for my sake, that am in Safety, till such time as you are perfectly recovered.

Then, said the Hermet, you shall not in this place want any thing; nor fear Disturbance, for here hath Security dwelt many Years, my self being glad that my poor Gift can give you any Content. Then he went forth to get Provision, leaving them

together in his Cell, whose Eyes were filled with a perfecting Survey of each others Perfections. Her Beauty being such as might not be equalled to any, and his Proportion, besides his Youth's Beauty, and other complements, of such Form as would please any Lady's Eyes. Whose View, conducted an Instinct of Love into each others Heart, where it settled in that virtuous Harbour with such Constancy, that it was impossible to be removed, neither desiring the other fortunate as to agree in such a Sympathy of Love, he thinking he should not Love, and she perswading her self that he had settled his Love upon that Lady he went in search of, he not knowing which way to frame his Suit on so small Acquaintance, nor the how to draw her Favour without further Trial.

*Philotes* breaking silence, with a heavy Sigh, bred from the depth of Meditation, he took occasion to say, Lady, that Sigh bewrayeth some disquiet of Mind that molesteth you, the Occasion whereof my small Acquaintance and Unworthiness to be so bold, hindreth me from asking. But if you would yield me such Favour, as to impart your Secrets to me, I should prove so faithful and diligent to please you, that you would not condemn my Willingness, though my Ability, for my Heart willeth my Tongue to utter, that which my Fancy perswades me from, not for that they disagree, but for that my Heart harboureth that which my Fancy binds me not to utter, because I fear you will not believe it, and yet you might believe, if it were of more Antiquity, for it is commonly holden for truth, that all things of Antiquity are permanent, but never would have been, if they had not first begun in Youth, Youth being the first Foundation, the Foundation is then constant, even things, though young of Growth, receive continuance, which being cherished, grow to Perfection. O Lady, I might without your Discountenance discover the constant Zeal of your Perfection, that is rooted in my Heart, and find some Sparks of your gentle Favour to comfort, if it would grow to that solid Resolution, that nothing should remove it, but it is in the selfsame place, being as it is, I would have cherished it till mine all parts of me should, as every part of me until it be cherished with some such seed, I can not profess, vow or swear, that I have loved long, yet if your Love should convert me to the Love of my self, meaning Words in-  
 tended to be heard, and not to be seen, I should have to say, Sir,

Sir, (said he) Should I credit your Words, or impart my Secrets to you, it might be counted too much Credulity: yet without blame I might, relying upon your Vertues; or should I grant it were as you say, that Love began in a Moment, being the Root is the Substance, and therefore permanent: yet how should you think of me, if on so small Probability I should thank you for your Good-will, and accept thereof, not measuring me by your self if you are constant, but measuring me by Inconstancy; you would judge me but Light, as I may judge your Words of course? Yet so much Good-will as may grow upon so small Acquaintance I bear you, measuring the same by your own; for if you had cause to Love me, I have more cause to thank you for your Love, than I have received good by you: but neither esteem me light for being so familiar, or easy to be won, because I am courteous; for should I be coy, you would count me unamannerly, and not worthy to be assisted as I have been by you.

Lady, (quoth Montiel) Could I but bow a thought that might impeach the least title of your constant Vertue, I were worthy to be hated: for I know that Truth is dear, and needeth no coloured Parades of Courtesy, which animates me to enter into this bold Conference with you; nor framing my words of Course, but of true Devotion: trusting that your Vertue will pardon my Boldness, and your Courtesy excuse my Mesallie aught, for I find in my self an unwonted Alteration, which desires to be gracious in your sight, have been in me (Nature, not Art framing it) which I neither know how to manifest, nor date, by reason of this small Acquaintance, though my Soul knoweth my Heart's Fidelity, and Content thereunto, feeling no dissimulation at all: but if you will vouchsafe to make tryal of me, and grant me but to be your servant, in that which is lawful and tried according to my Talent, I shall account my self most Fortunate, and yet hope may be the Anchor of my Comfort; one Day to be gracious in your sight.

Sir, (said she) I am glad I see that my self I should yield you any other: I am glad that you have found which way shall me to come to be my power; and Love being a way which how should I like you my self being a Stranger, although unknown to me since I have been in the world.

Lady, (quoth he) The more I think of your gentle Heart, will stand thereunto, that I am bound to you, and to myself, for that you have given me this opportunity.

Penelope concealed; my Name, if you ever heard of it, is *Adelphi*; the Cause of my coming into this Country was with *Pericles*, King of *Africa*, in search of *Constance*, Daughter to the Emperor of *Persia*, his betrothed Wife, by Misfortune lost many Years since. All that I know of my self, I have told you; and would I had never known my self, unless you favour me. *Philotheta* remembered that *Asaphador*, in exciting the Wars between *Pericles*, and the King of *Armenia*, had made ample Report of his Valour, so much the more esteeming him; yet she concealed the lame, thinking though he were never so Valiant, yet he might be Unconstant, making him this Answer:

Sir, Because you shall not accuse me of Discourtesie, I will not deny your Suit; nor in any respect grant it, till more time to make Tryal thereof. Neither shall you name your self my Servant, for you have deserved to be better rewarded, which hereafter you shall find.

Lady, (quoth he) Only one Favour absolutely granted, would now more comfort my Heart, than many in suspense; not that I misdoubt your Performance, but the long lingering Pain, in the mean time will pinch my Heart, therefore without misdoubt of Truth, Gratitude, and Constancy, enrich me but with one, though the least comfortable Answer.

Sir, (quoth she) What in Vertue I can grant, I will yield you, though you may account me already prodigal in favour, and gentle in Reply; yet should I be Ungrateful, you may blame me or too prolix; you may condemn me; but as much Good-will as in so short a time may be, I bear you, and you shall find me perform, for my Heart would never suffer till this, to conceive so well of any as I do of you. In urging me further, you will make me missest your Consideration of my late Misfortune, rather willing me to regard my Return to my Parents. But you may see how my Vertues have overmastered my Mistrust, and my good Opinion of you has made me trust my self in your Custody.

ACT XXIV.  
How *Asaphador* arrived at the Cell, and spoke to *Philotheta*.  
The *Deiphobus* that kept between *Mouchon* and *Asaphador*, and of *Philotheta's* strange Departure.

When he had said those words, the Hermet came in, which told him that the King was coming, then telling, that *Asaphador*

ador

with many flowers were entered the Wood, where they dy-  
 ing his dead; *Montesin* then thought all gave pain, but then con-  
 sidering the must part from *Montesin*, her heart failed with Grief,  
 and she exceedingly troubled. For she knew well that *Montesin*  
 was Rude and Suspicious, that he would not thank him, nor re-  
 vire him to his Castle, he having formerly disgraced others that  
 sought her Love. *Montesin* on the other side desired to come  
 to life to enjoy her Company, and yet he thought it a Disadvantage  
 to him to follow Love, and leave *Perfide* in search of *Confidence*,  
 and the Knowledge of his Parents. But to rid them both out  
 of their troubled thoughts, there entered three Knights in green  
 Armour, and without speaking a word, two of them took *Per-  
 doctera*, and handed her forth of the Cell, *Montesin* standing up,  
 drew his Sword, and followed to rescue her; but the third,  
 without speaking, struck at him, wherewith he began a cruel  
 Combat. At last the Green Knight said, Thou strivest in vain,  
 she is past recovery. With that *Montesin* looking about, saw  
 them quite out of sight, marveling they could so suddenly con-  
 vey her thence. If thou wilt find her, (quoth he) thou must seek  
 her amongst the Heifer in Nymphs, which said, he rode away so  
 swiftly, that *Montesin* did think it in vain to follow him. By  
 this time *Amphidoro* and his Company was come to him, amongst  
 whom he espied one leading his Steed, unto whom he went, and  
 said, Sir, This is my Steed, I pray you deliver him to me.

The Fellow denying him, he struck him a good blow with his  
 Fist, and overthrow him. *Amphidoro* seeing that, said, What  
 art thou that so boldly strikest my Servant? *Montesin* being  
 vexed with the loss of *Perfide*, answered, I will not tell thee.  
*Amphidoro* being likewise vexed at his Stubbornness, said no more,  
 but drew his sword and struck at him. *Montesin* thought so re-  
 venge it, but suddenly remembering himself, said, Wert thou  
 not rather to *Perfide*, I would make thee repent thyself. *Am-  
 phidoro* hearing his name *Perfide*, would have spoke to him a-  
 gain; but *Montesin* mounting his Steed, rode away.

The Farmer seeing these great Variances, came to *Amphidoro*,  
 giving him knowledge of all that happened. Then he think-  
 ing it was his duty to Excuse for her Escape, called his Ser-  
 vant to him, intending by this means to make him confess  
 more than he could. *Montesin* remembering himself, when he  
 had rode away, how he had so lately disgraced *Perfide*, and  
 the Farmer, returned to him, and said, I have heard of thee



sooner done, but he found him bound amongst *Amplador's* Men, which vexed him so much, that he drew his Sword again, and set upon them, wounding some, and killing others, that therewith *Amplador* drew his Sword again. By Heaven, (quoth *Montelion*) strike me the third time, and thou dyest. Notwithstanding his Words, *Amplador*, vext for the Death of Servants, struck him again; whereupon *Montelion* not only defended himself, but offended him so much that he sore wounded him; and had not his Servants with some of their Lives, born of some Blows, he had ended his Life; but notwithstanding all their Endeavours, he left him in such a miserable Condition, that his Servants had much ado to keep Life in him until they brought him home.

CHAP. XXV.

*How Montelion in his Travel arrived at the Bowre of the Hesperian Nymphs; how every one of them gave him a several Gift, and how they named him Knight of the Oracle.*

HAVING freed the Hermet, and yielded him many Thanks for his Kindness, he departed with so heavy a Heart, that he could hardly speak for Grief; travelling he knew not whither, having so many occasions of Care, he knew not what to do, nor which way to direct his steps. All the rest of that Day he rode forth in this disconsolate sort, until it grew to be Night, neither caring for Meat or Lodging; but turning his Horse loose to feed, he laid himself down under an Oak, whose spreading Branches were as a large Canopy over his Head, clogg'd with so many Caves, that his Heart was dull'd with their Confusion, and his Senses so over-grown with Conceit, that they rock'd him into a deep Sleep, in the midst whereof he suddenly awaked, and being call'd by a Damself that appeared unto him, who standing before him, said, Sir Knight, Arise and follow me; he marvelling what he should be, arose and followed her, she leading him the way (as he thought) through many By-paths, and Crois-ways, Hills, Deales, and Woods, until the Sun arose; then vanishing out of his sight, he left him in the midst of a pleasant green Meadow, beautified with all sorts of fresh-blown Flowers, whose Beauty delighted the Eye, and sweet Smell affected the Senses, and looking about him, he espied it encompass'd with Springs, Trees, Groves, and in the midst of an Artificial Building, Rollet, made with such Art, that he admir'd the same.

same, and the Floor strewed with Roses, and all sorts of Flowers: he stood a while in Admiration, and casting his Eye aside, he espied a Table with these Verses written thereon.

*What e're thou art, that shalt behold this Verse,  
Abstain from coming into this Sacred Place;  
A Company of comely Nymphs here sit,  
That rule the Hesperian Oracle of Grace;  
Be not too bold, lest thou repent too late  
Thy rash Attempt, and hard Divining Fate.*

Which when had read, he stood in a deep Study, arguing their Ambiguity: then suddenly he heard the sound of most sweet Musick, drawing near him, and turning about, he espied a Troop of Damfels attired in most rich Ornaments, with Garlands of Roses, mixed with divers coloured Flowers upon their Heads, some playing upon Instruments, others having in their Hands a Bow, and at their Back a Sheaf of Arrows: amongst them there was three taller, more beautiful, and richly adorned than the rest, wearing Crowns of Palm: amongst whom he espied the Damsel that brought him thither, which made him with more boldness stay their coming.

They passed by him, continuing their Melody, until they came within their Pavilion: then two of them came forth, saluting him with courtesies and gentle Behaviour, leading him to the Pavilion until he came to the place where they were all seated, and the three Chief in the midst. Montblon disarming his Head, did them Reverence on his Knee, and then presently he heard a Voice uttering these Speeches:

Most noble Knight, The Nymphs of the Hesperian Oracle pitying thy Care and Troubles, have brought thee hither to comfort thee with our Assistance; unto which place never any Man was yet admitted: therefore reveal not to any what thou hast seen: with thy Sword maintain their Honour, and name thy self *Knight of the Oracle*: Thy Parentage is Royal, thy Father not knowing he hath a Son, and your Mother not thinking to see either Father or Son: Thy Fortune shall be good, thy Misfortune great: that which thou lovest best shall trouble thee most, and what thou thinkst thy self feared, thou shalt be furthered on: thy promised Friends, thy greatest foes: Thou wast begotten in Syria, born in Arabia, and brought up in Affrica. The Oracle

in Love, true to thy Friends, patient in Misery, and lowly in Prosperity. Farewel, and be both Happy and Fortunate.

The Voice ceasing, the Nymphs came round about him, one ungirding his Sword, another unlacing his Helmet, and the third unbuckling his Armour, others unlacing of his Gantlets, and every one busie to disarm him; this done, one of the chiefest of them presented him with a most curious rich Armour, wrought of the best and purest Lydian Steel, enamelled all over with Green, and beset with Diamonds, Sapphires, Jaspers, and Rubies, the like for Strength and Richness never Knight possessed; then the second gave him a Shield agreeable thereto, with this Device thereon, A Knight Kneeling, encompassed with Nymphs Crowning him with a Wreath of Roses; and underneath these Words written in Letters of Gold, *The Knight of the Oracle*. The third presented him with a rich Sword, which he girded on his side; another a Pair of Gantlets; another a Plume, another a Spear, another a Pair of Spurs, and every one something to express their Kindness. When he was thus adorned, which made him most beautiful to behold, every one gave him a courteous Farewel, and departed again the same way they came from the Grove.

Then the Damsel that brought him thither, came to him, and said: Sir Knight, the Ladies of this Oracle, pitying the hard Adventures you are to undertake, have bestowed these Arms on you, which shall oftentimes preserve your Life; and honoured you so much as to chuse you for their Knight; they have also appointed me to bring you to the placewhere I found you; therefore let us depart, my self will give you a Horse, whose Equal for Goodness cannot be had: which said, she led the way, and he followed after, until they came to the Castle, into which the Damsel entred, willing him to stay while she returned; leading in her Hand a Horse Black of Colour, but of such a goodly Proportion, that his Eyes never beheld the like before; and mounting himself, the Damsel said unto him: *Knight of the Oracle*, farewell, prosper, and be fortunate: which she had no sooner spoken, but presently she vanished from his sight, before he could have respite to give her Thanks for her Courtesie.

Being parted from her, he entred into these Meditations, which shortened the Way as he rode along:

I have lost the noble Knight *Pericles*, who by this time accuseth me of Discourtesie for not leading him out; How can I do that,

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when I have lost my self and *Philobeta*, and in her my Essence, Being, and Substance? Which of these are dearest to me, I know not; my self I love by Nature, him for his Honour, and her by Affection; Which then should I go in search of, since they are both so dear unto me, as that I think my self bereft of Comfort by missing them? My Estate is also uncertain, and the place where to find them so doubtful, that I cannot assure my self of confidence in either, but must take my Fortune as it falleth, and arm my self with Patience to endure the hardest Tryal of Ex-  
treams.

Then he began to study which way to Travel, being as ignorant of the place where *Philobeta* was, as unacquainted in those Ways. Riding along in these solitary Dumps, he at last lighted in a plain fair beaten Path, in the Furrows of whose Dust he might perceive the footing of Horses that had newly gone that way, which put him in comfort, that it would not be long before he should find some Company.

He had not rode an Hour, but he chanced to enter a Way that ascended a high Mountain, whose lofty Top discovered to his Eye the fair Turrets of the Enchanted Tower, which glistered as if they had been framed of massy Gold, which drove him into Admiration: and viewing well the Situation thereof, he discerned the Valley round about over-spread with Tents, as if it had been encompassed with an Host of Enemies; and forsaking the gallant Prospect, he intended to Travel thither, to know the Cause of that Assembly, making the more haste, for that it grew towards Night: ere he could attain thither it waxed dark, therefore for that Night he took his Lodging under the covert of a Tuft of Trees, pleasantly seated in the midst of a green Meadow.

## C H A P. XXVI.

*Of the Conference between Philotheta and Constantia, in Penthrasus's Palace.*

THE History hath long discontinued to speak of *Constantia* that remained enchanted, and *Helion* that lay there enthralled in great Misery, rightly rewarded for his treacherous Dealing. Her Eyes continually shed Tears for the Absence of *Pericles*, on whom she continually meditated, resolving that nothing but Death should abolish his Remembrance; that had not the Enchant-  
ment

tress comforted her with Promises of her Release, the Extremity of her Sorrow had ended her Life; withal, thinking that *Pericles* and her young Son might be both in Safety, and she by no means hear thereof, which added some Comfort to her heavy Heart.

The Enchantress would often intreat her to behold the valiant Adventures of noble Knights that hazarded their own Persons in great Peril to attain her Love, and in private Combats amongst themselves, with whom they were deeply affected, only with the Sight of her Picture; but she still refused it, accounting it no Pleasure to her to see their Misfortunes, who spent their Labour in vain; for in the continuance of so many Years as she had been there enclosed, the Fame of her Beauty was spread into most part of those Countries thereabouts, and many thousand worthy Knights had been there to try their Fortunes, but all failed: the recital whereof would be too tedious, but many of them lay there imprisoned by the Enchantress, who being now in Despair of her own Safety, thought to bring all to Misery as well as herself.

At the same time that *Philotheta* was carried from *Momelion* in the Hermet's Cell, *Constantia* remained in such Extremity of Sorrow, that had not *She* wrought that Device to bring *Philotheta* thither to accompany her, it would have been impossible her Senses could have overcome the Extremity of the Passion that tormented her; but sitting alone in a dark corner, she uttered such Lamentations as would have turned the hardest Heart of a cruel Tyrant into Remorse: But when she espyed *She* entred, and with her so beautiful a Damsel, with Cheeks bedewed with Crystal Tears that in abundance trickled down from her Eyes, with that Object left her own Laments to pity hers; and seeing them draw nigh her, she rose after a sad sort saluting their Approach.

*She* without speaking a word to either, left them together, and although they were Women, yet they greatly admired each others Beauty; the one thinking the other to excel all; and yet had they but beheld their own Perfections, they would have found them such, that they might inwardly have conceited as well of themselves, as they did of the outward Object.

*Constantia* being more familiar with Sorrow than *Philotheta*, first broke Silence, saying, Lady, I perceive, by your Tears, that Constraint, not Consent, did bring you to this Place, beautiful to the Eye, but filled with Discontents, which long Exeperience



hath taught me: Therefore if you want a Companion in Care, accept of my Company: but if you seek for Comfort, abandon me, for my chiefest Solace is Sorrow, and my Thoughts and Meditations are nothing but Discontent.

I have not, (said *Philotheta*) been long subject to this Misfortune; but being now plunged therein, I know not how to release my self, or how to shun the same: Neither knowing who is the Cause thereof, where I am, or when I shall be released, my Sorrow being such, may well entertain a sorrowful Companion, accepting your proffered Kindness with hearty Thanks.

Lady, (said *Constantia*,) As you vouchsafe me your Company, so let me know what Misfortune hath brought you hither? which will shorten some of the tedious Time we are like to over-pass in this Place. Which done, you shall know to whom you have imparted your Secrets, which Recital will be tedious.

*Philotheta* sitting down by her, uttered these Speeches: My Name is *Philotheta*, Daughter-in-law to *Amphiador*; and as I was walking in my Father's Garden, upon what Pretence I know not, three Giants surprized me, by force carrying me thence, none to my knowledge seeing their Cruelty. When they had travelled with me till it was late, a Knight arrived all in White, gallantly mounted, came to my Rescue, and entered Combat with one of them, his vallant Heart not refusing to cope with them all three: but one of them (thinking himself too strong for him) stayed behind and fought him, the other two hastning me away; but in short space one of them ran back to rescue his Fellow, but he suddenly returned with the loss of his Arm: then they haled me forward with a violent Force, until they came to the middle of a Wood, where they meant to stay all that Night: this Knight, directed by Fortune, alighted on the place where they lay, and by his Valour and Policy slew them both, yet was so sore hurt himself, that he lay breathless on the Earth, which afflicted my Heart with Sorrow, fearing his Death, for I could not recover him with my Lamentations, therefore accounted it more Misfortune to be the Cause of so worthy a Knight's Death, than if I had still been Prisoner to those Monsters. The Heavens favouring my Sorrows, and his Mishap, directed an old Hermit to the place, who with the Jayce of certain Herbs recovered him, and with my weak Assistance brought him up to his Cell, within short space curing him: in which time I noted every part of his Perfections, and found them such, as I want Skill to Decipher, comparing

paring thereto his Behaviour, which bred a Perswasion in me, that as he was Valiant, so he was Vertuous; and as he excelled all that ever I beheld in Person, so he did in Courtelie: Much Conference pass between us, which I omit, the Subject whereof was Love, which he vowed to be as constant in him, though now begun, as it was in any by long Continuance: Amongst the rest of his Speeches, he told me he knew not his Parents: his Name was *Montelion*; the Cause of his Travel was in search of a Lady named *Constantia*, betrothed Wife to *Persicles*, King of *Alsyria*, who parted from him that Day he rescued me in *Arabia*.

*Constantia* hearing such good News of the Safety of *Persicles*, could not contain herself from bewraying what she was; but taking *Philobeta* by the Hand, said, Dear Lady, this News addeth much Comfort to my despairing Heart: I am that unfortunate *Constantia*, that till this Hour have dispaired of ever seeing that noble Knight again; accounting my self so much bound to you for being the Reporter of this welcome News, that I protest my self your everlasting Friend; assuring you, that if the worthy Knight that rescued you was Companion with *Persicles*, he is endued with all Heroick Qualities: But pray tell me out the rest.

The Worthy Knight's Speeches (said she) wrought so effectually with me, that I could have been content to have lived there for ever with him: In the end, the Hermet brought in the News that *Amphiador* was hard by in my Search; at which News I was very glad, yet also displeased, well knowing that his rude Behaviour would not suffer him to use him kindly. Whilst I was in this thought, three Knights in Green Armour entered the Cell, two of them, without speaking a Word, by force carrying me away, whilst the third stayed the Knight in Combate, who followed hastily to rescue me: but on a sudden, before I could bethink me what they should be, I was within this Garden, where I met her that brought me unto you, who bid me fear nothing, for here I should abide in Safety.

With that a flood of Tears gushed from her Eyes, that it stopped the Passage of her Speech, turning the same into silence.

Lady, (quoth *Constantia*) to add more Care to your Heart will overwhelm it with Grief; therefore I will omit the Relation of my Tragedy till another time; neither feeling nor fearing Care, now I hear of my Lord's Safety, who will set me at Liberty from the Thralldom I have endured almost twenty Years.

He coming to them, brake off their Conference; and after  
Sup-

Supper, conveyed them into a Chamber, where they both lay, continuing some Days in Conference of their Estate.

## C H A P. XXVII.

*How Montelion, Knight of the Oracle, arrived at the Enchanted Tower, called, Penthrasus's Palace, and of the Controversies that fell between him and the Knights that came to try the Adventure.*

**E**arly the next Morning the *Knight of the Oracle* (having lodged all Night in the Wood) mounted his Steed with a Desire to know whose Tents those were, and what Tower they had encompassed: he had not rode half an Hour but he approached near unto them, passing amongst them without stay: Because he met none to confer withal, he drew towards the Entrance of the Bridge, where *Constantia's* Picture hung; which when he beheld, he judged by the outward Show, what Perfections were adherent to the Lady who was Owner thereof, thereby calling to remembrance *Philotheta's* Perfections, which in his Conceit far surpassed that; but yet the Spell that *Ma* had cast thereon did work so with him, that had not the Vertue of his Armour, and other Gifts the Nymphs had bestowed on him (which had Power against all Enchantments) prevailed, he had surely doted thereon: When he had read the Verses, an earnest Desire possessed his Heart to redeem the Lady; but neither regarding Danger, nor omitting Opportunity, he took the Horn and winded the same; the Sound whereof made many Knights to start from their Tents, being but even then up and newly armed.

The first that was mounted and came to the Bridge, was a noble Knight of *Caribia*, named *Menon*, who calling to the *Knight of the Oracle*, said, Sir Knight, enter no further, before thou knowest whom thou hast offended by thy bold Intrusion.

He hearing his Words, turned his Steed, saying, If I have offended, it is more than I know; yet I am resolved to try the Adventure whosoever says no.

Thy Strangeness (said *Menon*) doth privilege thee, because thou knowest not what is concluded amongst the Knights here assembled.

Sir, (quoth he) whatsoever agreeth to the Laws of Arms, I yield to, and whatsoever Courtesie bindeth me to, I will perform, before I pass further.

By this time he was encompassed with armed Knights, and

one of them named *Linsens* of *Arabia*, who thought himself too Good for all, and had vanquished many that had combated with him, said, Before thou pass further, thou must Combate with us; for the Meaneſt that are here assembled, thinks himself able to perform as much as thee.

The *Knight of the Oracle* wondring at their Rudeness, and moved with his discourteous Words, said, I am not to be controuled by any, but stand free in my own Choice to do what I think good; if thou, or any here, be offended with what I have said or done, challenge me.

I do challenge thee, (said *Linsens*.) And I, (quoth *Menon*;) and after him many others, every one desirous to deal with him first.

Then stepped forth the Prince of *Parthia*, named *Nessus*, saying, Fellow-Knights, we being all Professors of Arms, and every one a Partner in this Quarrel, let us cast Lots, and to whose Share the Lot falls first, let him begin, and the rest follow, to which they agreed.

The *Knight of the Oracle* thought he should not be idle, rejoicing that he had so good an Occasion, to make Tryal of his Valour: the Lot fell to *Arnon* of *Persia* to begin; the place a goodly Plain, in the full view of the Tower, and the time was within an Hour.

This being agreed upon, The *Knight of the Oracle* in the interim rode about the Tower, to behold the Beauty and Situation thereof; and casting up his Eyes, he espied on the Battlements afar off three Ladies walking together, whom he could scarcely discern, much less known, if he had been acquainted with. These Ladies were *Constantia*, *Philotheta* and *Ha*, whom came to behold the Tilts and Tourneys that were daily acted between divers Knights before the Tower.

*Constantia* hearing of *Persicus*'s Safety in that Country, hoping in time to be released, desired to see the Combats which before she refused to do.

The *Knight of the Oracle* little thinking *Philotheta* had been one of the three, after he had a while stood to behold them, he returned to the appointed place of Combat, where *Arnon* was then newly entred with great Pride, and the sound of Trumpets, and a great number of Followers, whom The *Knight of the Oracle* overthrew at the first Encounter, to *Arnon*'s Amusement, and his own Glory.



The next that encountred him was *Lisens*, who held out two Courfes, but at the third, both he and his Horfe lay on the Ground; the Knights that beheld this, commended his Valour, yet envied his Fortune.

After he had encountred three stout Knights of *Egypt*, then came *Nessus*, Prince of *Flordia*, thinking to recover what his Predecessors had lost, but his Fortune proved so bad, that he lost both his Stirrups, and had he not hung on the Saddle-bow, he had fallen to the Earth. The Day by this time drew to an end, which caused them to remit any further Tryal till next Morning.

*Constantia* and *Philothera* beholding the Valour of this Knight, one judged it was *Pericles*, and the other to be *Montelion*; desiring *Ilia* to send a Messenger to know his Name: who returning, told them he was called, *The Knight of the Oracle*. Then it is not *Pericles* (said *Constantia*.) No, nor *Montelion*, (quoth *Philothera*.) Their Hearts now fainting with Care, that before were revived with Hope.

The *Knight of the Oracle* that Night lodged in the Tent of a Persian Knight, named *Thymus*, who kindly invited him thereto. Early the next Morning he entered the Field, being ready for him that should next encounter him, who came gallantly mounted, having travelled many Miles to try the Adventure: but before he came to try himself therein, he received so great a Charge by encountering the *Knight of the Oracle*, that in a desperate Mood, and ashamed of the Foil, he departed the Field.

The *Knight of the Oracle* being endued with an excellent Wit, as receiving the Essence thereof from two goodly Princes that he was sprung off, began in his Mind to condemn the Fondness of those Knights, that coming to make tryal of the Adventure, spent their time in private Quarrels, still omitting that they principally sought: His Mind being troubled with the Loss of *Philothera* and *Pericles*, desired not to stay there, but to hasten in their Search; therefore going towards the Knights, who were assembled on a Heap, studying which way to work his Disgrace, he said:

Worthy Knights, My coming to this Place was not to try my Fortune against you, but in the Adventure, and your private Envy hath hindered me, not regarding into what private Quarrels you enter, and carefully trouble me that have not offended you, therefore because I am of more importance than to an



wer your Envy, doth urge my Departure, I wish you not to fear my Ability to answer you, but to remit this private Contention till another time. And if any of you enviously condemn me, or repine at my good Fortune, I will be ready to answer your several Quarrels in *Persia*, at the time that is appointed for the Meeting of the Kings of *Affrica* and *Armenia*; for the cause of your Approach being to release the Ladies Imprisonment, weaken not your Force by private Contention; for in the Tryal of it, you will find occasion enough to Exercise your Arms.

Hearing his Words, they agreed thereto, but yet contended who should try the Adventure first; In the end they agreed to cast Lots, and the last fell to the *Knight of the Oracle*; every one having a Day's Respite for the finishing thereof.

Thus did they make Tryal of themselves, some with much Labour attaining the Bridge, but then forced by the Vertue of Enchantment to yield, and so were imprisoned in lamentable sort by *Ila*, who desired the Enchantment might never end, and others with Fear run away.

Many Days it was before it came to the *Knight of the Oracle's* turn; in the end, all being fled or imprisoned, he alone was left to try his Fortune, neither having Friend to succour him, Foe to envy him, or any to behold him; for the Enchantress had made such Desolation amongst the Tents, by casting Fire amongst them, that all the Servants of those Knights fled as amazed, reporting from place to place their Masters Misery: Yet all this did not discourage the *Knight of the Oracle*, but he rested as resolute to go forwards, as if there had been no Danger in the Attempt.

*Constantia* seeing how many Knights were at that Instant imprisoned, all their Tents destroyed, and no Man as she thought left, began to discomfit herself, utterly despairing of Releasement; desiring *Ila* to let her view the Knights that were imprisoned, fearing *Persicles's* being there; but her Requests were in vain, for *Ila*, fretted with extream Fear of the End of her Enchantment, in a mad Rage slung from them, studying which way to lengthen the Date thereof; which tormented both *Constantia* and *Philobeta*, with great Grief of farther Calamity.

## C H A P. XXVIII.

*How the Knight of the Oracle finished the Enchantment; and how I-la departed with Philotheta.*

**B**Efore bright *Phæbus* that Morning could show her Splendant Beams, the *Knight of the Oracle* was up, viewing the Situation of the Bridge, to see which way he might advantage himself or disadvantage his Foe; and winding the Horn, there was an exceeding Earthquake within the Tower, that the Foundation thereof shook: and one of the Gyants came running forth, without speaking a word, striking at him, but he defended himself a great while on Horse-back, until the Gyant pressed so hard upon him, that he was forced to dismount; and thereupon again assailed him, giving him many a deep Cut, and receiving many a sore Bruise, that had not his Armour preserved him, he had dyed; but in the end, he prevailed so much by the Death of the first Gyant, that he attained the first and second Fortification of the Bridge; and at the third, he was so violently set upon by the other Gyant, that he was only compelled to ward his Blows, but espying a broken place in his Armour, he thrust his Sword quite through his Body, by which means, he entred the first large Court, where he beheld the Armour of such Knights, as had failed in the Adventure.

He knowing that the Date of the Enchantment would now end, in furious sort came running to the place where *Constantia* and *Philotheta* were, taking *Philotheta* with violence out of the Armour, and by force of her Enchantment compelled her to follow her until he came to the Court, where the *Knight of the Oracle* was: He suddenly beholding *Philotheta*, at the first sight knew her, and seeing them pass by, towards the Entrance, he stept after them to speak to her, but suddenly rushed upon him a number of armed Men, that laid upon him with such swiftness, that he had no power to stir from the place where he stood; then suddenly vanishing, he stood amazed at the sight, and perplexed with such doubt, that he could not tell what to do; sometimes thinking to follow *Philotheta*, then perswading himself it was but an Illusion, and thinking to cast off that Doubt, and go forwards, his Mind was possessed with such Desire to see her again, that he stood like a Man without Sence; and suddenly such a Mist darkned the Place, that he could scarce see his Hands,

continuing for the space of an Hour: Whilst he remained in these Cogitations, sometimes of Persuasion it was she, which troubled his Heart to think what should become of her, that he seemed to have lost his Senses; remaining in many Meditations, the Mist vanished, and the Sun shining, disclosed the Beauty of that most stately Palace. When he saw no further Expectation of Danger appear, he entred further, towards the three Gates of Brass, beholding the curious Works thereof, through which he entred into the Court, which drew his Mind in great Admiration thereof; and entring the Hall, beheld the two Lyons, that kept the Passage; which with a fair Prospect discovered the Beauty of the Garden.

The Lyons no sooner espied him, but they presently kept such roaring Noise that all the Palace rung thereof; and *Constantia* hearing the same, cried out as exceedingly affrighted. The Knight of the Oracle attempted to pass by them, expecting no other but cruel Resistance, but contrary to his thought, they laid themselves down at his Feet, as it were reverencing him: which he beholding, of his own Inclination loosed both their Chains, which when he had done, they ran out of the Palace with great swiftness.

Passing through the Hall, he entred the Garden, looking round about him to behold the Beauty thereof, and suddenly he began to wonder that he had not beheld either Man, Woman or Child, since he entred, which caused exceeding Admiration in him, marvel-ling greatly, that he could not behold the Lady whose Picture he beheld at the Entrance; so finding himself over-wearied with Labour, purposing to rest his Body, entred into the Hall, and seated himself in a rich and costly Chair.

*Constantia* being in an Arbour, beheld him enter the Garden, and when he went back, marvelling what he should be, and lustily thinking the Enchantment was ended, not daring to go out of the Arbour, her Heart was so oppress'd with Amazement, that she desired one of the Damsels to see who he was, and learn the Cause of that Upstart they heard in the Palace.

One of the Damsels being more hardy than the other, said, that for the Love she bore her she would adventure, though she lost her life. Passing on towards the Palace with hasty steps, as if some Body had pursued her, and going forwards as if an Evil had been before her, that she could not tell whither, wherefore, not why, until on a sudden she mounted the passage into the Hall,

and was right before the *Knight of the Oracle*, whom when she saw, she stood looking upon him with great Amazement, whilst he said unto her,

Damsel, Fear not, I will defend you from Danger, here is none intends you harm.

The Damsel hearing his Voice, was revived, saying, Sir Knight, I wonder what Accident hath brought you hither, where no Knight hath been these twenty Years?

Lady, said he, Fortune, and my good Destiny, that have been employed to set you at Liberty.

Sir, quoth she, It is not I, but my Mistress you mean; by whose Command I have adventured to see what hath happened; to whom if you will vouchsafe to go, I will conduct you.

He then remembered it was not her Picture that he had seen, and blushed to be so deceived; but he told her, his coming was to do her Lady Service.

With that they entred the Garden, and *Constance* soon espied him, and seeing the Knight come in such peaceable sort with the Damsel, she went forth to meet him. He likewise seeing her, sheathed his Sword, his Heart trembling at the first sight of her, by a natural Instinct bearing such a reverend Regard to her Majestical Person, that when he came near her, he bowed his Knee, and said, Most noble Lady, Be not disquieted with Fear of restrained Liberty, for the Date of the Enchantment of this Castle is finished.

*Constance* step'd to him, and took him by the Hand, desiring him not to kneel to her who had more Cause to kneel to him.

Honoured Lady, said he, I have all the Reward I expect; yet grant me one Favour, which is to tell me your Name.

*Constance's* Heart leaped within her, which caused an exceeding Blush to possess her Cheeks, saying, Noble Knight, I were to blame to deny you so small a Request; my Name is *Constance*.

Then hath Heaven, quoth he, made me happy in finding you whom my Heart ever honoured.

*Constance* marvelling who he should be, assuring herself it was not *Pericles*, because he asked her Name, yet conceiving that Sorrow might alter her in so long a time, that he could not suddenly know her; she was much troubled, till he interrupted her with these Speeches: Lady, It may be you take me for another, to rid you out of Ambiguity, my Name is, *The Knight of the Oracle*, which I have but lately been known by, for before I was



called *Montelion*, being bred up in *Affyria*; but whether I was born there, or who my Parents were, I cannot tell; the Cause of my Travel into this Country was in your Search, in the company of *Perficke*, who for your Absence liveth in perpetual Grief; therefore chear up your Heart, and put your Confidence in my Fidelity, who will not leave you till I have brought you to his Presence.

*Constantia's* Heart was so filled with Joy to hear his Words, and withal remembring what *Philotheta* had told of *Montelion*, she said, Most honoured Knight, I have heard before of your Loyal Friendship, shewn to my dear Lord, *Perficke*, which makes me put my whole Confidence in you; which came to my hearing by the Report of a Lady that you lately succoured in that Country, named *Philotheta*.

He hearing that, fetched a deep Sigh, saying, Indeed I once enjoyed her Presence, but whether I shall ever see her again, or where she is, I know not; yet if I were not deluded, I beheld her passing out of this Castle.

It may be so, said *Constantia*, for she was with me this Day, and hath been here many Days; but the Enchantress in great hast, and by violence took her from me, carrying her I know not whither; by whose report of your Vertues, I conceive such Comfort in their Assurance, that I intreat your Promise of Assistance, and then shall my Heart rest void of Fear, as if I were in my Father's Court.

My Heart (said he) rejoiceth to hear your kind Speeches, vowing my self to be at your Command. Then they departed into the Palace, with purpose not to tarry there, but instantly to leave the same: but coming into the Outward-court, he remembered he heard the Voices of Men that lay in Bondage; being willing to release them out of Bondage, which he could soon do, when there was none to resist him, and in small search he found the Keys that opened the Entrance into the Prison; leaving *Constantia* in Security, for he would not offend her Senses with the Smell thereof; and being entred, he found a great number there enclosed, many of them in such poor and distressed Estate, that his Heart lamented to behold them: At last he espied *Melion* (though to him unknown) whose Flesh seemed to be incorporate with the Earth whereon he lay, from whence he could not rise without help; and knowing the Enchantment to be finished, repented himself of what he had done.

When he had set them at liberty, and they were come into the



clear light, with one Assent all yielded him Thanks: *Constantia* likewise seeing them, wept for Grief, that so many should be endangered to set her at liberty. They all proffered their Service unto her; but she desiring not to be known of any, in courteous sort refused the same, repoling her whole Confidence in the *Knight of the Oracle*, who presently, according to her Desire, left the Palace, and without the Bridge he found his Horse grazing amongst others that had lost their Riders; amongst them he chose out three, on which he mounted *Constantia* and her two Damfels, halting to Travel so far as the Day's length would permit from the Palace, lodging that Night in a small Village. The *Knights* that had liberty, seeing them departed, betook themselves to Travel, except *Hichou*, who was so weak he could not Travel.

## C H A P. XXIX.

*How the Knight of the Oracle departed with Constantia; how they arrived at Delatus's Castle: How she knew him to be her Son.*

*Constantia* found such courteous Behaviour, and kind Assistance in the Knight, that she remained in great quiet; but noting his Countenance, she perceived it to be darkned with some misty Clouds of Discontent, which she supposed to be for the Loss of *Philothera*, but yet she concealed her Opinion from him, wherein she jump'd right on his Infirmity; for his Heart was plinched with Care for her Loss and Safety, that he could endure no quiet. In the Morning when they should depart, they disputed whether they should prepare to travel, or stay to hear of *Perseles* there, or go directly into *Assyria*: amongst many Doubts, they agreed to travel into *Assyria*, where he told *Constantia* they should assuredly find him; for the time of the appointed Meeting of him and the King of *Armenia* drew nigh. After many Days Travel, they came to the place where he remembered he first saw *Philothera*, and parted from *Perseles*; which he revealed not to *Constantia*, as unwilling to make her privy to his Love: yet he purposed in his Journey to visit *Amphiador*, hoping to find her there; and coming to the Castle, he was welcomed thither by *Delatus*, who was again restored to his Dukedom. Sir, (quoth the *Knight of the Oracle*) I thought this had been *Amphiador's* Castle?

*Amphiador* did possess it (said he) but indeed the Right was mine; and though I have no acquaintance with you, yet I beseech you accept of such Entertainment as it yieldeth.

er, yet for this Night, that I may know whom I have lodged, and you have some knowledge of my Affection unto you. They both noting with what hearty Words he spake, being weary with Travel, alighted to rest themselves, being kindly welcomed by him and *Alfala*. After Supper, *Delatus* began these Speeches:

Worthy Knight, should I rehearse the whole Circumstance of my Misfortune and *Amphiador's* Wickedness, I should both trouble you with the Tediouſness, and renew my own Sorrows: only this, he wrought means to deprive me of this my Dukedom, and caused *Pentbrasus* to Enchant me in the Desert, with purpose I should never return; yet he favouring me, bound me there no longer than *Constantia* should remain Enchanted in the Tower built by King *Helion*, revealing many Secrets to me, that I will disclose hereafter. Not many Days since, I found my self at liberty, whereby I knew the Enchantment was ended. The same Day *Ila* favouring *Amphiador*, seeing her Power at an end, came to this Castle, bringing *Philotheta* with her, not his, but my Daughter, declaring my Release, with whom he fled, but whither I know not, which I fear will turn to her great sorrow: for his Mind is so apt to Cruelty, that he feareth not to act any Villany to satisfy his own Mind. I tell this unto you, though I know it concerns you not, yet to let you understand that by finishing the Enchantment, I was released, which *Ila* knowing, gave him knowledge of, which is the Cause of his Flight: I desire you (said he) to grant me one favour, which is to let me know if your Name be not *Constantia*?

I am (quoth she) that most unfortunate Creature, and by this Knight's Valour was I set at Liberty, to whom I am much bound.

My Heart rejoyceth (said *Delatus*) that ever I had cause to do you any Courtesie, and that it was my good Fortune to see you in this Place, having long wished for your Release; not only for my own Good, but for that noble King *Persicles's* sake, who was with me in the Desert when I lived Enthralled, and with earnest Resolution determined to spend the Date of his Life in your Search: from which I dissuaded him, and by my Direction he returned into *Assyria*; for the Sequel of your Releasement was revealed to me by *Pentbrasus* himself, which none could Attchieve but your own Son, which is this noble Knight. Nay (said he) doubt not of this, for what he revealed and I have published is true, though it resteth not in my knowledge to dilate the Circumstances of it.

They both wondered at his speeches, and the Knight of the Oracle said Can I be more Fortunate to hear better News, or receive

any Comfort more than this? O Heavens, grant that my joyful Hope may not be frustrated, but that I may be assured I am descended of such noble Parents: Which may be true; for *Cosbines* often told me, that he found me on the Top of a Mountain lying in Swaddling-cloaths, and not far off the Body of a Woman torn and dismembred by wild Beasts, and many Jewels about me, one of which I have ever since worn about my Neck.

*Constantia* seeing it, knew the same, embracing him in her Arms, and kissing him, whilst he with humble Duty did her Reverence. I should be too tedious to recite their Joys, and how much *Delatus* and *Alfala* made of them, who would not so leave them, but promised to travel with them into *Affyria*, where they were assured to meet *Persicles*, but in such sort that none might know them, for as yet *Constantia* feared her Father's Displeasure. They stayed there but that Night, and early the next Morning they betook themselves to travel.

Notwithstanding this Joy, the *Knight of the Oracle* felt some Sparks of Discontent which troubled his Senses, and turned his Quiet into Disquiet, which was with the Remembrance of *Philothera*, whose Mishap pinched him to the Heart: she was also troubled with the same Disquiet, fearing never to see him again, little thinking it had been he that finished the Enchantment; besides, she was much troubled with *Ile's* Dealing, who having brought her to *Amphiador*, fled and was never seen of her again.

*Amphiador* being alone with *Philothera*, thought it not good for him to discover himself, lest he thereby should hazard his Life: but disguising himself and her, left *Arabia*, and travelled unto *Persia*, thinking to live there till Death, undiscried; and finding out a Habitation fit for that purpose, he told her what he intended, perswading her to stay with him. This troubled her very Heart, fearing some greater Mischief would follow, which according to her Misdoubt fell out: for when he saw no means to recover his Dignity, nor to attain any other Felicity but to live in Obscurity, his Mind being addicted to a licentious Desire, began to dote on *Philothera's* Beauty, which burst out into a Flame, revealing the same in this sort:

*Philothera*, (quoth he) if you knew what I would say, or if you could conceive my Meaning without Words, I would refrain to speak; but since there is no hope for me to live without attaining my Desire, I will utter to you the depth of my Good-will; and the thing I desire so much you should know, which is, That I love you; this I hope cannot be grievous unto you?

Should Inot (said she) love you, I were to be accounted very ungrateful and unworthy, having found you so kind, which bindeth me to yield you Thanks.

Then (said he) let me enjoy that Love, for your Beauty hath ensnared my Heart, and nothing but the Sweet thereof can ease my Torment: Here we may live together void of Disquiet, enjoying each others Love with Content, which exceedeth the Pleasure that more dignified Honour yieldeth.

*Philotheta* at the first understood his Meaning, replying with Mildness, but her Heart so much disdained to yield to that he desired, that she could not contain herself, but made him this Answer: *Amphiador*, dost thou think thy Wickedness can overcome my Vertue? Or dost thou think I can like to hear thy odious Speeches that bewrayeth the inward Rancor of thy Heart? Or dost thou behold such Looseness in me, that should animate thee to this dishonourable Attempt? Or dost thou think that I will yield to thy Lust? No, now I so much abhor thee, that I shall count my self the worse because I know thee, and curse my cruel Destinies that have made me to see thee, and will rather end my Life desperately, than suffer my self to conceive one good Thought of thee: therefore leave off where thou hast begun, for I will sooner Massacre my self, than yield to the least part of thy Desire.

CHAP. XXX.

*How Amphiador, Philotheta, and Praxentia met: how they prevented his Lust, and departed towards Assyria.*

IT chanced, that not long after, as *Amphiador* was walking alone in a solitary Place, he heard the Lamantation of a distressed Lady, who uttered these Words: What Misery am I brought into by my own doting Folly on that unknown Knight, which never regarded me? Fond Woman that I am, thus to abandon my Father's Court, where I was renowned for Vertue: for who heard the Name of *Praxentia*, that did not adore the same? And who was more revered than my self, who now have brought my Honour into Disgrace, and for the Love of a Stranger have refused to match with so mighty a Prince as *Assyrian*? O *Pericles*! thee may I curse, for by thy means he is lost, or left where he will never return.

*Amphiador* wondring much to hear her name *Pericles*, *Assyrian* and



*Praxentia*, which Names he knew, admired who it should be, but seeing her silent, he drew near her, saying, Lady, hearing your Laments, I could not chuse but pity you, which makes me thus bold to approach into your Company, proffering my Assistance to Aid you in what I can.

My Friend, (said *Praxentia*) against my will you are privy to my Estate; which if you pity, succour me, for I am brought low by too much Grief, and weak for want of Sustainance.

Lady, (quoth he) my Habitation is not far off, whither if you will go, you shall have what you desire. Being come thither, they found *Philotheta* drowned in Tears, the Cause whereof he well knew: but *Praxentia* wondred at it, containing another inward Sorrow to see so sweet a Creature in such Sadness. *Philotheta* marvelled what she was, hoping by her company to receive some Comfort.

*Amphiador* leaving them both together, went out to meditate on what he had done, devising by what means to enjoy both their Loves; which he was fully resolved to do, though the Deed was never so wicked.

*Praxentia* having well refreshed herself with such good Food as she had received, demanded *Philotheta's* Cause of Sorrow.

Alas! (said she) none so miserable as I; this Tyrant that brought you hither is my Father-in-law, whose Mind is so wicked, that he strives to win me to his Lust; which addeth much Sorrow to my Heart; so that I am weary of my Life. My Name is *Philotheta*, Daughter to the Duke of *Ilia*, whom all Men thought had been dead: but he being informed of the contrary by the Enchantress, fled, bringing me hither by force, where he intends to keep me as his Bond-slave; but the Heavens, I hope, will ordain some Succour to my Distress. Your help I cannot desire, because you are in distress too; to remedy which Evil, you are fallen into a place that yieldeth no Comfort.

Before *Praxentia* could reply, *Amphiador* came in and entertained her with many counterfeited Courtesies, and comforted her with many fair Speeches, protesting so many Services, that none but one of so impudent a Disposition could have found on such a sad-den to profess the same Purpose whereof *Praxentia* (being before warned) well understood, fearing some further Mischief would follow thereof. That Day they could have no further Conference together, for he kept himself always in their company. When it was Night, they thought to have lodged together; but



he ordered the contrary: by which means, for three Days after they could not utter their Minds to one another. In the mean time *Amphiador* was never out of their companies, perswading *Philotheta* to yield her Liking to what he had proffered; and using such Speeches to *Praxentia* as might draw her to a good Opinion of him.

One Night *Amphiador* being very desirous to possess *Praxentia*'s Love, with softly steps he stole into her Chamber, creeping along the Floor, until he attained to the Bed-side; and perceiving her sleep soundly, without speaking, he crept into the Bed to her. She feeling one in the Bed, was so amazed and affrighted, that before he could embrace her as he intended, she leaped out on the other side, and ran to the Door; to whom he called, saying, I beseech you stay, I mean you no harm, by Heaven, I will not offer you Injury. What Villian art thou, (said she) that seekest my Dishonour? Or what wicked Pretence drives the hither at this unreasonable time, and in such audacious sort to affright me?

Neither intending your Dishonour, nor under other Pretence than Vertuous, came your poor Servant *Amphiador* into your Presence, only with Thankfulness to manifest my Heart's true Devotion: I beseech you shun me not, nor suspect me, for my Heart will sooner see it self torn in pieces, than think a Thought to wrong your Worthiness.

Should I be so mad as to trust thee, thou mightest well repute me for Immodest; and well might I blame my self if I sustained Wrong; therefore for this time I will leave you. With that, she made fast the Door, and hastned unto *Philotheta*'s Chamber, calling out aloud, *Philotheta*, *Philotheta*, let me in. She being asleep, was half amazed with the Noise, not daring at the first or second Call to open the Door: but when she heard it was a Woman's Voice, she opened the same; which she had no sooner done, but *Praxentia* slept in, desiring her to make it fast again; standing with Fear so mute, that until she had reassumed her memorial Senses to their proper use, she could not speak a Word; whilst *Philotheta* bewailed her Sorrow, often demanding the Cause thereof. At last she declared the how *Amphiador* had used her.

O base Villian (said *Philotheta*) will the Fates suffer him to proceed thus and not cut him off? Or can we devise no means to avoid his intent? Lady, (quoth *Praxentia*) do but joyu with me, and you shall soon see that between us we will quickly be rid of him. O Lord, said *Philotheta*, I should think my self the most hap-

py Woman living, and for ever honour you, if by your Counsel and Help I attain this Felicity. Then, quoth she, by some means or other convey his Sword into my Chamber, and there hide your self till I come: in the mean time I will so deal with him, that he shall come again to my Chamber, without suspect of our Intent, with meer Hopes to attain my Love; and when he is come, I will so work with him, that either we will by Cunning out-reach him, or sheath the same in his Bowels. All this, said *Philotheta*, will I constantly perform.

Early the next Morning *Philotheta* fetcht *Praxentia's* Apparel, and putting it on, she went down where *Amphiador* was: who espying her, came to her, desiring that she would pardon his last Night's Boldness: Sir, said she, I was disquieted therewith, more than I needed, considering you meant me no Violence as you protest; but it was great Folly in you to come at so unseasonable a time, and not make the Party acquainted. Pardon me, I humbly desire you, and withal pity me, that am ensnared with your Beauty.

Many such Speeches he used, and she counterfeited many feigned Denials, which was intermingled with such Hope, that he perceived she would yield, and therefore the more he entreated, vowed, and protested to win her Consent: which at last, according to her Appointment, she granted; but with such Conditions as furthered the Purpose of their intended Revenge. He being joyful thereof, left her; and she went to *Philotheta*, declaring how she had dealt with him.

When Night approached, he walked abroad to meditate on his ensuing Pleasure; thinking by that time he returned they would be parted to their Lodgings. In the mean time *Philotheta* conveyed into the Chamber two Swords, being the Weapons that were in the House, and hid herself from being seen. When he thought it time, he returned, and coming to the Chamber-door, he found *Praxentia* ready to let him in, whose Heart trembled at the first sight of him, but yet she shook it off, with as much Courage as might be in a Woman. When he was entred, and the Door made fast, having embraced her with lascivious Kifs, the which she patiently endured by reason of her Promise, he went to bed, whilst she stood trifling to undress herself. When she saw him laid, she came to the Bed-side, giving him a betraying Kifs, saying, *Amphiador*, how much do I now differ from Chastity, that must yield to violate the same, without the Holy Rites of Marriage, wherein I shall cast away my self, and make my Name oblique throughout the whole World.

World, if you forsake me, of whose Faith I have no Assurance? Tush, quoth he, fear not, but come to Bed: I will then make thee a faithful Promise, that thou shalt rest contented. That were (said she) to yield Possession before, and afterwards repent. By my Soul (saith he) I will not touch you before I am licensed by your free Consent. Then (said she) let me bind your Hands, and I will without delay come to you. He accounted that Request to proceed from bashful Fear, not from Policy; thinking though his Hands were bound, he should be good enough for her with his Legs, granted it. Then she took a Scarf which she had brought on purpose, and therewith bound his Hands so fast, that it was impossible for him to undo them; which done, *Philobera* step'd forth, delivering one of the Swords to *Praxentia*, and holding the other Hand against his Breast said, Now, *Amphiador*, what hath thy Lewdness brought the unto, but Misery? Thinkest thou, that hadst no Mercy in seeking our Dishonour, to find Remorse in us to work Revenge? Nay, Villanous Traytor (said *Praxentia*) should we suffer to vile a Miscreant to live, we should do a wicked Deed: for a Man of thy impious Life, will infect the whole World. Art thou so treacherous that thou carest not what Laws thou violatest, and yet so simple as to be overcome by a Woman? yet know whom thou hast offended, and to whom thou wouldest have done Violence: know, I say, Traytor, that my Name is *Praxentia*, Daughter to the King of *Macedonia*, that will work Revenge upon thee, worthy thy hantous Act. *Amphiador* marvelling when heard her Name, and he lay confounded with Shame, his Heart fainting with such Fear, that with little Violence it would have been overcome. To make him more sure, one of them bound his Feet, whilst the other stood ready to stab him if he stirred. This done, they withdrew themselves, consulting which way to be rid of him. Most noble Lady (quoth *Philobera*) your Prudence hath set us at liberty from this Tyrant, whom if you please, we will leave in this place, and not stain our innocent Hands with his impure Blood. But (said *Praxentia*) how shall we escape from hence? Easily, replied she, for leaving him fast bound, there is none to pursue us. Then *Praxentia* went unto him, and said, *Amphiador*, we cannot as yet resolve how to work sufficient Revenge upon thee; therefore make no Acclamation, but with patience abide our Will, which will be too favourable: for if we hear thee but once open thy Mouth, such shall be thy Usage, that thou shalt wish thou hadst taken our Directions: Upon which they locked the Door, and left

left him. Then they began to consult what to do; *Praxentia* saying, Lady, it may be you will travel into *Arabia*, which will occasion our Separation; for I resolve to go to *Affyria*, upon an Occasion that concerns no less than my Life, which I will impart unto you upon promise of Secrecie. I were not worthy to live, (replyed she) if I revealed your Counsel. Then did she unfold her Love to *Montelion*, and how *Palian* crost the same. *Philobeta's* Heart melted within her to hear her Speech, fearing to be disappointed of her Intent, being troubled with so great Anguish, that so great a Princess should be her Rival; sometimes thinking that he did not esteem her according to his Speech, but that he proffered his Love to her of common Courtesie to try her Affection. Many other Cogitations occurred in her Brain: but seeing that she expected a Reply, she made this Answer: Most Noble Princess, if you will accept of my Company, I will in regard of your Courtesie, undeservedly shewed to me, venture my self with you, and do my best to farther you in attaining your Desire. *Praxentia* was glad thereof; and with this Resolution, in the Morning they left the Place, travelling towards *Affyria*, changing their Upper-garments into Palmer's Gray.

## C H A P. XXXI.

*How the Knight of the Oracle, Constantia, and the rest hearing a lamentable Cry, found Amphiador starved to Death.*

*Amphiador* lay all that Day upon the Bed fast bound, perswading himself they meant him no Evil; but when it drew to Night, he marvelled that they came not again. Then he began to suspect the Truth, that they were departed; which vexed him so much, that he would have destroyed himself if he could have found means, continuing the length of that discomfortable Night in cursing his own Fortune and Folly, that had brought him to that Misery; thinking either to starve there for want of Food, or to preserve his Life, by eating his own of Flesh, and so to dye a lingering Death. Four Days after, Fortune brought things to pass, that the Knight of the Oracle, *Delorus*, *Constantia* and *Alfala*, with many others in their Company, having lost their way, alighted on the place where *Amphiador* lay, making such Lamentation for want of Food, that it pierced the Ears of the Knight, who first hearing the same, set Spurs to his Horse, and entering the House, the Door whereof he found open, and drawing his Sword, he found the Chamber from



whence the piteous Cry proceeded, fast lockt, which he brake open, and found *Amphiador* in such a lamentable plight, that the Water stood in his Eyes. *Amphiador* seeing him, cryed out for Meat. What art thou? (quoth he.) My Name (said he) is *Amphiador*, wicked *Amphiador*, that for my Sins endure this Punishment. The Knight of the Oracle presently unbound him, and went with him to seek for Victuals; which he soon found. By this time *Delatus* and the rest were entred, and *Amphiador* espying *Alsala*, fell down dead. Farewel (said the Knight of the Oracle) hadst thou dyed sooner, then should not some have cause to complain of thy Tyranny. They made short tarrance in that place, for that it yielded little Comfort; but again travelled towards *Assyria*.

## C H A P. XXXII.

*How the Emperour of Persia, and the King of Macedonia met to conclude the Peace between Persicles and the King of Armenia. How Persicles erected a Pavillion to entertain all Strangers: how the Knight of the Oracle and Constantia arrived there: how Persicles discovered them, and of the Joy that was made for their Safety: how Persicles knew the Knight of the Oracle to be his Son, And was afterwards married to Constantia.*

THE Emperour of *Persia* and the King of *Macedonia* according to the Peace ratified between *Persicles* and the King of *Armenia*, met at the City of *Pisos*, and were there received by *Persicles* in such honourable sort, as is not to be described. This City of *Pisos* bordereth on the utmost Confines of *Assyria*, not above a Furlong distant from *Armenia*, on the Edge whereof stood the City of *Lisat*, rich and populous, where the King of *Armenia* then lay. Between these two Cities was so large a Valley of Plains, that the fair Prospect of both the Cities lay open to each others View. In the midst of this Valley were the Royal Tents of *Persia* and *Macedonia* pitcht, and about them a number of Tents of gallant Knights, that came to bear them company; and both the Cities were fortified with Garrisons of Soldiers, to prevent Injury that might be offered to either Party. The King of *Macedonia*, likewise brought with him his three Sons, *Mentrus*, *Daurus*, *Therus*, his Queen and his fair Daughter *Sabina*, in whose company were the chiefeft Ladies of *Macedonia*, and such Troops of valiant Knights, that all the Valley was filled with their Tents and Pavillions. *Persicles* trusting to the Assurance *Delatus* had given him of *Constantia*'s Release, caused all

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the beautiful Damsels in *Assyria* to be brought before him; electing out of them one hundred, whom he caused to be cloathed all in White. He also caused a stately Pavillion to be erected in the View of all the rest, of such costly and curious Work, that all that beheld it, admired the same; over the Door of the Pavillion were these Verses:

*Honour, Valour, and Vertue guard this Place,  
Where Honour is for all that these embrace:  
An absent Knight, of honour'd Gifts and Fame,  
Shall be their Host, MONTELION is his Name,  
Here boldly enter; repose and feed;  
For Love to him, made Pericles do this Deed.  
Whoe're can tell where he remains,  
Shall have a Royal Gift to quit his Pains.*

*Pericles's* Intent in doing this, was, that all Strangers that had no Possession of their own, should there find Entertainment in Honour of *Montelion*, in whose Memorial he had built the same as a Remembrance of his Love and Favour; his Intent being to draw all Strangers thither, by whose Report he hoped to hear some News of his beloved Friend.

Within few Days the *Knight of the Oracle* and his Company, arrived in *Assyria*; and meeting with an Assyrian, he demanded of him whose Tents those were: he declared unto him all that he knew: Where may we have Lodging? (said he.) Not in the City (answered the Assyrian,) for thither are none permitted to come without Examination; but in the midst of these Tents is a Pavillion in Remembrance of the noble Knight *Montelion*, who freed our Country from the Armenians; in which, all Strangers have Entertainment in his Remembrance. Wilt thou direct us thither? (said he) and I will reward thee. I will, replied the Assyrian. When they came thither, according to his Report, they were entertained, and lodged in such sort as they desired; and being late, every one departed to their place of Rest, omitting further Conference until next Day.

Early the next Morning the *Knight of the Oracle* arming himself, mounted his Steed, and rode up and down till Noon, to behold the Tents and beautiful Situation of those two Cities, and to see the Tilts and Turneys that were performed by many Knights returning again to confer with his Mother about discovering themselves.

Pericles, hearing that many Strangers were in *Montelson's* Pavillion, disguised himself in the Habit of one of his own Men, only to view them, and see if his Servants used them so honourably as he intended; and coming into the Room where *Constantia*, the Knight of the Oracle, *Delius* and *Alcala* were, at the first sight knew *Delius* and *Montelson*, who was called the Knight of the Oracle; and viewing well *Constantia*, he also knew her. Then did he presently believe that the Knight of the Oracle had released her. All these Joys concurring, filled up his Senses with such Delight, that he was forced to withdraw himself from being discovered, which at that time he would not be. Altering his Disguise again, he went to the Emperour of *Persia's* Tent; and finding him in a convenient place, he uttered these Speeches:

Most Renowned Emperour, The Friendship and Help I have received by your Favour, without any Merit of my own, hath made me most infinitely bound unto your Excellency; yet nevertheless I desire one Favour more at your Hands, which you may with more Safety grant than deny, and thereby make me and yourself both Happy. My loving Friend, (said he) whatever it be, I will not deny you. I make the more Doubt, (replied he) because I have heard you Vow to the contrary; and yet should you perform that Vow, it would procure much Discontent. A rash Vow (said the Emperour) may be broken; therefore let me know your Request, and it may be I will dispence therewith. My Desire is, (said he), that you would pardon your Daughter *Constantia*, and remit the Offence committed by her and him, that caused her to leave the Persian Court. Why, my Lord, (said the Emperour) do you know where she is? First I beseech you, (quoth he) grant my Request, and I will tell you all I know. For your sake (said he) I will freely accept her into my Favour. I humbly thank you (replied he) both for her and my self: It was my unhappy self that was the Cause of her Departure; but since that time, I have not seen her till this Day, for going to the Pavillion, which is named by *Montelson*, I saw her there in company with him, who is called the Knight of the Oracle. The Emperour rejoiced greatly to hear these Tidings, which so well pleased him, that he could not chuse but reveal it to the Empreſs, who was ready to run forth of her Tent to see her. The Emperour and Empreſs, with a goodly Train, accompanied by *Pericles*, who had sent for three hundred Danſers, and most of the Priests of *Assyria*, to welcome *Constantia*, with great Joy went to the Pavillion, the Emperour

and Empress going before, and he coming after, that when their Greetings were past, he might have the more Liberty to embrace her. Then entering the Room where *Constantia* and *Montellion* were, they knew her, and she them, falling prostrate before them, whilst they welcomed her with great Kindness. Then welcoming the *Knight of the Oracle*, *Persicles* embraced *Constantia*, each weeping for Joy: O Heavens (said he) never was I blest till this happy Hour: after so much Sorrow, to enjoy such Pleasure. *Montellion's* Approach brake off their Speech, who kneeled before him. Nay, dear Friend (said he) kneel not, for I am not worthy to be so honoured. My Lord (quoth *Delatus*) well may he do it, for he is your own Son. More Honour, Joy, Comfort and Content, (said *Persicles*) could never have happened to any mortal Man, than doth this Day to me; to find a Father, a Wife, and a Son, that this Day knew not either Father, Wife, or Son: one so Honourable and Magnificent, the other so Vertuous, Bountiful and Loving; the last so Valiant, Vertuous, Magnanimous and Prudent, that all the World's Wealth cannot counterball my Riches. Then turning to the Emperour, kneeling down with them, he said: Renowned Emperour, I beseech you accept us three as your Children, remitting all Displeasure conceived against us.

Then did the Emperour and Empress, *Delatus* and *Piera*, all embrace them, shedding Tears of Joy for their happy Meeting. The Nobles welcome the *Knight of the Oracle*, and *Constantia*, and such Joy was made on every side, as is not to be expressed. Parting from thence, towards the City in Royalty, they were welcomed by the Citizens and Merchants with great Joy, whilst the Emperour uttered these Speeches:

See here, my Friends of *Affrica*, your Liege, Lord and Sovereign, the Son of *Persicles* and *Constantia*; How may you applaud the Bounty of Heaven providing for you such a noble Prince? Then taking *Constantia* by the Hand, he said: Here *Persicles*, take my Daughter; I give her thee as freely as the Heavens gave her me, that Marriage may joyn Hands as true Love hath united your Hearts. He took the Gift with more Joy than if he had delivered him the World's Monarchy; saying, Most mighty Emperour, I know not how to render sufficient Thanks, in that your Highness is pleased to enrich me with your Daughter, which hath been the only thing I always desired, for which I hope to show such Deserts hereafter, as neither she shall be discontented, nor your Majesty repent this good Deed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

*How the two Ladies arrived at the Pavillion, how Philotheta discovered to Montelion Praxentia's Love, to make Tryal of him whom she most dearly loved.*

NOW great Joy was made by the Assyrians for these Accidents. That Evening had brought the two Ladies *Philotheta* and *Praxentia* to the City-walls, where they beheld the Turnaments, and saw the *Knight of the Oracle* bear away the Prize, whom they were informed to be *Montelion*, and Son of *Persicles* and *Constance*. This News rejoiced them both; *Praxentia* hoping to enjoy his Love, and *Philotheta* purposing to live no longer than to live in Hope to do the like; taking the Entertainment of the *Knight of the Oracle's* Pavillion, which yielded them such Security as they desired. *Praxentia* bethinking herself of a way to effect her Desire, thus brake her Mind to *Philotheta*: Lady, said she, I am more beholding unto you for undertaking this Travel for my sake, than I shall ever live to requite; notwithstanding for that my Passions crave Pity, and your good Help, I beseech you to Aid me in this Extremity: I have made my Name and Fortune known to you, and now it would be in vain for me to stay; for should I manifest my Love, it would turn to my everlasting Shame; I will therefore make my Being known here to none, but the *Knight of the Oracle*, which shall be done by this means, if you will undertake it: In this Habit you may safely go without being known, as if you had never been seen; and finding him out, give him knowledge of my being here, and the Misery I have endured for his sake; uttering the same in such form of Words as shall best like you; this will be a means to bring me Comfort, if you will perform the same: *Philotheta* promised her that she would do it the next Day.

Early the next Morning, *Philotheta* disguised herself, left the Pavillion, to seek Opportunity to deliver her Message, and coming to the City-gates with a pretended Excuse (if she were examined) found no Resistance: but coming to the Palace she entred into the great Hall, where she stayed to see the Royalty of the Court, till she beheld the *Knight of the Oracle*, only attended by his Page, pass into the Garden, and then she followed him, till he looking back and espying a Palmer behind him, stayed, courteously demanding what he would have; who said, *Knight of the Oracle*, I have a mat-

ter of secreſie to deliver to you. The moſt vertuous, beautiful, and conſtant Lady *Praxentia*, whom you well know, having ever ſince ſhe firſt ſaw you, loved you, though without Comfort, and endured much Sorrow for your Abſence, regarding her Love to you more than her Life, Parents, and Country, hath for your ſake left her Pomp and Dignity, to live in Sorrow and Miſery to find you out, who remaineth now in the Pavillion, where for your ſake all Strangers are entertained, in ſuch Sorrow and Anguiſh, as did you behold the ſame, your vertuous Mind could not chooſe but pity her. This I am bold to utter to you, not ſent hither, but in pity of her, and to do you Good, ſhe being Daughter to the mighty King of *Macedonia*. Palmer ſaid he, I commend thy good Meaning, and wiſh I could follow thy Counſell, which bringeth much Diſquiet to my Heart; I pity her more than ſhe doth herſelf, and wiſh not to have been born, rather than ſhe ſhould do herſelf Wrong for my ſake. She is worthy to be beloved, but I cannot alter my Affections that are already ſetled, where yet I reape no Hope of Comfort, and am kept from it by many Difficulties, which makes me equal to her in Sorrow. I ſpeak not this with intent that you ſhould tell it her, for that would make her more deſperate; but I fear that you are ſent by her: which if it be ſo, you will do me Wrong, and her no Good; therefore I pray you diſſwade her if you can: for a Stranger's Counſel in ſuch matters prevails much: and if you can bring me in *Novelties*, ſhe hath revolted from this Love, I ſhall count myſelf happy.

Sir, ſaid the Palmer, I would return to you again, liſt I knew conveniently how to come to ſpeak with you. I will be, replied he, to Morrow within the City about this time, hoping to hear better News from her by thy Portwaſſons. And then giving the Palmer a rich Jewel for his Pains, they parted. *Eubolus* out of the Palace, and he into the Garden, meditating on what he had heard. *Philothera* returning to the Pavillion, uttered the whole Sum of the Conference ſhe had with the Knight of the Onacle, unto *Praxentia*; which when ſhe heard, it ſo grieved her, that *Philothera* expected when ſhe would have yielded up the Ghoſt; which to prevent ſhe ſaid, Be not ſo impatient, but hearken to my Counſel. I have appointed to come to him to Morrow, at which time I will deal ſo effectually with him, that he ſhall come and ſpeak with you, and when he ſees your Laments, there is no doubt but he will conſent. This ſomewhat ſatisfied her; yet her Mind was ſo full of Grief and Vexation, that her Eyes could take no reſt, by reaſon of the



earnest Desire she had to hear the next News. *Philobeta* was not void of Care, as she had good Cause, undertaking a Matter against herself; yet to make assured Tryal of his Constancy, she did it. Being alone she meditated on the doubtful Issue of this Attempt, which would either procure her much Joy or Sorrow, sometimes perswading herself it was she he loved, that he was constant, that no Perswasions could alter him, yet she thought *Praxentia's* Birth, Beauty and Lament might overcome him, and the rather, for that he had no Assurance of her Love, or ever to see her again. Thus this fair Lady tormented herself with contrariety of Doubts, longing as much or more than *Praxentia*, for the next Morning's approach.

CHAP. XXXIV.

*Of the Treasons Practised against the Knight of the Oracle.*

THE King of *Armenia* seeing such a League concluded, by means of this Marriage, between the Emperour of *Persia* and *Perficles*, envying his Good, thought that he was likely to prevail nothing against him by that means; and calling unto him a Knight, whom he most favoured, and was always counselled by, named *Cisor*, to him he uttered his Discontent, who presently counselled him to break the Peace, and suddenly surprize the City. The King liked not that Counsel, but rather desired by some secret means either to Poyson *Perficles* and his Son, or set some Discord between them and the King of *Macedonia*, that so the Peace might be broken. *Cisor* promised to perform something to that Effect; and shewing out *Palian*, he said: Noble Prince, I marvel you suffer your Glory thus to be darkned by this Upstart Knight, that nameth himself of the Oracle. Can so honourable a Mind as yours brook such Indignities? Is not *Affria* yours by Right? are not you more Noble by Birth, and Worthy to be as Famous as he is? Why do you suffer him and his Father to carry away all the Prize of Honour? Are all the Knights in *Armenia* too weak to cope with him? Doth not his Behaviour shew that he looks you? hath not he alone crost your good Fortunes? Then live not to be reviled, but to revenge. Joyne with the King of *Macedonia's* Sons, who are of the Mind as I am, and I will lay you down such a Plot, as shall abate his Bravery. If these Knights, and such as are now come out of *Macedonia* cannot foil them, then shall you live in Contempt of the whole World, and be accounted their Inferiour.

*Palien* hearing his Speeches, breathing forth a deep sigh, said, Thou renewest my Grief afresh, for I have drunk so much Sorrow in that kind of Discontent, that my Heart is overcome therewith, and fain would work my Release, if you would be secret and swear to Assist me, I would tell my whole Heart unto you. Upon his Protestations, he revealed his Love to *Praxentia*, and how he was crost by *Montesion*, with all that had passed since, and of her Escape out of *Persia*, which was baly for his Love that regarded her not, and how he desired Revenge, his Mind being apt to entertain any Compleat. *Cisro* then said, Confer with the King's Sons, and discover to em with what Earnestness she has sought his Love, and receiving Scorn for her Affection, and Dildain for her Good-will, hath in a desperate sort (ashamed to be rejected) stolen from the Court of the Emperour of *Persia*, either to destroy herself, or wilfully to live in perpetual Exile: When they hear this, their Hearts will be easily won to Revenge her Wrong; which done, let them alone to meditate thereon. *Cisro* having thus whetted him on, left him; which so prevailed, that he put the same in Practice with the King's Sons, that they began mortally to hate *Montesion*, agreeing to Arm themselves in such Armour, that none but *Cisro* should know them, and for some Days to lodge in the Pavillion, and there to devise which way to work him some Disgrace. Upon this Conclusion they parted, and provided Armour for that purpose.

## C H A P. XXXV.

*How the Knight of the Oracle arrived at the Pavillion disguised to satisfy Praxentia; how he was discovered by Palien; how he and the King of Macedonia's Sons would have murdered him; how he broke Jew out of them, and was accused by the Princess of a Rape, which she concluded False.*

W HEN the time was come, *Philobeta* not failing, met the Knight of the Oracle to do her Message. How now *Palmer*, said he, dost thou bring me News that *Praxentia* hath given over her Love? If thou hast, tell me: If not, I pray the trouble me not. My Love, quoth he, she regrets most extremely, and I fear will do herself some Violence, unless you pity her. I cannot do that (said he) though it pincheth me to hear of her Sorrow: what can I say more? or what wouldst thou wish me to do to ease her, and yet reserve my Loyalty? Sir, replied she, you may consider that

He is Honourable, Vertuous, and Daughter to a King, worthy to be beloved; and it may be the Lady whom you love is not comparable to her in any of these Gifts: No, nor in Love, which may peradventure love another; and then you will wrong your self, and injure her. Peace, Palmer, quoth he, if my Fortune prove so bad, the greater will be my Misery; Tell me therefore what thou wouldest have me do. My Lord, said she, had I not promised her to bring you to speak with her, she would have destroyed herself ere this; therefore vouchsafe me such Favour that I may perform my Word, which may be a means to end her Malady. Didst thou know, quoth he, how unwilling I am to do it, I think thou wouldest not request it: but to satisfy her of that which peradventure she will not credit by thy Report, and at thy Request, I will come to her this Evening. *Philoberta* being parted from him, by the way uttered these Speeches: O that Fortune would favour me so much, and bless me with that Felicity to be the Party this worthy Knight loveth so constantly? By this time she was come to the Pavillion, where even there entered four Knights in black Armour, gallantly mounted, by their outward Habit pretending some cruel Tragedy; these Knights were *Palian* and the King of *Maldonia's* three Sons, who had vowed either secretly or openly to complot the Death of *Momelion*, taking up their Lodgings to hatch their Treason.

The Day being past, the *Knight of the Oracle* apparelled himself in the Habit of one of the King's Servants, and only girding his Sword to his side, he went to the Pavillion, concealing himself so closely as he could. But the Heavens had ordained him to endure some Misery, for *Palian* espied his coming thither. Being entred the Pavillion, *Philoberta* met him, who with Carefulness expected his coming, conducting him unto the place where *Praxenida* was, which went so sore against her Heart to do, that with very Grief she was ready to die; whither *Palian's* wicked Eyes watched him. The Princess espying him, blushed exceedingly, her own Heart accusing her of Immodesty, to reveal that which she would have concealed. He saluting her, uttered these Speeches:

Most noble Princess, To fulfil your Desire, and shew my Gratitude to you for your Friendship bestowed on him that is not worthy thereof, I am come to you, desiring you not to misconceive me, nor condemn me of Immunity, that am not my own, and therefore cannot give my self to you. I have uttered to the Palace that which I will now conceal, because I will not offend you.

you, desiring you to command my Life, if you please, for that shall be at your Disposition, otherwise I cannot employ my self to your Liking. I have long since known of your Good-will to me, which *Palian* by his Subtillty increased, of whose Love and Proceedings, I know so much, that to fulfil your Request, I should wrong him. I was the Man that should have joyed your Hands, when he took my Name and Habit upon him; which I presume here to utter, that you may remember my Innocency in that Compleat, and now constantly I have vowed my self to another.

*Praxentia* with Anger, Shame, and Grief, stood like one mute, vexed that he knew of *Palian's* Act; ashamed to make Love contrary to the Property of her Kind, and grieved to be disappointed, all which together, suffered her not to speak, 'till at last her Passions and burning Lust, so overcame her, that kneeling down, she said: Good Knight, blame me not, nor condemn me of Immodesty, but grant Pity to my Torment. He taking her up, desired her not to kneel to him, that was not worthy thereof, nor able to deserve it. She taking him by the Hand, desired him to sit down by her upon the Bed, making signs for *Philotheta* to depart the Room.

To Repeat what matter of Behaviour this Woman used, and the Words she speak, would make any modest Ear blush; but seeing that nothing would prevail, Rage and Lust so overcame her, that in bitter Exclaims she cryed out, Inhumane, Disloyal and base Knight, dost thou requite my Love with this Disdain? or thinkest thou I will live to bear the Blot of thy Refusal? At the conclusion of which Words, *Theris* entered the Room, and with his Sword drawn, ran at him, who by good Fortune seeing him, started aside, otherwise he had been slain, yet he was sore wounded; whereupon drawing his Sword, he struck at *Theris*, at every blow wounding him. *Philotheta* hearing the Noise, came in, and seeing *Montellon* wounded, with Fear, Grief and Amazement, cryed out aloud, Help, help, the King's Son will be murdered. The Echo of her shrill Voice sounded throughout the whole Pavillion, and both the Servants and other Knights came running thither, and before they came, he had gotten *Theris* and overcome him, and thrust his Sword into his Body. By this time *Palian* and her other two Brethren came in, who seeing *Theris* slain, cryed out, Stay the Traytor, he hath murdered *Theris*, Son to the King of *Macedonia*. *Praxentia* hearing that, tore her Hair, rent her Garments, and so disfigured her Face, was a lamentable spectacle.

Some began to lay hands on the *Knight of the Oracle*; but his Father's Servants knowing him, stood in his Defence: then there began a hot Combat on both parts, and many were slain. *Praxentia* being now discovered, was known to *Palian*, and her two Brethren, to whom she cried, Revenge my Shame, and my Brother's Death on this wicked Knight, who seeketh by Violence to Dishonour me, and hath slain my Brother.

What Grief this was to *Philabeta* you may judge; and how it vexed him to be thus betrayed, cannot be uttered: standing in his own Defence against such as would have apprehended him, that did not know him, till he was grievously wounded, and many of them slain. By this time, the News thereof came to *Pericles*, the Emperour of *Persia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, who came thither with all speed; and the Assyrians hearing of the *Knight of the Oracle's* Distress, broke the Conditions of the concluded Peace, and by Multitudes ran forth of the City to preserve him.

*Pericles* first entred the Tent, next him the Emperour, then the King of *Macedonia*, commanding, upon Pain of Death, that no Man should strike a Blow; yet notwithstanding, rashness and heavy Force so overcame them, that it was long before they were appeased; and the Emperour seeing *Praxentia* there in such sort disfigured, asked if any could tell the Cause of that Mischief: First *Praxentia* spake, being most guilty, yet thought to excuse herself: Noble Emperour, my Brother you see is slain in rescuing me from that Knight's Violence. The *Knight of the Oracle* kneeling down before the Emperour, said, My Noble Grand-father, I slew him in my own Defence: neither did I know what he was, being myself trained hither, to my Death; more he would have said, but the Soldiers having entred the Pavillion, rested not till they had gotten to him; and he to satisfy them, and avoid further Mischief, departed with them to the City. Then did the Emperour and *Pericles* comfort the King of *Macedonia*: but he being vexed with his Son's Death, and his Daughter's Disgrace, and urged by his other two Sons, that stood by, he said, Emperour of *Persia*, I am much wronged and abused by thee and thy Progeny, by whose Falshood I see my Children lie dead before my Face; how should I then be contented? I swear by Heaven and Earth, I will severely revenge this Villany.

King of *Macedonia*, (said *Pericles*, I dese thee for accusing me or mine of any Dishonour; and thou shalt see and find, this Accusation is false; why else are thy Sons here disguised with my



Enemy? by whose Plot this Mischief was intended against my Son, though it lighted upon themselves.

## C H A P. XXXVI.

*Of the Grief Philotheta endured for this Misfortune: how she was taken and carried to the Armediian Host; of Ralea's Misfortune, and the Message she delivered to Montelion.*

**P**hilotheta seeing how unfortunately all things fell out, withdrew herself out of sight, and in bitter Exclaims lamented her hard Fortune, but most of all, that she was the Cause of *Montelion's* coming thither, which had so nearly endangered his Life: therefore she shrouded herself till it was Night, which being come, she travelled further into the Country, and changing a Jewel, she altered her old Habit into her right Form. She staid some Days in a Village not far from the City of *Pisor*, in the House of an ancient Lady, named *Ralea*, to whom she related her Misfortunes procured by *Amphiador*, but concealed her Love to *Montelion*, fearing to commit that to her Secresse. *Ralea* being a Woman of great Wisdom, used *Philotheta* very kindly, promising in Words, and her Deeds shewing it, that if she would stay with her, she would as dearly tender her as her own Daughter, whom she caused to keep her company. Rejoycing much at this good Fortune, being alone, she uttered these Speeches:

*Praxentia*, thee only may I accuse for this Misery: for whom I undertook a Task which my Heart even then abhorred, and now repent, not so much intending to procure thee that thou desiredst, as to satisfy my own disquiet Senses, by the same means having drawn the Loyal Knight into Danger of his Life, whose Blood thou didst seek to spill, else wouldst thou not so dishonourably and falsely have accused him. The Consideration of which Stratagems drew such a flood of Tears from her Eyes, that she could not stop their Passage; which *Ralea* espying, demanded the Cause thereof; but seeing *Philotheta* made no Reply, she said, *Philotheta*, I pity your Estate, and would gladly know the Cause, that I might endeavour to comfort you. *Philotheta* trusted to her Vertue, disclosed to her the Love she bare to *Montelion*, and all that passed betwixt her and *Praxentia*, as is before rehearsed. *Ralea* thereby noting her Beauty, commended the same; promising her, that if with patience she would quiet herself some few Days, she would use all means possible for to comfort her.

*Montelion* having recovered his wound, gathered together a mighty Host, and brought them to the City of *Pisus*, where were assembled the choicest Soldiers, Noblemen, Knights and Gentlemen of *Persia* to fight in their Emperour's behalf, who intrenched themselves without the City. The Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia* likewise had gathered together so mighty an Army as might have been thought able to make a Conquest of the World, who pitched their Tents about the City in *Armenia*, where their Kings lay. *Montelion's* Heart was fixed with Desire to drive back those Foes, not staying to give them leave to make the first Challenge: But humbling himself upon his Knees before the Emperour, and his Father, uttered these Speeches: Most mighty Emperour, and my noble Father, I have already, I hope, satisfied you of my Innocency, being train'd thither to my intended Death by *Praxenia* and her Brethren; but for that my Honour is blemished by that infamous Accusation, the common People rest unsatisfied, and my Wrongs unrevenged, I humbly crave your License that I may send Defiance to my false Accusers, and by Challenge acquit my self: which I am constrained thus hastily to desire, for that my Heart will abide extrem Torments until it be hushed. The Emperour rejoycing at his Forwardness, and seeing *Persicles* willing to have it so, gave his Consent. Which done, *Montelion* left them, and arming himself in white Armour, which he had caused to be made of purpose, that no Man should know him, rode into the Field between both Camps, and by an Herald sent this Defiance into the Armenians Camp: King of *Armenia*, There is a Knight whom you behold in the Field, that hath sent Defiance to all the Knights in this Army, especially to thy Son, whom he acculeth to be a dishonourable Knight, and not worthy the Name of a Prince, that he treacherously betrayed *Montelion's* Life; and he offers by Combat to prove against all Knights, that *Montelion* is a Knight both Honourable and Vertuous; and that *Praxenias's* Accusation is untrue. The Message was no sooner delivered, but thousands of Knights made suit to Combat him; but *Pallian* to whom it principally belonged to defend his own Honour desired his Father's Consent he obtained it; and arming himself, being gallantly mounted, rode into the Field to him.

*Montelion* being desirous of Revenge, and his Heart inwardly tormented with Grief, met *Pallian* with a furious Encounter, he answering him with the like, breaking their Lances with great Comeliness: then drawing their Swords, they began their Combat, which was soon ended, for within few blows *Montelion's* Sword broke, so

that he was constrain'd to close with *Pallas*, wringing his Sword from him with such force, that the Pommel thereof struck him so violent a blow on the Head, that he bruised it, and overthrew him, every one thinking he had been dead: which done, *Mensus*, eldest Son to the King of *Macedonia* being ready armed, greeted *Montelion* with these Words: Knight, thou hast undertaken a tedious Task to combat all the Knights in this Camp; yet I hope thou shalt never do that, for my self will abate thy Courage. If there were as many more (quoth *Montelion*) I fear not all: if thou comest to combat with me, hold thy Tongue, and bestir thy Hands, for I will have a Bout with thee. With that they gave each other many cruel Blows, and received some Wounds, till *Montelion* again overcharged his Sword with unmeasurable Strength, broke the same; which so vexed him, that he rushed upon *Mensus* to have closed, but he knowing his Intent, avoided him; and before he could turn about, gave him so violent a Blow, that it pined his Armour, *Montelion* having the Hilt of his broken Sword still in his Hand, flung the same with such Violence, that lighting on *Mensus*'s Horse Head, struck him down, he having much ado to get from him without harm. Whilst *Mensus* was mounting himself on a fresh Steed, *Montelion*'s Esquire brought him the Sword which was given him by the *Hesperian* Nymphs, which when he grasped, he said, Had I armed my self with thee, my Foes had felt some Smart, and my self less Disgrace, meeting again with such Fury, that they mangled their Armour, and the Blood gushed forth in many places. But the Knight of the Oracle charged his Adversary so full, that in a short space he got advantage, wounding *Mensus* so sore, that had he not been rescued, he had either dyed, or been forced to yield; so that *Montelion* returned with Victory, to the great Joy of the Assyrians, but especially to the Emperour and his Father,

And that Day left her House according to her Promise to *Philomena*, to try whither *Montelion* did affect her or no: coming to the Court at such time as *Montelion* was newly arrived, and had his few Wounds dress'd, a Messenger gave him knowledge of her coming. Being come to him, and all avoided the Chamber, he said: Noble Prince, I am come to tell you, that not many Days since, there happened to come a Lady to my House in the Disguise of a Palmer, desiring that I would for certain Days entertain her till the Wars were ended, for that she had a Message to deliver unto you, from a Lady in *Arabia*, named *Philomena*, which she thought good

to conceal a time, till you had better leisure to hear it, and to perform that she requested: Notwithstanding, because I honour you above all Men, and would shew my Duty to you in any respect, I have adventured to give you Notice hereof without her knowledge.

The Knight of the Oracle was so ravished with Joy, to hear *Philotheta* named, much more that she should send to him, and most of all what the Message should be, and how she could tell where he was, or how she should remember him who had never but once seen him, that he sat in a deep and silent Meditation; but before he could make Answer, a Servant of *Ralea's* came into the Room in great haste, uttering these Speeches: Madam, since you departed, much Sorrow hath befallen us; for certain Companies of the Armenian Host have ransacked your House, stolen your Cattel, carried away the Lady, and consumed all your Goods with Fire. *Ralea* with Grief then said: My Noble Lord, (said she) that Lady is the most beautiful *Philotheta*, that hath long honoured you with a constant Love, it was she that in the Disguise of a Palmer came as a Messenger to you from *Praxenia*, who was guilty of that intended Practice, her Modesty withholding her to utter what she was, and undertaking that for *Praxenia*, to make Tryal of your Vertue, and which way your Affections were bent: Redeem her, my Lord, if it be possible, for she is the most vertuous Lady living. These Words ended, she dyed, which were sufficient to set *Montelion's* Heart on fire, being ready to arm himself; but *Ralea's* Servant seeing it, told him it was too late to pursue them, for by that time they were in the Host.

#### C H A P. XXXVII.

*How the King of Armenia sent Philotheta's Picture to Delfino Emperor of Almaign, who promised to aid him against his Foes; of the divers Combats he maintain'd in defence of her Beauty.*

**P***hilotheta* being now in the Armenian Host, by reason of her exceeding Beauty, was presently carried to the Tent of the King of *Macedonia*, who no sooner saw her, but he presently thought her a Gift fit for the greatest Potentate in the World, and withal, fearing his Forces were too weak for the puissant Army of their Foes, consulted with the King of *Armenia* about it, and at last concluded to send Ambassadors into *Almaign* to *Delfino*, who even then newly succeeded his Father in the Empire, being a Prince



Prince of great Valour, which was committed to two Noblemen, the one of *Armenia*, the other of *Macedonia*, the Contents whereof was to entreat his Aid; and withal to proffer him that Lady, whose Picture they had with them, being drawn by an exceeding cunning Workman. The Embassadors departed, and being arrived, were to be admitted to the Emperour's Presence; and humbling themselves, one of them delivered the Message in these Words:

Renowned Emperour, the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia*, send friendly greeting to your Highness, desiring your Aid against the King of *Assyria*, and the Emperour of *Persia*, who are joyned together with oppression and unjust War to offer them injury, the Son of *Pericles* having in a most dishonourable sort deflowered *Praxentia*, and slain *Theus* her Brother in her Rescue: and our Lords having nothing of more value than a most beautiful and virtuous Lady, who exceeds all the Ladies that ever Eye beheld, do present her to you, whose counterfeit imperfectly drawn, we here present to your Highness, desiring your assistance to the aid of Vertue, and suppression of Wrong, which agrees with your Magnanimity.

*Delfurno* hearing these Speeches, and viewing the Picture well, for a while stood mute; at last he made them this Answer: I know not upon what ground I should War against *Assyria*, and *Persia*, that never did me wrong; yet I would willingly assist your Lords, not drawn thereunto by this Present, that I esteem not, but the love I bear them, and to punish such dishonour as their Foe hath done; therefore return your Lords this Answer: That within three Months I will be in *Armenia*, and bring with me such a Power as shall vanquish their Enemies, and put them in peaceable Possession of their Rights. After the Embassadors were honourably entertained, and sumptuously feasted, they departed with this joyful News, which added both comfort and resolution to the Armenian Host.

The Emperour being alone, commanded the Picture to be brought into his Chamber, which he viewed and re-viewed, beholding the same with such a fixturing Eye, that he began to affect the absent Lady by having her present Picture, and calling before him the ablest Captains and Commanders that were employed in his Father's Wars, he commanded them to muster up an Army of Forty thousand strong, of the best Soldiers in his Empire, and with all speed to conduct them into *Armenia*, neither staying his com-



coming, nor expecting other command from him, for he would be there before them. This done, he caused a most costly Armour to be wrought of exceeding strength, wherewith he armed himself, causing his Esquire that attended on him, to cover the Picture with a rich Veil. He departed unknown of any, with this Intent, by Combat to make all he met confess, that this Lady's Beauty surpassed all others, until he came into *Armenia*, where he determined to challenge all Knights whatsoever in her behalf: where being unknown, and carrying the Picture covered, he arrived, sending his Esquire with this Message to the General: Noble General, My Master being a Knight of a strange Country, having travelled many Miles in search of Adventures, hapning to arrive near the Host, being neither Friend nor Foe to this Country, desired that with your Favour he may make Tryal of his Valour against the Knights of this Camp, which he will undertake in defence of this Lady's Beauty, Vertue and Worthiness, whom he will maintain against all comers, to exceed all others. The Messenger received this Answer: Tell thy Master he is welcome, and shall have our free consent to what he requires; but let him take this friendly warning from me, that he beware what he undertake, lest the Valour of these Knights turn him to repentance.

The Esquire having this Answer, returned to his Master, who presently hung the Picture upon the body of a fair spreading Oak, himself standing thereby as Guardian, and ready to Combat him that came next.

The Knights of *Armenia* and *Macedonia* hearing of this strange Knight's brave challenge, prepared to just with him: the first was a young Knight of *Armenia*, named *Tellurus*, who loved *Brissa*, Daughter to the Duke of *Linsus*, but at the second encounter was overthrown: the next that justed was *Armon* of *Macedonia*, who maintained three courses against him with great agility, but at the fourth he was unhorised. Divers others justed against him, but he won the Prize from them all.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

*How the Knight of the Oracle leaving his Parents in disguise, was entertained by the King of Armenia.*

**M**omelion having heard of the Damfels carrying away from *Rat's* House by the Enemy, little thinking it had been *Philomena*, studied

studied how to redeem her : first he thought to attempt it by force of War, but that course seemed too tedious ; then he bethought himself of some speedier means, for that long delay would pinch his Heart. When he had long studied, and could yet resolve on nothing, he mounted his Horse, and in an Armour unknown, girding the good Sword he loved so well to his side, he rode forth at a Postern Gate, so secretly as he could, not as yet resolved what to do, riding towards the Armenian Host, but a contrary way as if he had not come from the Assyrian Camp. Being come to the Watch, they apprehended him, and he yielded, desiring to be carried to the General ; where being come, the General demanded of whence he was, I am (quoth he) of *Arabia*, having travelled many Years in strange Adventures. What is your Name ? (said the General) Sir (quoth he) My Name is *Honorius*. Will you (said the General) serve me against my Foe the Assyrian ? I will (said he) if your Quarrel be just, serve you faithfully, and spend my Life to punish disloyalty. Then the General repeated the History between him and *Pericles*, shewing the claim he had to the Assyrian Crown, and amongst many other falsehoods accusing *Montelion* of *Praxentia's* Rape, and *Thetis's* Death. This vexed *Montelion* exceedingly, hoping to work sufficient revenge for all : using such Behaviour and Speech, as was fit at such a time, so that he was well entertained of the General, and granted such privileges as the rest of the Knights had, being neither known nor once suspected to be the Man he was.

## C H A P. XXXIX.

*How Delfurno arrived at the Armenian Host.*

THE next Day the *Almain* Forces arrived in *Armenia*, and the King assuring himself that *Delfurno* would not be long behind them, caused *Philoberta* to be adorned with most costly and rich Robes, to be well attended by a gallant Train of fair Damsels, which he did to please and delight him with her Beauty, *Philoberta* supposed his doing her so much horror, had been, that either he pretended Love to her himself, or else did it in the behalf of *Palian*, which besides the abundant Cares that possess her Heart, bred a fresh Disquiet in her, resolving not to love any but *Montelion*. The same Day also *Delfurno* seeing no more would combat with him, came to the Court, discovering himself to the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, yet he desired them not to con-

ceal the same, who with great Honour and Courtesie entertained him, and the more to please him, conducted him to the Palace, where the two Queens of *Macedonia* and *Armenia* were, accompanied by the Princess *Praxentia*, but all in Mourning except *Philothera*, who dazled the Beholders Eyes. When *Delfurno* beheld her, at the first view his Heart was attainted with loving Admiration, even then vowing his Heart her Thrall, suddenly becoming so servile a Subject of Love, that his Heart, Hands, Eyes, and every Member were devoted to her Service. After short Salutations to all the rest, forgetting longer to conceal himself, he came to *Philothera*, saluting her with these Speeches: Lady, Blame me not for undertaking to be the Champion of your Beauty: I am the Man that have these many days held Combat against all Knights in your behalf, not having discovered to any your Name, fearing to offend you, the Original of my Attempt being the earnest Zeal and Love I bear you. Sir, reply'd she, your Labour was greater than your Reward, and more than you have needed to have undertaken, and it little pleaseth me; therefore I pray leave off to do so, and then I shall think my self more beholding to you: the Subject not answering the Expectation.

*Delfurno* was nipt with this Reply, but so much ravished to hear her heavenly Voice, that he was to seek a reply, standing so long in a deep study, that she returned from him, and he started as ashamed of that Over-sight: and coming to the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, he said: This Lady's beauty surpasseth all that ever I beheld; I pray tell me of whence she is? Her Name is *Philothera* (quoth they) the Daughter of a Duke in *Arabia*, whom if it please your Highness to accept of, she, I know, will yield to any Request. I like her well indeed, (quoth *Delfurno*) and do me that favour I may enjoy her, and I will bind my self your everlasting Friend. Many other Speeches past betwixt them, both of them promising to effect his desire with speed, especially the King of *Armenia*, who presently left him, and finding her out, he uttered these Speeches: Fair Lady, such Happiness may befall you at this instant, which if you now refuse, and live many thousand years after, you will never light on the like again; for the mightiest Emperour in the World seeketh your Love with honourable Resolution to make you his Wife, and Crown you with the Title of Empress; this Knight that even now offered his Service to you, is the Emperour of *Almain*, named *Delfurno*; who hearing of your Beauty, came purposely into this Country to behold you, and do you Service.

*Philotheta* hearing so old a Man become so earnest a Solicitor, being neither pleased with his Company nor Counsel, gave him this Answer: Your proffers are as great as liberal, yet neither pleasing nor acceptable to me; for I live here by constraint, not by consent, whereby my mind cannot be at quiet till I am released from hence, desiring to live in another place.

## CHAP. XL.

*How the Knight of the Oracle knew Philotheta, and how she was by the King of Armenia committed to his Charge.*

**A**Ll this while he stayed below among the other Knights in the Hall, till *Philotheta* came to go into the Garden with a gallant Train of Damisels attending on her, *Montelion* noting her well, suddenly remembring he had seen her, felt such a Passion oppress his Heart, that it seemed to melt within him: when she was past, he demanded what Lady that was? Her Name, said one, is *Philotheta*, Daughter to a Duke in *Arabia*, being lately surprized in *Assyria*, and brought hither with intent to be married to *Del-furno*. The Knight of the Oracle hearing this, shrowded himself in a solitary place, where he uttered these Meditations: Can it be, that *Philotheta* was in *Assyria* in her own Person, and in another's Name to bring a Message to me? that I need not doubt of, for *Ralea's* Speeches confirmed it: but may it not be, that she sent some other? that cannot be, for *Ralea* told me, she came in the disguise of a Palmer, which Palmer was even the very same that trained me to *Praxentia's* Presence, whom I now remember had the very same Countenance of *Philotheta*, which made me to affect him so much. These remembrances may be assurances that she rather hateth than loveth me, otherwise I cannot be perswaded, and then the Task I have undertaken will be over-tedious, for it will be in vain to seek her love that regards me not: besides, did she love me, yet having thrust my self amongst such a company of my Enemies, that if they knew me would soon end my Life, it is impossible for me to make my Love known to her, or so much as to speak to her; I see there is no Hope for me, but to despair, or return to my Parents, and seek to win her by force.

Continuing in these Meditations, he espied the King of *Armenia* coming towards him, to whom he used great Reverence. The King suddenly seeing him, soon remembered that he told him he was an Arabian; which made him say thus unto him: Well met,

*Honorius*. I think thou toldst me thou wert of *Arabia*, and therefore it cometh in my Mind, that thou art the only Man that mayest pleasure me, if thou wilt undertake a Matter of small Labour, but great Importance: if thou wilt undertake it, and with secrecie conceal it, thy Reward shall be as much as thy Heart can wish. My Lord, said he, whatsoever it be, I will undertake it, and do my utmost endeavour therein, with such secrecie and diligence as you shall like of. I both trust and believe thee, (said he) for in thy Face I see the Sparks of Honour; therefore thus it is: There is in my Court a Lady of thy Country, named *Philotheta*, whom I thought to have matched to *Dilfarno*, but now my Mind is changed, and I purpose to enjoy her my self: and because thou art her Country-man, I think thou mayest prevail with her more than any other, therefore I have chosen thee as my Friend, yea, my dear Friend, to solcite my Suit to her; but it must not be known, but that thou speakest for the Emperour, for so I will tell him: this is that I would have you perform: Tell me, art thou resolved to do it? Were the Task (said he) far greater, I would undertake it, but in this I think my self much honoured by your Majesty, hoping to prevail so, that you shall attain your Desire. Then come along with me (quoth he) and so bringing him to her Lodging, he uttereth these Speeches:

Lady, Because you are a Stranger, and unacquainted with the Armenian Guise, I have brought you this Knight, not to be your Guardian, (for I make you no Prisoner,) but to bear you company, and to defend you if any should offer you Wrong, whom I hope you will accept of. *Philotheta* liked his Proffer well, hoping that he would prove a Means for her Escape, and accepted the same with hearty Thanks.

C H A P. XLI.

*Of the first Conference between Philotheta and the Knight of the Oracle.*

W HEN the *Knight of the Oracle* had the Lady in custody that he loved so dearly, he thought himself most happy, and doing her humble reverence, she demanded his Name; My Name (quoth he) is *Honorius*. Then she asked him whose Son he was, for which he had no ready Answer, but stood silent, not caring to be taken in a Lye. She seeing that, said, I perceive I shall have but small comfort of thee, for I see thou art not of my Country.



Lady, (said he) whatever I am, I rest only at your command. Then, quoth she, you will not please him that brought you to me, for my Mind and his are quite contrary. Suppose I did, quoth he, yet having no intent to do it, but thereby to enjoy your Presence, you have no cause to suspect me: yet you are deceived in his intent, for none but my self knoweth it, which I will reveal to you, if you will conceal it from him, for I came hither to do you Service, and not to further him. Tell it me, said she, and indeed I will conceal it. Thus it is, replied he, whereas he with great earnestness hath sued in the behalf of the Emperour, he hath now appointed me to be a more earnest Solicitor in his own behalf, for that he is deeply in Love with you, but he intendeth that *Delfino* shall think I am only employed to pleasure him, which he imparting to me, I willingly undertook, not to do it, but to do you all the humble Service and Duty that lyes in a Man to do, being neither of this Court, nor of *Arabia*, but a Knight of *Affria*, that vowed never to leave searching till I found you out, the occasion whereof was this:

It chanced one day to be my Fortune, that as I was walking in a Grove adjacent to the Palace-garden, I heard a Knight whom afterwards I well knew, making such lamentation for your absence, that nothing but News of your safety could ease his Heart: whereupon I disclosed my self unto him, and for the love I bare him, vowed to travel in your search; first arriving in this Court, where, to my exceeding Joy, I have found you, with all humility proffering you my service, being ready to undertake any peril to do you service.

I know not how to trust thee (said she) considering that thou regardest not to break thy Word with the King of *Armenia*, therefore I fear thou wilt do the like to me, yet if fair words deceive me, I shall be deceived in time: I would trust thee, but I dare not, and blame me not; for having found Untruth in many, I know not how to trust thee: my Fortune was ever yet adverse, and therefore I am without hope of better, then leave me for this time, and if you can find in your heart to be true help to me, I may hereafter be better advised to employ you. These words being ended, he departed.

C H A P. XLII.

*Of the Sorrow that was made in the Assyrian Camp for the Knight of the Oracle's Absence.*

**L** Et us now return to speak of *Pericles*, who missing his Son, went to seek him at his Chamber, and from thence, from place to place, till at last he heard by a Servant, there was a Knight departed that day at the Postern-gate, armed at every point. *Pericles* hearing that, returned to the Emperour, and certified him and *Constantia* of his departure, both of them being struck with exceeding Grief. News was likewise brought, the Emperour of *Almaign* was arrived with forty thousand Soldiers, to Aid the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*.

The Emperour of *Persia*, and *Pericles* hearing this, assembled all the Nobility together, to determine what to do: at last they all concluded with a general Consent, within two Days to bid them Battle; but the Soldiers hearing of the *Knight of the Oracle's* Absence, seemed like Men that had lost their former Courage.

C H A P. XLIII.

*Of the secret Practices of the Kings of Macedonia and Armenia to deceive each other of Philotheta's Love, which they revealed to Honorius, Knight of the Oracle.*

**M**ontelion being also no less sad to have left his Parents so carelessly, than they were for his Absence, spending the Night in solitary Meditations, he arose early on purpose to reveal himself, and his Love to *Philotheta*, whatsoever ensued thereon, yet fearing to disquiet her, he walked down the Garden, where he had not stayed long, but he was saluted by *Delfurno*, who came purposely to know if he had mentioned his Suit to *Philotheta*, who answered him, that he had much Conference with her last Night about it, and that she had deferred him for that Day's Answer. Thereupon he promised him a great Reward for his Fidelity, and so departed.

He was no sooner gone, but the King of *Macedonia* came to him, whose Heart was grounded upon a new Subject, which *Montelion* thought not of, for he determined that none should enjoy *Philotheta*, but himself, and therefore came to make Tryal whether his supposed *Honorius* would condescend to be ruled by him, which if he would do, he should secretly convey *Philotheta* into *Macedonia*: to  
this

this effect he communed with *Honorius*, first binding him to be secret, and then by Gifts enticing him; and lastly, using intreaty till he had uttered the depth of his Mind, which he promising to effect, used such words as pleased the King, wherewith he went away.

Whilst *Montelion* and the King of *Macedonia* were in this Conference, the King of *Armenia* entred the Garden, but seeing them in discourse together, withdrew himself till he departed, and then came in, demanding what good News he had for him.

My Lord, (quoth he) the last motion you made to her about her marriage to *Delfurno*, hath hindred your own, for I had much ado to perswade her, that you had any intent to love her, that were so earnest for another: yet nevertheless I hope soon to alter her, and bring her to a better liking of your Affection. The Emperour hath been with me already, earnestly soliciting me to prosecute his Suit with efficacy. Likewise the King of *Macedonia* hath with many Promises desired me to use what Perswasions I could in the Emperour's behalf: But being so honourably esteemed of by your Majesty, I will try the uttermost of my Skill to pleasure you. I thank thee, good *Honorius*, (quoth he) and I will for thy Kindness, yield thee as large a Recompence, as thy Heart can wish; which said, he departed.

What an Office have I undertaken, (said *Montelion*) to sue for others, and dare not speak for my self? and yet contrary to my liking am forced to it, only to rid my self from Grief. Yet because time affordeth me not opportunity to work my own ends, I'll try whether she will pity me or not.

#### C H A P. XLIV.

*How the Knight of the Oracle discovered himself to Philotheta, and how by a Stratagem he conveyed her thence in safety, and what rejoicing there was thereupon.*

**N**OW the Knight of the Oracle having parted from the King of *Armenia*, went to *Philotheta's* Lodging, whom he found very sad, but espying him come towards her, turned from him, refusing to hear him speak (supposing his Speeches would have tended to perswade her to what he had the day before mentioned:) He seeing her Unwillingness to hear him, imagined the cause, but yet emboldening himself, he said: Vertuous Lady, Pardon my boldness, and withal vouchsafe to hear me, who shall not offend you: for I have vowed not to utter a Syllable contrary to your liking.

You will then (quoth she) prove perjured: I know your message well.

well enough before you utter it, and that it will displease me. No, dear Lady (said he) I come not now to ask pity for another, but for my self, that sometimes have been better known of you : I am the most unfortunate *Montelion*, that hath adventured thus far amongst my Foes to seek you out, my Heart having honoured you ever since the first sight of you in the Hermet's Cell in *Arabia*, and now I desire you to pity me, for without your Favour I am not my self, and in your Favour, I shall account my self most fortunate. *Philothera* noting him well, perfectly remembered that it was he, which revived her Heart with great Joy, saying, Noble Knight, I account my self most happy, in that you have me in your Custody, for your virtuous Mind I know will shelter me from Dishonour : should I not yield you thanks for deeming so well of me that am not worthy, you might condemn me of rudeness, therefore I most humbly thank you, and desire you to pity my Estate, that is now racked upon the wheel of Despair. Dear Lady (said he) I am willing to do you any Service, desiring nothing more than to employ my self to your Good, for my Life is yours, and all that I have shall lie prostrate at your feet, desiring to convey you hence into *Assyria*, where your Parents live in safety, but sorrowful for your absence.

Sir, replied she, your virtuous Kindness hath deserved more at my hands than I can yield thanks for, then how shall I behave my self to do the thing you desire, which is already fixed in my Heart? I will rest so far to be directed by you, as that my Mind shall be agreeable to any request you shall make. Then, dear Lady, said he, I will before to-morrow this time see you safe in my Father's Court, for much Mischief is intended by the Kings of *Macedonia* and *Armenia*, both of them have been with me this day, and hired me to motion their loves to you, both of them seeking to enjoy you, but so as the other should not know thereof, each striving to prevent the other, and both of them the Emperour, which they have revealed unto me ; but may I have your License, I will deliver you from their Custody. I most humbly desire you to do it (quoth she) referring my self to your good Directions, and committing all to your Wisdom's election : this said, the Knight of the Oracle imboldening himself, gave and received so sweet a Kiss, which seemed to enterchange each others Souls : he leaving her, to find out the King of *Armenia*, and she into her private Chamber.

*Montelion* having found out the King of *Armenia*, told him how that the King of *Macedonia* went to convey *Philothera* from thence, relating all the Conference that had passed between them : Nay, said



said he, the Emperour was with me this day, promising me great Rewards if I would do the like for him: Now my Lord, my Love and Duty to you, bindeth me only to do you Service, and therefore I have vowed that my best endeavours shall be employed on-ly unto your good liking.

The King hearing how they went both about to deceive him, rag-ed exceedingly, but trusting to his Fidelity he was quieted, asking him what he would do to prevent them both. My Lord (quoth he) this Evening you may effect your Desire or never; at which time give me but Directions whither I may convey her to a place of Se-curity, or where we may meet you, and I will adventure my Life, but I will do it; but you must deliver your Signet unto me, for our quiet Passage out of the City-gate: and then I will meet you where you shall appoint us. That shall be (said the King) at Fry-er *Bernard's* Cell without the City, if you know it, and there is my Signet. Thither will I convey her (quoth he) at twelve a clock. Farewel, replied the King, be faithful, and thou shalt find my Friendship such, as shall highly reward thee for thy Pains.

*Montelion* having effected this, presently went to the King of *Macedonia*, telling him that the Emperour's importunity was such, that it was high time to convey *Philosheta* from thence, whom he found willing to yield thereto: He hearing that, desired his Coun-sel, promising to reward him well, telling him that if he would do it for him, both he and his Kingdom should be at his command. Then (quoth *Montelion*) deliver me your Signet for my Pass, and appoint the time and place, and I will bring her thither. There is my Signet (quoth he) and bring her to Fryar *Bernard's* Cell at one of the Clock.

*Montelion* then with all speed went to the Emperour, telling him that *Philosheta* did greatly affect him, and had sent him to make an humble Request unto him, which was, that she might be conveyed in secrecie from the Armenian Camp, for that many Dangers did en-viron her in that Place, and that of such importance as did concern his Life, whereon her Safety depended, which because they were of weight, she would reveal to none but himself, desiring him not to come to her, for it would endanger his Person.

*Dorsarno* hearing this was much troubled in his Mind, yet being very glad to hear that she so much esteemed him, said, *Honorius*, I would as willingly effect any thing to content her, as I would to save my own Life, yet I do not know how, unless by thy Direc-tion, therefore do but counsel me, and I will yield to that which thou



thou shalt advise me. My Lord, (said he) the safest way is, this night to convey her secretly through the Gate where your Soldiers lye, and I will bring her to Fryar *Bernard's* Cell about eleven a Clock, where you may be ready to receive her, and with a strong Guard convey her into *Almain*, or any Place of security: Moreover, my Lord, she willed me to assure you, that both the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia*, having disloyally forgotten their Promise to you, seek to win her Love to themselves, which Dishonour she cannot endure. *Delfurno* was much grieved to hear that, yet hoping to prevent them both, quieted himself, delivering his Signet unto him, with many thanks and much entreaty, desiring him to be careful, and that nothing might prevent his purpose.

*Momelion* being glad of this, thought not to end yet, but presently went to the Queen of *Macedonia*, telling her the King's Plot, to convey *Philobeta* from thence, shewing her his Signet, which when she beheld, exceeding grief posselt her Heart, to think of his Disloyalty. But, seeing her Sorrow, he said, Altho' he hath attempted this, I know the Lady's Vertues to be such, as she will sooner suffer the extreamest Miseries in the World, than yield thereto; and for my self, tho' he hath promised me great Rewards, I respect more my Honour, than to be Agent in so wicked an Act: Therefore to assure you that I intend it not, I yield you his Signet, whereby I should have passed the Camp, to meet at *Bernard's* Cell. I thank thee, gentle Knight, quoth she, and for this Deed command any thing, and thou shalt have it: My self will meet him, and by that means I hope to make him give over his Attempt.

The Knight of the Oracle being gone from her, went to the Armenian Queen, telling her the like, and indeed the truth of her Lord, both giving her his Signet and Directions how she should meet him, leaving her so mad with Rage and Jealousie, that she was ready to tear her Hair, yea, even with bitter Exclamations to reveal her Mind, but that she referred it until she might surprize him with a guilty Conscience at the Cell.

By this time it grew to be night; and after Supper was ended, *Delfurno*, the King of *Armenia*, and the King of *Macedonia*, making more than wonted hast to break Company, each being glad that the other was so willing to part, which the two Queens noted, being privy to their Drifts.

Then *Momelion* went to *Philobeta*, telling her that he had so prevailed with the Emperor, that he had gotten his Signet as their

Warrant to pass through the Camp, desiring her to be in a readiness to go with him, intreating her to fear no Danger, for his Life should shield her: whereupon she desired him to stay with her till the time appointed, which he did, passing away the same in private Conference.

The time being come, and all things silent, *Montalion* armed himself, leading *Philotheta* out of the Court, passing all the Guards, Watches and Garrisons, by shewing the Emperor's Signet, and coming where the Soldiers lay, they likewise let him go: he having without Danger effected this, turned his Steps towards his own City, where being come to the Gates, the Watch demanded who they were; and he bad them come down and see: but upon examination discovering himself, he commanded them to carry him as Prisoner to *Delarus*, where being come, he unveiled *Philotheta*, and *Alsala* presently knew her, and with tears of joy embraced her, whilst the old Duke melted with Passion to behold his Child, who, from her Infancy, he had not seen, embracing her in his Arms.

These joyful Expressions being over-past, the *Knight of the Oracle* said: Lady, since we are now in safety with your Parents, my Promise is performed, desiring you to have regard to the Passions I endure, which time will not now permit me to utter, but I leave it to your courteous Consideration, therefore I beseech you in my Absence let my Loyalty be regarded, and your gentle Heart willing to pity me: which said, with a second Kiss, he left her, to submit himself to his Parents.

#### CHAP. XLV.

*Of the Discord that fell between the Emperour of Almaign, the King of Macedonia, and the King of Armenia, about Philotheta's Departure; of a merry Jest that beset the two Queens, and the Desolation of the Armenian Host.*

**D**Elfurno the Emperour chusing to him some trusty Knights that he meant should convey *Philotheta* into *Almaign*, secretly went to the Fryer's Cell, where he secretly throwded himself under a Tuft of Cypress-trees, staying the coming of *Philotheta*, but it was an Hour before any came, and the first was the Queen of *Macedonia*, who, attended by one of her Gentlemen, came towards *Bernard's Cell*; which he beholding, stept to her, saying: My dear *Philotheta*, I am sorry that for my sake you should take such

Pains at this unseasonable Hour to be abroad, for which I yield you all the Thanks a constant Heart can wish. She hearing that, thinking it had been her Lord, returned him the same; and purposing to try the utmost before she revealed herself, said, Had I not been assured of your Love, I would not have come hither; but being here, I rest at your disposition. *Delfurno* then embraced her, oftentimes kissing her Hand; and being of a quick Concoit, presently bethought himself, if she would condescend, to call up the Fryar and be married: Lady, (said he) since you have vouchsafed to grant me Love, yield me Possession, and let us be married.

My Lord, (replied she) I am content. Then *Delfurno* called up Father *Bernard*, who arising, the Emperour took him aside, and told him what he was; who hearing that, presently joyned their Hands. *Delfurno* then purposed not to convey her thence, but returned to the Camp: as soon as he was gone, the King of *Macedonia* came to the Cell, and presently after, the Queen of *Armenia*, according to *Montelson's* Directions.

The King taking her for *Philothera*, at the first meeting, embraced her with a sweet Congee; uttering many loving Speeches, which she answered as kindly, and he desired present Possession of her Love; but she denyed, telling him that his Queen would soon seek her Death when she knew it.

Fear not that (quoth he) for e're long I mean to make her sure enough for ever troubling you; therefore deny me not, but grant me thy Love. I will not (said she) without some farther Assurance, for my Mind presageth some ill. Here is a Fryar (quoth he) not far off, will you condescend that he shall marry us? She agreeing, he called up the Fryar the second time, who marvelling thereat, demanded the Cause of his coming. My Friend, (quoth he) I would be marry'd to this Lady, therefore I pray thee do it with all speed. The Fryar thinking that some mad Spirits were abroad, or that some frantick Dream had overcome his Senses, without asking any more Questions, married them, and sent them away. The King of *Macedonia* carried her to his Tent in the Field, for he durst not go to the Palace, for fear of his Wife, where he stayed with her all Night.

Now the King of *Armenia* all this while was studying what eloquent Speeches he should use to set forth his Love, resting himself upon a Bank hard by the Cell, staying their coming an Hour: but when three Hours were come and past, he began to be impatient,

tient, fearing he should be disappointed : but when he saw they came not, he thought with himself that he had mistaken the time, and being much troubled in Mind, knocked at the Fryar's Cell, who started from his Bed as one affrighted, wondering what Accident had driven so many thither that Night ; and coming to the Door, the King of *Armenia* demanded if there had not been a Lady there that Night. Yes, (quoth he) here hath been two, but what they were I know not : I think one Couple was *Philotheta* and *Delfurno*, that I married ; but what the other two were, I know not. He hearing that, in a mad Rage went to the King of *Macedonia's* Tent, desiring to speak with him ; the Guard knowing him, let him in ; and he coming to the Bed-side, said : Brother of *Macedon*, the Lady that we intended to marry to *Delfurno*, is this night fled, so that we shall lose his Friendship for ever. The King of *Macedonia* hearing him, lay like one bereft of Sense, not knowing what to say ; and the Queen hearing her Husband there, whom she thought lay by her, trembled with Fear.

The King of *Macedonia* seeing no Remedy, but that his Deed of necessity must be discovered, said : King of *Armenia*, it is so ; I have *Philotheta* in my Custody, and her I will enjoy, for she lies folded in my Arms. By *Jupiter* (quoth the King of *Armenia*) thy Life shall not satisfy the Dishonour thou hast done us : with that he drew his Sword, and the King of *Macedonia* leaped out of the Bed to reach his to defend himself, in which time the King of *Armenia* catching hold on her as she lay, drew her forth upon the Floor, and beholding her well, he was so much enraged, that he was ready to kill her, but the King of *Macedonia* prevented him, whom when he beheld, he stood like one Metamorphosed, whilst she hasted to apparel herself, and ran from thence unto the Palace. The King of *Armenia* vowing Revenge, went from the Macedonian Tent, and caused his Drums to beat up Alarms, commanding his Soldiers to destroy the Macedonians, who according to Order suddenly set upon them, so that there began a great Slaughter among them.

The Emperour hearing this News, supposing the Cause had been for the loss of *Philotheta*, commanded two of his Knights to go unto either of them, and desire them to be pacified, until they had discovered their Grievs to him, which he could easily remedy. The Messengers went, and found them both together in single Combat, delivering their Message unto them ; but it was long before either of them would go to him ; yet at last they both went



together; to whom the Emperour said, My Lords, I believe your Strife ariseth from the loss of *Philothera*, if that be the cause, contend no more; for as you were both willing, I should enjoy her, so I have done this night.

The King of *Armenia* being enraged with Jealousie, drew the Curtains; and the Queen of *Macedonia* seeing her Honour so betrayed was quite bereft of her Senses; but coming to herself again, she cryed out for Pardon; but they were all enraged, that no time of Parley was admitted, and as well *Delfurno* as the rest, betook himself to Arms. But the Queen humbling herself at her Husband's feet, said, Both you, myself, and all of us, are deceived; *Honorius* told me last night, that you intended to marry *Philothera*; and I requested his counsel how to prevent you: whereupon he told me that you had appointed to meet him and her at *Bernard's* Cell; and for his Pass he had received your Signet, which at my intreaty he delivered unto me: I thinking to prevent you, went thither, where the Emperour met me, whom I took to be your self, and he took me to be the Lady *Philothera*, I still concealing my self, thinking I had not offended, but now I see I am betrayed. Lady, (said he) this Fault I pardon, having committed the same with the Queen of *Armenia*.

The Emperour hearing this, sent a Messenger to see if *Philothera* was in the Court, but he brought News, that neither she, nor the strange Knight were to be found. The Emperour then said, That Knight hath deceived us all, therefore let us be Friends. Content (quothe the King of *Macedonia*.) By Heaven (said the King of *Armenia*.) I will not bear this Dishonour, but be revenged at full, and make thee repent that ever thou offered'st such Dishonour to *Armenia*. The King of *Macedonia* could not brook his words, but in a rage made this reply: I know thou art a Tyrant, and regardest no Laws, Humane or Divine, as may be seen by the unjust Title thou layest to the Assyrian Crown, which is forged; and were it not to revenge my Daughter's Shame, and Son's Death, I would not draw a Sword against that worthy King *Persicles*; therefore since thou art so peremptory, do thy worst, I regarded thee not.

The King of *Armenia* went from thence, and fell upon the Macedonians; the King of *Macedonia* presently left his Tent to defend himself, and the Emperour with all speed commanded his Soldiers to march out of the City.



## C H A P. XLVI.

*How Persicles and the Knight of the Oracle suddenly issuing out, destroyed the Armenian Host.*

**M**ontelion knowing that some Stratagem would follow his last Night's Policy, after he had submitted himself to the Emperour and his Parents, he armed himself in the Armour that was given him by the Nymphs, and mounting himself, conducted six thousand Soldiers into the City. *Persicles* hearing of this, sent for him to know the Cause. This night (quoth he) we shall surprize our Enemies, who are now together by the ears among themselves. Whereupon *Persicles* armed himself, *Deloramus*, *Pisfor*, *Cothanes*, and many other Knights of great Esteem marching thither, where they heard such cruel Alarms, that they thought the City had been utterly destroyed: being come thither, they beheld the Emperour in the Field, to whom *Persicles* sent an Herald, certifying, That he was never Foe to the Almaines, desiring therefore to know if *Delfurno* came against him: but he returned answer, That he was no Foe to him.

*Montelion* being entred the City, set upon his Enemies with such fury, that many of them lost their lives; and seeing the Kings of *Armenia* and *Macedonia* together in single Combat, he stept between them, saying: Strive not to destroy one another, but defend yourselves.

They knowing him, were so amazed, as if they had been in a sudden trance, running several ways to call back their Soldiers from destroying one another, to defend themselves, but before they could array themselves in order, the Assyrians were so intermingled amongst them, that they were soon vanquished. *Palian* seeing this, perceived it was in vain to strive for Victory, and stole secretly forth of the City to the Emperour, entreating him not to leave them; but *Delfurno* seeing that disadvantage had seized them, refused, letting him return without comfort, ready to yield to *Montelion's* Sword, at whom he ran with such fury, that he wounded him on the thigh. *Montelion* feeling that, struck so forcible a blow at *Palian*, that he astonished him, and withal overtook the King, at the first blow, cutting asunder his wrist which had lost his Gauntlet, and at the next, thrust his Sword quite through his Body.

*Palian* having recovered himself, and looking about him, beheld his Father's Tragedy, aiming his Sword against *Montelion's* heart,

which he perceiving, welcomed him with so cruel a blow, that his Armour flew in peices; and *Palian's* would have done the like, had not his Armour been of invincible strength; but in the end he flew from him to save his life, finding himself too weak and feeble.

*Pericles* and *Deloramus* all this while ranged up and down, destroying all they met, until they met the King of *Macedonia* and his two Sons, accompanied with four other Knights of the same Country, who had made much slaughter amongst their Soldiers.

*Pericles* run his Launce full couched at the King of *Macedonia*, and overthrew him; but his eldest Son stepping to his rescue, did wound him in the thigh: then began an unequal Fight, there fix set upon *Pericles* and *Deloramus*, who continued Combat with them the space of an hour, till both sides were grievously wounded, especially they two, who were ready to faint with effusion of blood.

*Montelion* seeing his Father and *Deloramus* in such danger, was so enraged, that he ran at one of them with such force, that he flew him, and the next he bereft of Sense, and charging another with such puissant blows, that he forced him to bid *Pale* to the Field: another seeing that, encountred him, but at the first charge received so fatal a blow, that he was not able to resist him. *Pericles* being sore wounded, yet behaved himself so valiantly, that one of them lay dead at his feet, and the rest fled from *Montelion*. Then began a desolation in the Host, the Armenians crying out, *Fly, flee*; and their Enemies, *Kill, kill*; that on a sudden the Battel was so hot, that the City-channels ran with Blood, and none could pass for dead Bodies. Then began the Citizens to run on heaps, and the two Queens, with *Praxemia*, betook themselves to flight, but were all taken by *Pisior*.

*Palian* was taken Prisoner by *Deloramus*, and the King of *Macedonia* and his two Sons by *Pericles* and *Montelion*. The Soldiers that were fled out of the City, and hid themselves in the Fields, and so many Citizens as could escape the Sword, entreated *Pericles* on their knees to save their lives: who yielded upon this Condition, That they should pay to every common Soldier a hundred Crowns, and to every Leader five hundred; which they performed.

*Pericles* then sounded a Retreat, and drew his Forces out of the City, appointing Garrisons for them. *Delfurno* at his return met him, and so they rode together to the City of *Pisior*, where they were received with great Honour and Joy; especially the Knight of the Oracle, to whom all Men attributed the Glory of that Victory.

After the dead Bodies were buried, and maimed Soldiers sent to Hospitals to be cured, and every one well gratified, within two days the Emperours of *Almain* and *Persia*, *Persicles*, *Deloramus*, *Montelion*, and all the Nobles there, except Prisoners, assembled to finish the Conclusion of this Controversie, for that the King of *Macedonia* hastened his Release. Being all set in a most Royal and Majestical sort, the places near to the Royal Assembly being gloriously furnished with the Beauties of shining Ladies, the Prisoners were brought before them in honourable sort; and after many Allegations of Wrongs, they desired *Montelion* to appoint their Ransoms: whereupon, with great Wisdom, and decent Behaviour, he yielded them thanks, as was seldom seen in any Knight so young; first with great courtesie embracing the King of *Macedonia*, reconciling him to his Queen, and the rest who had taken Offence by him; setting all free, but *Palian* and *Praxentia*, imposing this Task upon them, *Palian* to marry *Praxentia*, and she to quit him of the wrongful Accusation she laid upon him; which she presently did, but refused to marry *Palian*.

The two Emperours, and *Persicles*, desiring to Honour the Knight of the Oracle, stood up, requesting him to require any thing of them he desired, for above all Men they esteemed him, as he had best deserved. *Montelion* desiring nothing more than *Philoshera's* Love, stepped to the seat where she sat, like a Goddess outshining all the rest, and taking her by the hand, he said:

Fair Lady, Will you condescend to what I demand, and I shall obtain? Sir, (said she) I yield, above all the rest, to honour you, as one most unworthy, yet having received most. Then he leading her down with greater Royalty than ever *Paris* did *Isellen*, desired to be married to her; which was applauded with so general a Consent, that all Persons rejoiced, some commending, some embracing, and every one desirous to shew their Love to him, so that the day of Marriage was appointed, and likewise performed with more Royalty, Joy and Pleasure, than can be expressed.

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F I N I S.

